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THE MANTLE OF CAESAR

THE MANTLE OF CAESAR

by

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by
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THE MANTLE OF CAESAR

I. THE MYTHICAL FIGURE

TO-DAY, WHEN THE NEED OF THE STRONG MAN IS FELT, AND when—the hagglers and babblers having lost their popularity—sergeants and corporals are resorted to instead of leaders; when, particularly in Germany, the guidance of the people is entrusted to any striking talent in the military-economic field, so long as it can occupy office or show literary ability; and when parsons of social tendencies and generals of unsocial tendencies, or giants of acquisition and industry, as well as rabid petty bourgeois individuals, are considered statesmen—we should like to recall to the minds of those of hasty judgment the great man to whom the supreme authority owes its name and for centuries its guiding thought: Caesar. We do not suppose for a moment that conjuring this name will produce a Caesar. History never repeats the manifestation of her ideas, constant though they may remain, and no knowledge of the past will create what is needed in the present. Imitations based on political erudition are always misguided and fruitless. We shall know what countenance our future lord or savior will bear, only when he is already in the saddle. His hour and his task he alone will know. But learning may teach us what countenance he will not bear, and the eternal figures must be kept alive and defended against the claims of the dark and dismal present, not for the sake of politics, but for the sake of culture, that is, for the sake of human dignity and awe. The historian, the guardian of culture (for that is his chief office), cannot very well engage in politics or adopt pregnant decisions in the fast flow of destiny from hour to hour. But he can help animate the atmosphere in which deeds of insight shall be accomplished, and can recruit adherents for the heroes that are to come. In this sense, he invokes the historical forces and their incarnations: the nations and their leaders.

Caesar's mythical being has come to the fore again and again, from the time of the feuds between emperor and pope down to Napoleon. An imperial title takes its name from his position in history; a mode of government is named for his activity. The turning points of his life, the Rubicon, Cato, Brutus, have remained alive not only as poets' fancies, but also as battle-cries, and to this day his person inspires the struggle between right and might, between liberty and rulership, between happiness and greatness. Alexander the Great and Charlemagne regard him as one of the eternal images; for Napoleon and Bismarck he is an ever-present force. His Roman antiquity has not petrified him or diminished his living presence.

His continuance and his transformations arise from his unique union of greatness and the norm. Among the wonders of the world, he is the purely human: Pericles is his equal in balance and proportion, although of smaller compass; Goethe, rich and beautiful as he is, is not so strong; and Shakespeare, the embodiment of all humanity, is an enigma as to his personal life. All other great men are magnified by an excess that is often sublime, often captivating, often terrifying: the intoxication of Alexander, the *terribile* of Michelangelo, Dante's ecstasy, or Napoleon's joyless might, to say nothing of the Voices of God or the Scourges of God. Leaving aside the question of faith, namely, whether the perfectly normal man is the purest revelation of a many-phased divinity, or whether the latter speaks more eloquently in violation, irruption, fanaticism; whether we love God more as a law or as a magic charm: in no other hero does the law embody itself so much as a definite form, or does nature achieve so rich a magic as in Caesar. No other is so clear and firm, in spite of the mystery of the creative spirit; no other so much a genius, in spite of classical discipline; no other so fully conditioned by place and time, and yet so perfect a statesman of an immutable order. It is for this reason that we choose him as the simplest embodiment of the true ruler.

We shall not here consider his deeds and properties as a thou-

sand others have done before us, but shall trace his course through the memory of nations. The images of the mighty are a part of their story, like their work; the pictures which they impress upon a turbulent period, or, what is the same thing, the images they have conceived in this web that is both embroidery and texture, are forms of their own energy. Creatively they manifest themselves in ever new wombs, radiating from ever changing eyes; their full being cannot express itself until it has been reflected by the centuries.

The images of men, of things or events transmitted by one generation to another, be they clear or faint, be they intensified or dimmed, all hark back to but a few originators of pioneering insight, action or word. These create an energetic myth, a permanent motive to which the mass adheres and which the mass elaborates upon. These solidify vague conceptions into figures, notions into judgments and formulas, and though they may rarely create the language of history, they often create its legends and proverbs. Frequently the first coiners of their own legends are the heroes and saviors themselves, sometimes their companions and disciples, sometimes subsequent poets, narrators and artists. Caesar himself immortalizes his deeds in the form in which the centuries have preserved them. His admiring adversary Cicero spoke the earliest fructifying words on his character and worth; his first definite outline is depicted by Sallust, his adherent and protégé. These are the three authorities of antiquity who have known him. The motley composite of tradition, with all its colors, proveniences, levels and intentions, is determined by the agreements and contradictions between these three; it is they who first create the Caesarean atmosphere, the feeling which he had of himself, and wished to impress on others; the whisperings, astonishments, mutterings and dependence of the others; the growls, the jubilation, the sullen resentment of the masses; the fear or the worship of him in the dazzled provinces. Monuments are only precipitations of swift action, action which would have remained inglorious and mute were it not for the monu-

ments, but which must be understood if only in order to understand the monuments.

Let us attempt to recapitulate briefly the visions and reports among which Caesar's earliest witnesses dwelt. Caesar's writings are action; he was capable of thought only in action. This does not make them more implausible, as romantic sensitiveness or aged wisdom may warn us, but truer. The goals to the true doer are an expression—not only an object—of his will. A Caesar, a Napoleon, beholds himself as he would appear to others, and the word or gesture of Caesar or Napoleon is not a deception or a pose but their truest form of action, as the style of the true poet is not an adornment but a mode of the soul. No great man practices petty deception. Even where he violates fact, the will, big with deeds, can be felt, the will that beholds only the commensurate fact, and not the selfish reasoning which furtively adheres to the more literal truth. Both are often confused, since the pragmatism of life is interpreted as an utilitarianism of the reason. Consciousness and impulse in such natures are only two forms of the same will which they possess and which possesses them.

The Commentaries present us with Caesar as he felt himself to be, if only by their style. The art of matter-of-factness and the naturalness of personality are here fused in one; the speaking ego in Caesar's outspoken self, without rhetorical experiences or artistic abilities; a pure mental outgrowth, distinguished from the dryness of textbooks by the conscious genius of the fact here expressing itself; distinguished from the plainness of Herodotus by the masculine lucidity of will; from the Homeric simplicity by Caesar's personal self-confidence. Among all the simple-minded, none has ever written so consciously as a genius; among all the geniuses, none has written with such epic simplicity. Those who have later attempted the same thing, some almost attaining it—Machiavelli, Frederick the Great, Napoleon—were widely acquainted with Caesar as their model, and with simplicity as a device of style. It was not Caesar's desire to write simply for

reasons of taste, intelligence or choice—he could not write otherwise. It was his way of breathing, walking, seeing. If his speeches—which have been lost—were more magnificent than his reports, even *their* splendor must rather have been that of the nurtured form sense of intrinsic aristocracy than a draping of the toga or mere official pomp.

As his literary style is simultaneously the style of all Roman antiquity and a personal style of the genius, so also is the image of his deeds. He beholds himself as the Roman general, united with the people whose zeal is expressed by Virgil in the famous line:

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

But he does not take Rome and the Roman sense of conquering domination from the rhetorical angle—there is none of Alexander's urge to penetrate the vastness of space, none of Achilles' heroic ecstasy. In Caesar we find a tough, firmly rooted desire for growth on the part of a firm, solid trunk, the real "national" struggle of man against man and beast and earth; an instinctive sureness in aggression, evasion, appropriation and penetration; a successive play in which he makes air and soil his servants, and serves them—all these natural forms of the Roman community we find in Caesar as mentality. And the will which permeated the Mediterranean lands from the feuds of the Latins down to Pompey becomes transfigured in him into genius, with enhanced elasticity, expansiveness, energy and wisdom. In his mode of delimiting regions, of surveying, of supporting and uniting his neighbors, we still find the ancient peasant spirit, and even his military discipline is drawn not from the errant chase, but from patient agriculture. He is as familiar with the *orbis terrarum* as a landed proprietor with his poultry yard, and precisely this sobriety, which does not recoil at the huge proportions of his estate, is a part of his greatness, as Alexander's intoxicated rapture with the ministry of boundless distances is Alexander's greatness. To the

Roman, land conquered was a farm to be worked; to the Hellene, land *to be* conquered was a miracle.

The Gallic Commentaries present us with foreign tribes, menacing yet domitable, with the realm to be conquered by Caesar in order to safeguard the Roman domain entrusted to him, with the permanent characteristics of lands and peoples, the present conditions, together with the resulting disadvantages, dangers, happenings, and with his own ways, means and deeds to attain the goal—countless hordes of varied barbarians with strange customs, racial feuds and alliances; defiant, cunning and heroic chieftains; forested and moist lands with wild waters and animals; a foreign sea with its mysterious island; the field of play for the bold, alert imperator and his faithful, confident, superhumanly courageous and patient legions. Incredible marches, frightful battles, trying sieges, half a continent (for to their vision then, that is what Gaul meant) discovered, penetrated, and put down: all this, recounted "in cheerful haste", captivates as a miracle of action and incident. Caesar knew the effect these things would make, but he was not confused. He reports the monstrous accomplishment with the calm of a specialist, with a gentle smile at the astonishment of his hearers.

This Caesarean irony is not present in his commentators, who revel in his simplicity without attaining his elevation. It is lacking in Napoleon, who thrilled, like Alexander, with the mad course of his action, not only perceiving it as fact, but also experiencing it as passion. The irony of Frederick the Great was meant less for the reader than for himself. He is already familiar with the fatigued contempt for the vanity of greatness, with which he toys. Blinking skepticism is foreign to Caesar. Beginning with Frederick, no doubt, Caesar was so regarded, and was endowed with this property by Voltairian enlightenment and cynicism—one of the false parallels between ancient and modern history. Caesar's Olympian gayety is not a Mephistophelian doubt of the worth of his world of action, but the mien of the aristocrat who naïvely feels his superiority and employs his gigantic powers with-

out ostentation and effort. He neither looks up at himself from below nor fulminates from above—greatness is his natural level. This happy peace of mind was Sulla's discovery even in the boy Caesar; with its aid, he put down the pirates, seduced the nation, the army, the ladies; confused, embarrassed, and ravished the astute Cicero. Majestic grace, his earmark among the lords of earth as among the proclaimers of their own performances—equally removed from insecure acrobatism and from stern dignity, from the rococo as from the hieratic—this he owes to the profound matter-of-factness, the stocky earthiness of his race. . . . Only from so dense a soil could there spring this firmness of impulse, this tact, this calm, this slow breathing full of discipline and ardor. Yet this Roman peasant heritage is only the substratum of the strength belonging to heroic charm, to active nobility. Only the light and air of Hellenic culture could purge him into classic humanity. From this culture he received, in addition to his Roman racial energy, a freedom of the personality that no other Roman has attained in equal measure, as no Greek—not even Alexander—ever absorbed so much power from so rich a soil. We cannot explain Caesar's genius; but we can appreciate what are the specific heritages so happily incorporated in him: the wide earth and the strong blood of the Romans, the rich spirit of the Greeks in the fateful hour when both were intermingling. Was it a Julian mingling of the seed since time primeval; was it the free unfolding of his belated youth? We know not; but only in the person of Caesar have Rome and Hellas attained so pure a concord: Roman energy and Greek proportion; tenacity and elasticity; vigor and discipline of the will. It was only the Greek elasticity that enabled him to perpetuate his image. The making of images is not Roman—had it not been for the Greek Polybius, we should never have beheld a Roman Scipio.

In the Gallic Commentaries, Caesar has given evidence of his Romanism (not in the Greek style, although Hellenistic hypomnemata may have been present in his mind) with a Hellenistic love to instruct, to formulate, to be lucid and conscious. The

books of the Civil War, his second self-portrait—the monument of his world-rule for posterity—though also limited to actual military reports, already bear the hue of the imperium. Now Caesar no longer speaks as a general and a vicegerent who tames the barbarians in the name of the Roman people, conquering new provinces, but as a lord of the realm, in the name not only of his national right, but also of his person, commissioned by his deeds, his fame, his understanding. The optimates are depicted as unreasonable, bickering, incompetent inferiors of the glorious victor chosen to be their protector and attorney by the nation and the subjects.

Yet there is less mention of the rights of the people than of the imperator and the army. Here Caesar already despises the democratic mask, and it is only the historians of the Nineteenth Century that have again desired him to appear with it. Antiquity read him with approval or contumely, as he depicts himself in his own words, as the conqueror of the *Imperium Romanum*, constrained by the unreasonableness of the enemies, of the envious Pompey, the austere Cato; justified by his solicitude for the general welfare, victorious by his deeds and his legions. The *Gallic War*, the lawful yet limited undertaking of the last Roman Pro-Consul, did not rouse men's minds as did the *Bellum Civile*. The orb of the earth is the scene of action: Italy, Spain, Greece, Asia, Numidia; the mightiest of the heroes of war are the two adversaries; the nations of the world are the auxiliaries; sole domination of the greatest empire is the prize of battle; the great venture of an uncertain decision, the crossing of the Rubicon; the Battle of Pharsalus, with its fateful consequences for thousands of years to come; the fall of Magnus from the pinnacle of fame and his hard death on a lonely dune; the Stoic downward course of the proud arbiters of earth and the end of the lordly republic under the knee of the one and only happy and irresistible offspring of Venus: even those that did not know that the empire was then inaugurated, with all its consequences for ages to come, for the entire European epoch, felt the purely

sensual thrill and the magnificence of destiny in the tumult of arms about the Mediterranean and in the flashing swank and impact of the ubiquitous victor. We still feel this thrill, the rustle of the eagle's wing, in Dante's line: *Che nol seguiteria lingua nè penna,* which neither a tongue nor a wing could follow. Caesar himself has held fast the tone of this Civil War with his swift, light touch. . . . Perhaps here even more than in the *Bellum Gallicum* there is a tinge of haste and disgust, of rejoicing, of ominous, fateful warnings. He swiftly enumerates the many emotions after Pharsalus which point to the Man of Destiny receiving instructions, from the gods themselves, to assume the center of nature and humanity.

Caesar's Commentaries, with their supplements of inferior style but related material, communicate the story of his deeds without any judgment as to their value or the character of their performer. We behold the world he conquered, as well as its resistance; we do not learn how he appeared to this world during the struggle. We find the first reactions to his person in Cicero, Catullus, Sallust. They remain the most obvious advocates of the extensive party strife and personal gossip that enveloped the demoniac man in turmoil and whisper at this early date, and their precipitate has been preserved for us almost unchanged by Suetonius and, in a new spirit, by Plutarch. We are not concerned here with a criticism of the sources of the historians of Caesar, but with the image of him which was current; not with the erudite question as to who transmitted the image to whom, but with the question of human mental history: as to what images arose and had effect. We are concerned with the transmitters only when they are important personally in the story of Caesar's fame, without regard to their ability as writers or copyists.

By the side of Caesar himself, no one else is so important for his perpetuation as Cicero—both by his character and his gifts. For centuries, Cicero was the pace-giver for the moral and political resistance against Caesar's handiwork, as well as for the esthetic magnification of his person. Cicero's Caesar-image bears

every countenance from divinity to apishness. Cicero delivers eulogies on Caesar as "the glory of the ages", magnifying his military deeds, his greatness of soul, his mental qualities, in an honest spirit of praise never attained by a later writer. Not only does he flatter him to his face when asking favors for himself and his clients Dejotarus, Marcellus, Ligarius; not only in secret fear of this enigma of gentleness and leniency, whose power he well knows; but even after his death in the outbursts of his hate-entrammeled, vengeance-sated admiration, suffused with love of the great name. In Cicero's *Second Philippic,* no doubt Caesar's great shade is calculated in the first place to embarrass and oppress Antony, who had bedizened himself in the giant's cloak, but the conjuring of Caesar's shade itself is not a rhetorical device but is meant in dead earnest by Cicero. It was thus that Cicero saw Caesar through all the fluctuations of party hatred and personal relations: as a miracle of power, brain, delicacy, and richness; great by gifts and deeds—and as the most ruthless despoiler of the state and seducer of peoples, who applied his great mind for evil, yea, rejoiced in his evil works. This, also, must not be taken as a device of rhetorical antithesis, although sensitive belle-lettrists from Livy to Lamartine have continued to reflect such constructions. In Cicero, the Roman and the Hellenistic heritage fought this struggle of moods, judgments and glimpses throughout his life; it is this that makes Cicero so unstable, cowardly, treacherous, and yet again so versatile in suggestion and susceptibility. Though he was a Roman with firm foundations and purposes, and was equipped with the convenient pragmatism that makes selfishness a moral virtue and that which is safe a sanctuary, with the naïve complacency of a caste born to power, whose intonations he even exaggerates because he is a newcomer, an orator, a man of temperament, Cicero was softened, made flexible, awakened by the waves and rays of Hellenism, and surrendered with all his nerves and senses to the radiance of the mind, without desisting from the rigid values of his own physical ancestors. In Caesar, Romanism operates as energy, not as

doctrine or aspiration, wherefor it grasps with sure hand the cultural materials of the expanded universe controlled by his spirit, and is confused neither by retrospective teachings nor by wayward innovation. But in Cicero, it was precisely his consciousness that remained Roman, while his blood was Hellenized. Instead of a Roman doer with a Greek mind, we have in Cicero a Hellenistic conceiver with Roman prejudices. When Cicero's susceptibility takes the floor, and when we compare him with the old Romans, the austere Romans, he seems a more delicate and lucid fabric, yet this fabric is often shot through with ancient Roman commonplaces and then seems ungenuine, for it is impossible to believe seriously that it is the product of Cicero's feverish nerves, in spite of the splendor and flow of his language whose weighty words are Roman while its insinuating tones are Greek.

The contrast between Hellenistic susceptibility and Roman steadfastness, between unconscious Graecism and conscious Romanism, will also explain Cicero's dual relation to Caesar. Cicero always succumbed to the magic of Caesar's gestures, deeds or writings, to the brilliancy of his form, the aura of his demonic presence: now moved, now reluctant, in most cases followed by shame, remorse or rage. Cicero's speeches delivered to Caesar's face, or his able judgments on Caesar's writings, are such outbursts or admissions of his overpowered Hellenic sense for greatness and charm. But whenever he had time enough to bethink himself, at a distance, of his Roman calling and rank, of his republican party and doctrine, of his personal dignity and career, he was overpowered by resentment against the all-seducer, by hatred for the tyrant, and by envy, by ill-will toward the only man whom he felt to be unconditionally his superior, without the redeeming element of affection. It is to such hours that we must trace the soft impeachments, sobs and pin-pricks of their correspondence, the vociferous censure of the moral tracts, the almost animal shout of joy on Caesar's death. Only after his vengeance has been appeased (in the *Second Philippic*), does the true outline of the mighty and sweet enemy again rise in his

consciousness, from which it has never been absent: the image of the miraculous despoiler.

It is only since the days of the Renaissance that we have begun to question the value of purely personal greatness. Antiquity recognized and feared this quality as a virtue and a magic: as a virtue it honored only greatness in the service of the state or of the gods. However prominent the individual ego, the Titan, the tyrant, he was a criminal, a transgressor, a destroyer, until he succeeded in creating a state, bringing home gods or becoming God. Such was Caesar in the eyes of Cicero and those of like mind with him. The curses against Caesar do not arise from blindness to his genius—his genius was always clearly appreciated, not merely—as in the Renaissance—evaluated, but weighed and found wanting by the Platonically Stoic values of virtue and liberty, or by the Roman values of the common weal and the Civil Code. When we find Caesar condemned again and again as the great violator of these common values, and again and again praised as a great bearer of the common values, as a master in action as in speech, with the sword as with literary style, as a trained warrior and a gentle tyrant—this contradiction may be traced to Cicero, the all-susceptible register of energy, but with too short a yardstick.

Cicero pursues Caesar's career from the conspiracy of Catiline to Caesar's deification, and in spite of the fluctuations of concern, fear, hatred, astonishment, torment, renunciation—in spite of all the beclouding and obscuring by party strife—in spite of his embarrassing proximity to Caesar—he accepts him as a whole; and however much he abhors and misunderstands his course, he beholds his steps and his gait with clarity and correctness. Contemporaries are far more concerned with petty individual traits and individual qualities; and though these may tinge the total picture, it is usually in the direction of confusing and degrading it, regardless of whether these observations are intended benevolently or malevolently. Cicero himself (to his praise be it said) never descends to boot-licking or pedantry—those two modes of

thought which falsify history more disastrously than all the conflict of sects. An intelligent opponent will estimate a hero far more correctly than parasites or petty traders of even the most assiduous type. Cicero did not collect any *memorabilia* of Caesar, though he was loquacious, malicious and sharp-tongued enough; nor did he construct a psychology of traits: he simply detected the aggregate aura of Caesar, even down to the petty gossip of the day, and has preserved this effect. Even in his descriptions of an audience or a banquet he has perpetuated the spirit and the gesture of Caesar as of a man of his own stamp, not merely Caesar's costume or humor. And Caesar always regarded Cicero with the kindliness of a barely perceptible superiority. He overlooked his weaknesses and sought encounters with him only where he could put himself in a position of showing gratitude, homage, almost entreaty. He never played the master before Cicero, since he knew that no man honored and respected him more than Cicero, in secret: this most exquisite enemy, whose futile resistance intrigued him more perhaps than the obedience of his own clients, helpers and soldiers, or the unwilling prostrations of the bull-necked nobility.

Caesar had occupied men's minds considerably, even when very young, owing to his origin, his beauty, his gorgeous excess of life, which at that time found expression for itself—having no great task to fulfill—in fashionable enjoyments, intellectual combats and brave adventures. Only after his impudent defiance of Sulla, only after taking his first steps in the demagogy of Marius, was he made the subject of much muttering and talebearing. These accounts multiplied and were filled out as he increased in stature and domination, becoming the terror, the abomination, and the idol of parties, regarded by none with indifference, uncommonly attractive to others, wooed and opposed with the unscrupulous passion of southern party strife and the metropolitan art of slander. Things once whispered or shouted aloud about him were now forged into political weapons: his concubinage with Nicomedes or with women of the nobility, his

voyage among the pirates, his court-like gestures, his arrogant words, his splendor, debts, elegance. His acts of state, speeches, offices, alliances, the agrarian laws, the campaigns, were enveloped in a stratum of private affairs of no less public knowledge, all of which aided in determining his image, enhancing or retarding his power. This stratum was cultivated, particularly, by the younger literati, who concerned themselves with Caesar as well as with other leading politicians. Nor were these men unpolitical—no Roman was, before the imperial era. But they had no superior point of view or understanding of the essence, and were content, consequently, with subsidiary or anecdotal skirmishes and with clever glosses of observation on the subject of leaders, causes, events.

The diatribes of Catullus against Caesar are our source for the mood among the passionate younger nobility, who, related to Caesar by their gay elasticity and love of pleasure, by their cleverness and dash, but without his profound grasp of destiny and his ardor (not to speak of greatness at all), hated and feared in him the destroyer of their old prerogatives and manners, the master of the mob—young men of good taste, of a pride half intellectual and half that of station, with a delicate flair for the odors of other circles, exclusive and aggressive, guided less by understanding and principles than by animal instinct and predilection, having no awe or morals, yet impetuous in love and hatred, and therefore often transfigured by the glow of a moral fire: at bottom devoid of ideas, and therefore the more unreasoning in their affections and aversions. Every dying aristocracy will find such adventurers, chiefly among poets and artists, who, by the nature of things, seek more delicate enjoyments and avoid the wiping out of distinctions, avoid the sweat of the masses—therefore we find almost all the younger intellectuals later among Caesar's murderers. In Shakespeare and Goethe, we still find such ebullitions, already damped by the universal consciousness in these world-wide souls. The worst anger of the junkers is aroused less by the mob and its tribunes who thunder or mutter

among them, than by the traitorous son of their own race, who avails himself of the masses—through pride or intellect—to achieve a higher level than that of the great, or who frees the masses through a sense of justice. The immense hatred of tyrants in antiquity arose from this envious pride and elevated this pride almost to a morality and a religion. The attacks of Catullus are directed not against Caesar's principles—a serious adhesion to principles has never been regarded as an aristocratic bearing—but against his personal weaknesses, and more particularly against the greedy and slimy followers of the prince of the mob, his "hellish pack", as the timid Cicero terms them. And many a good man who remained unmoved by the republican tears of Cicero became disgusted with Caesar's proximity through the biting lye of Catullus. Mamurra and his ilk, as Catullus brands them, have remained Caesar's stains.

From the same social environment as came Catullus' satire on Caesar's retinue, we have the zealous defense by Sallust, himself a member of the retinue. The same love of pleasure, the same intellectuality that fans a hatred of the mob, may also turn against a superannuated conceit of race, against narrow-minded caste distinctions, against the aristocratic antics of the idle and vain scions of the purple. As the esthetic resistance of the subtle is recruited from a vigorous nobility of blood and an ambitious nobility of intellect: the romanticism of a distinguished past, so also the "men of progress", the clever ones, the intellectual retinue of Caesar. No doubt they often abused the ideals of the past or future as pretexts for ambitions and interests. Caesar promised rising talents—men of pleasure, climbers, doers—a new start, a broader field; and though the following of Caesar included hardly a single enthusiast for human rights or national happiness (and except Cato and Brutus, the Senate also had no defenders of virtue or adherents of the old), yet many a man among them may have recognized the mismanagement of the backward republic and expected from Caesar not only goods and honors, but also an enhancement of the Roman power. For this

type of Roman national feeling still endured in many persons; in fact, in most, in spite of all the love of pleasure. Neither the Caesareans nor the Optimates, cherished "ideals", yet almost all still had a feeling of nationality, and some had an understanding of it (to be sure, rather of the untenable old than of the necessary innovation) and a flair for the man who could turn the trick. It was thus that Sallust came to Caesar and undertook precisely the moral defense of Caesar against the defects of the good old days, with an eloquently mimicked, not fully felt, and yet not merely rhetorically fabricated, ethos, and with the wide-awake understanding of a politician of Caesar's school.

Sallust condensed his master's living view, for the sake of his defense, into an antithesis which designates moral types rather than political persons. To the Cato-ideal of austere pure morals, he opposed the ideal of the large rich life. He obscures Cato without lowering him; he depicts his greatness as a lack of vices and defects, showing that Caesar's greatness means living gifts; Cato is the bearer of honorable dignity—Caesar the incarnation of a desirable excess of life. But the moral point of view chosen by Sallust (led astray, perhaps against his will, by a Hellenistic recording of history that has already been rhetorically infected) is too narrow for Caesar, and his qualities or intentions do not produce the plastic image he presents in his gestures and forces. While Caesar presents his actions even in his style, while Cicero feels or mirrors Caesar's being and power in the shift of moods, while the hostility of the junkers remarks his little transgressions and defects, Sallust was the first man to reduce him to general qualities, and he has thus standardized Caesar for the use of orators and schoolmasters, who are less interested in the single vision than in a usable pattern. It is to these schoolmasters that Sallust owes his fame as an historical model, as a forerunner of Tacitus. He is a describer only. His Caesar is not a living trunk teeming with vigorous sap, but a scaffolding of values and traits like the characters in Theophrastus, with the addition of the historical coloring—the first Roman *type* of the Megalurgos, the

heaven-storming, land-liberating, magnanimous hero of ambition, but by no means the definite *monas* of this very soul, hour and thing (as, for instance, in spite of the childish psychological interpretation, the Tiberius of Tacitus, the recorder of gesture, the register of energies). The commonplace of representing Cato and Caesar as the contrast between virtue and greatness, or virtue and luck, is Sallust's bequest to world literature. Expanded, perhaps by Livy, this opposition was elevated to myth by Lucan, who has given ever-renewed impulse to the imagination of poets, particularly of dramatic poets, since the Renaissance, and who has again and again imparted content to the conceptual integuments of the moralists. Sallust's fine pair impressed even our recent Friedrich Schlegel in his youth. Whether Sallust was friendly or hostile is less important than the plastic device he has used. The device which in Sallust is meant to favor Caesar, and in Lucan to favor Cato, has outlived their party oppositions, as an image and a tension. Only in the Nineteenth Century does Cato pale beside Caesar . . . perhaps because of the Napoleonic rebirth of the Caesar idea, which was not followed by any equivalent rebirth of the Cato idea, perhaps because of a more accurate acquaintance with Roman history, perhaps because the destruction of ancient society involved the speedy decline of the sense of dignity to which Cato—both in spite of and because of his destruction—chiefly owes the ethos of his fame and his austere brilliancy. The sublimity of Cato is a part of Caesar's greatness. The worship of success, the doubts of the reality of absolute moral values, have undermined the Cato ideal, and those who to-day have but a smile for the worthy victim by the side of the creative victor, instead of deifying the victim, may either boast of their own scientific maturity or deplore their own moral obtuseness. The penetrating acumen and acid criticism of Mommsen, whose mighty erudition was the most effective destroyer of the Platonic and Stoic veneration of Cato, presents both these elements, and—curiously enough—the historical science of our day

is thus again returning to the partisan wish of Sallust: that the gloomy admonisher be displaced by the shining master.

Perhaps Sallust's history of his own times, which has been lost, had a wider scope than the documents adorned with the moral and political outlines of Caesar and Cato. His opinions on the regulation of the republic after the Civil War are more closely related to the political spirit of his master and were probably written at the latter's suggestion in order to spread and justify the new ideas among the people before they should make their appearance as laws. They are suffused with a pale reflection of Caesarean lucidity and elasticity, although they aim more at moral effect and rhetorical artistry than do Caesar's own words, even in the Sallustian version. Even Caesar's speech opposing capital punishment for the Catilinarian conspirators in Sallust's *Catiline*, is impressive only by its matter-of-fact energy, containing even in its reference to the beyond not a single sentimental or rhetorical note, such as Sallust occasionally resorts to. (A reason, furthermore, for giving credence to the evil reports of a contradiction between Sallust's written morality and his actual practice.) Like Machiavelli, Johannes von Müller and Jean Jacques Rousseau, Sallust is probably one of the weak souls of strong spirit, who live more manfully in their sublime wish-images than in the days of their life; mimes, not hypocrites, of dignity, of liberty, of virtue. Though he may not attain the high calm of Caesar (who did not reflect history but lived it, who reflected what he saw as little as do Nature and Fate, but performed what he thought), Sallust nevertheless is far above the pamphleteers of his time, who still behold Caesar in the course of his formation and embroider his victorious course with moral preachings or gossip of the same import. In this field also, the republican attackers were answered by Caesarean advocates on the same level. While the hostile ones enumerated Caesar's adulteries, his defenders would calculate the number of his gifts and battles; while his extortions were shouted by the ones, the others pronounced eulogies on his charitable giving and forgiving—the tavern tales of his legion-

aries, of marches, campaigns, battles in three continents, are mingled with the gossip of the baths concerning his homes, garments, banquets, producing altogether a many-voiced rumble, whose literary precipitate may have expressed itself in the diaries of Titus Ampius, Caecina, Oppius, Hirtius, Pollio, and others. These traces of the turmoil that raged about the Caesar image as it came into being, found their final solidification as images of the perfected Caesar in Suetonius and Plutarch. More distinct than the broader annals of Appian and Dio Cassius, of Livy and Diodorus, who composed narratives and histories for their own sake, with a more or less definite tendency, depending on the authorities used—Suetonius and Plutarch wished to behold and present the man Caesar: Plutarch animated by a Greek sense of figure that remained antique even in the period of decline; Suetonius, a much more limited and obtuse intellect, animated by a half-servile, half-amateur collector attentiveness to events and qualities. They wrote when Caesar had already been taken out of the strife of the day and enshrined in history, or—as Divus Julius—in myth and religion. This perpetuation is already inherent in all the subsequent images of Caesar, distinctly separating them from their sources in the Caesarean era, regardless of whether they are tinged with a republican or a monarchic nuance. The intellectual feud between Caesar and Cato continued to rage in books long after it had been decided on the battlefield. But the doubters, haters and belittlers accepted the divinity of the Julian as much as a matter of course as did the flatterers and believers. Suetonius and Plutarch already represent this stage, and before we inspect these images of Caesar that have been so pregnant for the future, we must understand the basis, the significance, and the aspect of the Caesar cult.

Deification means a worship of universal forces as they are appreciated, a worship of the concentration in a figure of the mystery of life, experienced with joy or awe. This was in accord with the ancient spirit, as it is characteristic of the modern spirit to resolve that which has taken definite form—such form being

provisional or unreal—into feeling, permanence, conception. In the worship of Julius Caesar, we find mingled three ancient modes of deification: the oriental humility in the presence of might as such, either of fate or of nature; the Greek glorification of human perfection—genius, beauty, strength; the Italian awe for demonic souls, places, times. As Caesar's empire infuses the Roman state with the might-idea of the oriental monarchs and with the rich Hellenic culture which is the Alexander-heritage, for the Roman State owes its origin chiefly to its solicitude for the sacredness and appropriateness of each specific human act or condition, in its time and place; so Caesar's person incorporates the first European god in whom the worship of power, the worship of the hero and the worship of the state are united. The first man who in Europe proper founded a great monarchy of the type native to Asia—Europeanized by Alexander and thus made capable of transmission—was worshipped and feared in the Asiatic style as the lord of destiny, the savior or ruler of the world, admired and hailed in the Greek manner as a victorious human of marvelous endowment, respected in the Roman manner as the bearer of sanctified office, the personal incarnation of the sacral order. No doubt there was some flattery involved in this worship, but flattery did not create it. Caesar's great task was rendered more difficult by the incommensurateness of these three forms of cult, as even Alexander had vacillated, almost staggered, between Cyrus and Achilles, between the great monarch and the hero, between Ammon and Dionysus. In Caesar's case, there is the further complicating element of his Roman office, which was even less compatible with the unconditional esthetic lordship and the free heroic type of Hellas. For Caesar himself, for his Hellenistic subjects, his divine genius might be a sufficient reason for his power. He sought to justify himself in the eyes of his Romans by his descent from Venus and his arrogation of countless dignities. But when he was touched in Egypt by the magic of the East, the Roman efficiency seemed too narrow for him, and the Alexandrian bursting of all limitations, and the desire for uncon-

ditional dignity, which should save time and effort in the execution of his immense plans, began to ferment within him. Tired of petty frictions, he had transcended the victories of the republic, too great to breathe freely as a Pontifex, consul, censor, dictator, even as imperator. And yet, only these forms could hallow and safeguard him at Rome. Whether he aimed at securing the name of king, and at rule from Ilion or Alexandria, such reports, whether true or false, were based on the real fact that he was bursting the Roman bonds, sinning against the Roman god that had made him great. He was seeking a new measure, a measure that was a false measure for Romans. The world conqueror's kingship by the grace of God could be filled by Caesar in his person, could be wished by Caesar in Asia, but Rome could not tolerate him thus. It was Caesar's ruin—and his personal genius triumphed after he had become a corpse. The worship of the people and their subjects at his pyre is neither Italian nor oriental, but Hellenistic—it is the last hero-worship of a paganism enkindled by human greatness, by the nature and destiny of a mighty man, without the intermediation of Asiatic myths of divinity (as in Christianity), without a Roman worship of the state, as expressed even at a later day in the prayers addressed to Trajan and Marcus Aurelius. His last predecessor had been Alexander. It is, therefore, more than mere rhetoric to couple these last two pagan gods. Alexander was made god as a reincarnation of one of the eternal forces, a son of Zeus, a manifestation of God on earth; Caesar was made god in his limited humanity, as just Caesar, the unique, never-to-be-repeated Caesar, the ascent of Gaius Julius to the gods and the stars. These are merely the hieroglyphics of their distinctly different characters: Alexander is an invasion of a chaotic excess of life into the domain of man; Caesar is the unfolding of human gifts and tensions to the perfection of divinity.

On the basis of this new-born hero-worship for Caesar, Augustus thereupon established the worship of the Divus Julius as the Ptolemys had straitened the Alexander-faith into a

dynastic religion of the city and the state. Since the principate, the conqueror of Gaul, the victor over all the earth, the fairest and mightiest man, petrifies into an image of worship, a saint's image, an imperial edict, he is the father of the princeps, the creator of the imperium, the family god of the Julians. It was in this form that Augustus, with his delicate feeling for that which was just right, with his fear of all excess, combined with piety for his benefactor, father and master, and with a mysterious thrill in the presence of the latter's enigmatically expansive and liberated spirit—solved the difficult situation. The adoption of this sickly, pallid nephew as a son is one of Caesar's daimonic strokes. But for him, Caesar's work and fame could hardly have endured. The relation between Augustus and Caesar coined fundamental outlines of the Roman imperium—personal feelings are here involved, in a union with intelligent understanding and the needs of the state. Augustus looked up to Caesar, at once astonished, grateful, timid. He would not permit his flatterers to exalt him over Caesar, but he was somewhat ashamed of the voluptuousness and unruliness of his more highly gifted father and thought to serve his memory not only by erecting temples and altars, but by suppressing his minor writings. Through him, Augustus had attained power, a power which he considered nationally justified, and he could not ever deny this basis of his greatness. But with all his admiration for Caesar, he considered the Civil War a crime, to be atoned for by himself. His gratitude, both as a son and a disciple, was outraged by Caesar's murder, which awakened not only his revenge, but also his sense of power. His revenge itself was less a passionate urge than a sacred duty of a relative and heir. He did not hate Brutus; his proscriptions are the severity of the law, not the vengeance of wrath. He not only feared Caesar's end, but secretly even shared the judgment that was represented in it. His own wishes perhaps placed him rather in Cicero's republic than in Caesar's despotism; but he was too intelligent to consider the republic still possible, and he was the willing heir of the Caesar whom he venerated against his will. It

was his duty both to save and delimit the huge work of his father; to utilize the power of his name, but to avoid his audacity; to solidify his fame, to exorcise his dangerous magic. He therefore froze him into a god and transferred him to a star, enveloped his person with an awe more of duty than affection, and suffered the censures of republicans so long as they remained courteous and in writing. He evaded comparisons between himself and Caesar, not only because of humility, but also of pride—he was not vain. The personal magic of Caesar was now no longer to the advantage of Augustus and placed his work in a false light, or even in obscurity. What he needed, cherished and demanded, was the national celebration of a fixed but remote numen that might bring blessings upon his house and activity from heaven without any immediate personal radiation. It is thus that he established the worship of the Divus Julius, to which, in the course of fifty-six years of tenacious rule, he imparted a safe position and the status of a sacred pillar of the empire. But the living strength and the worship-arousing figure of the hero is immured and buried in this temple. Caesar was the immortalized begetter, the official god of the *imperium romanum*, but no longer the all-present spirit. Augustus was obeyed; Alexander was dreamed of—sacrifices were made to Divus Julius.

In all Augustan poetry, we feel an awe for the personal proximity of Caesar. Had it not been for the opposition tolerated by the Emperor himself, particularly the opposition of Livy, Caesar would have congealed at that early day into an impersonal divine image, somewhat like the Memnon statues of the Pharaohs. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, avoid making mention of Caesar's acts and properties, preferring to depict the omens and miracles of his ascent to heaven, or his divine radiance, with glances of homage at his more happy son, the fulfiller, the savior, the ruler of the earth. There seems almost a tacit understanding, an instruction from above, that the astral court myth must be constructed, but it is rather an unconscious mimicry than a conscious fabrication. Caesar disappears in his

own halo and his name becomes synonymous with a constellation. This splendid pomp served to transmit more of his glory than of his figure to posterity. Virgil's solemn verse on Caesar:

> *"Imperium oceano famam qui terminet astris,"*
> Who limits the realm with the ocean, his fame with the stars,

(interpreted from antiquity down to the Nineteenth Century—and rightly so—as meaning Julius Caesar) has remained the majestic formula of Caesar's fame.

The fact that Caesar's living force was not extinguished in the Imperial Era, that his memory remained more than a hieratic name, is due not only to the permanence of his monuments and laws and the memory of him in the conquered west, but also to the tenacious struggle of the phantom of the republic against the monarchy. As long as Cato's ghost still walked, Caesar's found no peace either. While his heirs beclouded him with pillars of incense, historians again and again sought to magnify the Civil War in honor of the last Romans, or as a protection of the new order and its founders. As long as this feud endured, Caesar continued to live, and no evaluation—however friendly or hostile—could diminish his mass and proportion. The nations forget their judgments, but remember faces. When Livy, most widely read of the heralds of the good old days, discusses eloquently the relative advantages to Rome of Caesar's birth and death, he affirms by this alone that the formation of Caesar's image is determined only by his fateful greatness. Where facts are made even passably obvious, the moral evaluation, the psychological interpretation, the causal nexus grow pale before the inner eye. The works of great men may perhaps suffer change in moral judgments, being distorted by party favor and party animosity, but never their pictures in history, which can only be altered when creative spirits see new visions. Fame depends no longer on hatred or favor when a hero has become a myth.

However great the difference between the many judgments

that have been pronounced on Caesar—the late Roman republican Livy, the Hellenistic court historian Nicolaus Damascenus, Strabo, Diodorus, the Caesarean Asinius Pollio, not to mention Tiberius' parasites, Velleius Paterculus and Valerius Maximus—we almost always find at the basis of these opinions and maxims the same thought, based above all on Caesar's and Cicero's writings and on either a willing, reluctant or defiant recognition of the domination of his idea. We may disregard here the moral observations as well as the literary talents of the later Caesar-historians, and observe which specific traits of Caesar are grasped by them beyond their unoriginal annalistic activities and their traditional rhetoric. Velleius is a flatterer whose eulogistic words might apply to many persons and might better fit his master's ancestors than they would the hero himself. The anecdotes and maxims of Valerius Maximus are rather an exercise in style than a historical teaching, and express the courtly tone which persons had to use under the first Claudian when they spoke of Divus Julius. Tiberius was more concerned with the service of the founder than was Augustus, either through personal admiration, through monarchic principle, or through hatred of the Senate. (His work as general and administrator in the north made him understand Caesar's great work; even Germanicus names his great ancestor with more than the pious respect of a grandson.) Dio Cassius and Appian are chroniclers with oratorical ambitions and talents, but without independence in judgment or device—Dio Cassius taking his materials more from republican sources, Appian more from Caesarean sources. For both, Divus Julius is a great general, a lenient victor, a victim of his own exuberance, and the completer of the Roman world empire when the republic falls—in Diodorus he is furthermore the beginner of a new era, a Roman god.

A detailed comparison between Caesar and Alexander is found for the first time in Appian. It must already have been a commonplace in the schools, perhaps since Caesar's own day. (This is suggested by the story of Caesar's sighing for the fame of Alexander, in Suetonius, and by a sentence in Velleius.) As the

first national Hellenistic hero, Alexander was still the model for rulers, and each new victor had a part in his glory. Not until Pompey had any one approached him so closely in the number and magnificence of his successes as to enable others than mere belletristic flatterers to compare them. The subjugator of Magnus, the new lord of the world, inherited the laurels of Alexander together with other laurels; and a sure appreciation on the part of the two nations for a kindred spirit and elevation assured permanence to this pregnant comparison. Here was one of the couples in which two human beings incorporated two laws, like the pair Plato and Aristotle. No doubt Appian limits himself to details of single traits as to origin, career and qualities, without any mental unity.

How little the eyes of those who beheld Caesar without distorted vision were blurred by their republican principles is proved by the tone in which Tacitus speaks of him as the highest authority, the model author, the victorious imperator. It is still the tone of the astonished Cicero, but more concise, more detached, more deliberate. In fact, it is an author of republican tendencies, Pliny, who has given us the most dependable silhouette of Caesar in antiquity, without the panegyric excess of Cicero's speech on Marcellus, without the gossip or whining of the chroniclers, without the petty search for details of the biographers, and with a feeling for the human being Caesar. Among the human wonders of the world, he lauds the dictator as the strongest, broadest, swiftest and most ardent spirit, as the kindest of souls, simultaneously deploring his victories, which are far too numerous and bloody for the Roman tradition. This must have been the average judgment on Caesar. Pliny's *Natural History* is the great encyclopedia of Roman history, a handbook of knowledge, which, though it may never perhaps show profound insight and the freshness of truth, yet was the precipitate of the current opinions and the most tangible bits of information. Pliny offers rather a condensed formula of Caesar's character than an image of his life.

The Mythical Figure

There are two biographers of Caesar who have presented his complete career, as handed down, as the picture of a man: not in the tumult of the entire history of Rome, not as influenced by outside events, but by his own qualities. One is Suetonius, a learned antiquarian and collector; the other is Plutarch, a man of versatile culture, a moral teacher of esthetic endowment—in a way, the first essayist of antiquity, if we have our eye fixed on Montaigne and observe the distinction between the pensive warrior in a finished world and the disquiet harbinger of a new world. Neither Suetonius nor Plutarch is looking for state or history. Both behold Caesar, as it were, as a gigantic individual who has attracted the eyes of the world by his fame, his power, his work.

Suetonius is as hard and dry as a Roman bust, but his assiduous activity of collecting, which aims less at the construction of a whole than the possession of all the parts, has preserved for us many domestic details of this great life. He who would rather behold his hero in his dressing-gown than in the living raiment of divinity, must turn to Suetonius, and the true hero, particularly the hero of antiquity, will gain from this proximity, provided his avower is not a lackey, but one who can perceive the manner of high human accomplishment even in garment and headgear. Suetonius has the same importance for our knowledge of Caesar as Pompeii has for our study of antiquity in general; Suetonius gives us the private life as it glosses the public text of his history, occasionally amplifying the text. Suetonius is the beginning of the literature of the private life of national figures. The things that Caesar had in common with many Romans: his use of nutshells to singe off the hair on his body, his emetics, the fringes of his toga, the discipline and dissipation of his town house, his traveling-coaches and objects of virtu—all this appears in Suetonius as Caesar's very own; and since the nature of man feels a profound desire for proximity precisely in those cases where he shudders with astonishment, one feels that one knows the master of the world the more intimately when one has peered into his pots and presses. A material odor encounters us in Suetonius,

but it is not the fresh fragrance of the soil, but the smell of things, of the débris that encumbers old alcoves and junk shops, deserted dwellings. Suetonius serves as our confirmation in affording us definite indications of how Caesar was conditioned antiquely by time and place, of his Roman-Hellenistic milieu, his cheerful and fiery radiance, his sensuous delicacy and austere orderliness, things that we may also feel in Caesar's own works as an achievement or a dominating spirit. Suetonius' special virtue is his Italic sense for fact and function: his data on Caesar are neither extensive nor profound nor lofty: they are precise.

Plutarch's biographical virtue is less a historical insight or a sublime understanding of the soul than a plastic quality. Just as even the pettiest articles of daily use in antiquity give evidence of a sense of beauty that puts to shame even the creative spirits of later days, so Plutarch, in all his mediocre judgments, has still retained the Greek art of a plastic demonstration—and, whether we share or reject his opinions, we understand his contents. Compare, for instance, the scene in his *Alexander*—his confidence in the suspicious physician—with Arrian and Curtius. In Arrian we have a report of events; in Curtius, a rhetorically sentimental discussion of the concomitant psychic processes; in Plutarch, a plastic presentation of gesture. The fact as presented by Plutarch always incorporated the *what* and the *how*, without wasting any time on the *why* and the *whence*. It is because of this sensuously neat narrative art that he has been loved by those richest in thoughts and visions, who had no lack of interpretation, but who needed images. No doubt even his pictures from life are rather series of events than a history of individual forces and fateful beings. But since he reports every event and every gesture with a charming sureness, the well applied intelligence of his readers will supply of itself the necessary connection. That is why Shakespeare was able to surmise and conjure from a few suggestions in Plutarch the soul and world of Cleopatra as a skilled anatomist might construct the entire organism from a single limb. Plutarch has enriched Caesar's life neither with facts nor with con-

tent. Suetonius is more precise; Appian and Dio Cassius are more informative; but none attains Plutarch in gesture, in poetic pregnancy, in stimulus conveyed. He recounts stories from Caesar's life, not *the* story of Caesar's life; and his stories have ever again animated the imaginations of poets and heroes, ever again been the inspiration of fruitful young men, more than real facts and profound teachings might have done. Caesar's winged words, the omens and tokens, his entrancing or world-moving steps, his symbolic situations or destinies, have entered into the European mind chiefly in Plutarch's version. His courage before Sulla, Sulla's prophetic vision of the light-clad boy, his lithe insolence among the pirates, his ardent impatience before the image of Alexander, his ambitious prophecy in the Alpine village, the nocturnal hour on the Rubicon, his voyage in a boat with Fortune, the tumult surrounding Brutus, and the final murder itself with its pomp, horror and awe—all this Plutarch has tricked out for us, and it was not by mere chance that Shakespeare should have built up his tragedy from Plutarch's scenario. Here again the question of Plutarch's real opinion of Caesar is unimportant: Plutarch produced his effect by means of his sensual images and not by his moral glosses or his oratorical comparisons. The actual comparison with Alexander was lost or never written—it could hardly have been superior to Appian's sophomoric essay, but no doubt would have flattered the Hellenistic cult for Alexander at the Roman's expense.

Plutarch narrates life almost exclusively in anecdotes; the fact that he has more than mere disjointed incidents to offer, that he grasps the content of an historical career, this he owes to the compact plastic energy which was the essence of antiquity. The spirit of modern history lies before or behind gestures and visions; it plays in imageless functions and relations, in mute papers or secret conversations. Even our edifices are no longer forms of our being, but at best a means, a material. In antiquity there was an urge for tangible expression—visually and physically tangible—on the part of spirit, mind and destiny—for

outline, gesture, structure—and decisions were achieved in the here and now as it stood: the marriage of Europe and Asia, celebrated as a wedding feast in the tent at Susa; the change from republic to monarchy, in the stride over the river Rubicon. Therefore, the anecdotes of the ancients are not like the anecdotes of Frederick the Great or Napoleon; they are not curious frills, the private draperies of public men, but are concentrated destiny. And, just as an ancient coin or gem is more monumental in its effect than most of our statues, so Plutarch, even in the smallest traits of his Caesar, has held fast the heroic figure beyond Plutarch's own day and desire by virtue of the presence of the *All* even in the sparse *Now*, which was characteristic of antiquity. He intended to transmit didactic and edifying examples, and has actually preserved for us the charm of the Greek and Roman heroes, the richest-colored myths of historical greatness.

What Plutarch's calm spirit attained without intention, owing to his Hellenistic plasticity, was aimed at with conscious intent by a Spanish-Roman poet: the Caesarean myth. Lucan competes with Homer and Virgil, and his *Pharsalia* are intended to excel the *Iliad* as the expression of a struggle between giants, and the *Æneid* as poetic eloquence. Lucan desired to pile the most gigantic tale of the *orbis terrarum* on top of the Hellenic and Italic epics, but at the same time to open up a new path: to perpetuate not the remote tales of gods and heroes, but events themselves, events with which the soil still shook, and with which his own era still echoed. *Mutatis mutandis,* Lucan's attitude toward this material was practically our attitude toward the time of Napoleon. He was exalted and enticed by the indisputable mythical greatness; he was retarded and confused by the proximity and the precise detail of the events. The political strife of the Civil War—hardly past—from which the monarchy sprung, resisted epic transfiguration. Lucan lacked a memory free from sorrow and resentment in which epic images might round themselves out. He wished to make a virtue of this necessity and brought to bear his ardent zeal for the Roman dignity and

liberty, and imbued his mighty material with a political frame, whereas Homer was characterized by the paternal calm with which a nation recalls its antiquity, and Virgil has the sacerdotal solemnity which celebrates the founding and the ancestry of the empire. The ambition and impetuosity of a twenty-year-old, the vehement *grandezza* and tenacity of an idle republican were not a good endowment for an epic writer. Also, he lacked the peaceful plastic sense of the Greeks and the festive lucidity of the Mantuan. Yet no other Roman possessed to the same extent his inspiring sense, his altitudinous conception of his subject. Lucan was simultaneously gripped and overwhelmed by this subject as an eye-witness, and looked up to it as to inaccessible heights. The eloquence of the *"bellum civile, plusquam civile"*, which Caesar himself does not make use of on his joyous pinnacle, is supplied by Lucan with a fiery imagination and with swelling rhetoric. Here we have both his weakness and his inspiration. He had become estranged from his materials without having escaped them; he felt them and brooded on them as an aroused ego, while Homer recalls and transmits his content-values as a personal memory of the race. Even Virgil—the poetic helper of Augustus—was much less a private individual, much more a public attorney or trustee of the values magnified by him, than was Lucan, the fellow-amateur and rival of the artist-emperor, a belletristic genius with romantic feelings of the state, yet without a state gift and task. To be sure, Virgil was still a Roman, and, though a poet, had an eye for the *orbis terrarum* and the demands of the immense heritage of empire. Only at that period could such a condition of the soul have existed: such terrifying magnitude, together with such utter desolation. It is the *fullness* of this torment that projects the lapidary style of Tacitus, an unromantic expression of the status of the unseated Roman junker; it is its *desolation,* its thirst for the magnitude of destiny, its romanticism—which could emanate from the ancient Roman practice only when the latter was dead—a Neronic dream of Catonic and Caesarean action, that gives birth

to the oratorical periods of Lucan. To be sure, rhetoric was the proper mode of operation even of Roman poetry—its substitute, as it were, for plastic effect—but it became more and more a substitute for action, and all the talents that no longer had an opportunity to express themselves in the life of the state took shape in the mimicked, embellishing, challenging and exaggerated word. Cicero was the last of the ideals of the state, when the orator still lived and worked by mimicking them—and since such rhetoric is simultaneously the child of a poverty of performance and an exuberant imagination, it easily appears, or easily becomes, a deception. It all depends on the extent to which we take the wish-images of the imagination to be real and serious. Almost all great historical writing and oratory is born of an unfulfilled urge to action, and yet it is not itself an unfulfilled thing. Being a flatterer of Nero, Lucan makes us suspect his rhetoric as ungenuine, as much as Sallust's, and yet he was surely no hypocrite, but a romantic mimic of honestly cherished ideals. His *Pharsalia* are a wish-image of monstrous destinies, not only —as is commonly believed—a sort of poetically disguised advocacy for the lost republic of the nobles, a tirade against Caesar, a glorification of Pompey and Cato. No doubt he was a republican. To be a republican was then the vogue, as idealism was the vogue in Hegel's time and skepticism in Voltaire's. But he was hardly a sectarian of the Stoa and a fanatical hater of tyrants. He was concerned at any price with greatness as such—yea, with the monstrosity of events, spaces, figures, rather than with party zeal of any kind. Like many youthful poets, he at once aspired to the highest summits, and intoxicated himself rather with mass than with worth. Much in his work, even the choice of subjects, is dictated less by policy than by his *Sturm und Drang,* like the dynastic concepts of Marlowe, Schiller, Büchner and Grabbe, or the Roman and Hohenstaufen dramas of schoolboys drunk with history. He wished to accumulate bright and dismal giants rather than good and evil patterns, and the word-painter was stronger in him than the republican. Many elements which have been

interpreted as representing republican hatred are only a baroque artistic conceit seeking the brusquest and most motley expression. To begin with, Caesar was not so much the ideal of wickedness which Lucan desired to brand, as he was the black giant, a sublime monster like Marlowe's Tamerlane or Shakespeare's Richard II, or Milton's Satan—an enticing figure of horror, not a distortion of hatred. Pompey and Cato are, no doubt, ideals at the very outset, but they are painted with a weaker hand, lamer, paler. In fact, Lucan's passion was less inflamed by good and evil men, or by their political purposes than—as the title alone would show —by a world event, by the cosmic fury, the awful miracles and tokens, bloody battles, tempests and deserts. As his language is more rhetorical than poetic, so his imagination is more picturesque than plastic, more devoted to many-colored masses in motion than to figures informed with soul. For him the Civil War is more important than its heroes; the heroes are only bearers of the *fatum,* which he depicts with a characteristic youthful delight in the monstrous and with a Roman-Asiatic embellishment. As far as persons may move him poetically at all, Caesar is the hero (as Satan, not Adam, is the hero of *Paradise Lost*). Pompey and Cato are only shining foils to set off the titanic destroyer the more gloomily. Lucan's world-judgment scarcely invalidates his vision. He beholds Caesar's measure, form, even gesture, for the most part as worthy and mighty, in spite of the hostile glossary of virtue and justice with which he adorns him, or which he puts, with contradictory psychology, into Caesar's mouth in the form of rabid eloquence.

For Lucan, Caesar is the inaugurator of the world war, which Lucan—after the manner of Livy—derives, as a general Roman disaster, less from individual guilt than from the splendor and power and monstrosity of an empire gone beyond its bounds. His Caesar-image differs from that of Cicero—and from the presumable Caesar-image of Livy—only in his more lurid colors, in his more savage brush-strokes, not in its fundamental attitude. Lucan was a young man and late on the scene who did not wish

to estimate his Caesar politically or present him historically, but to adorn and inflate him poetically. Caesar's creative phase remained as closed to him as it did to Cicero and Livy. But the manifestations of Caesar's actions, the combination of warlike ardor and lightning-like flights of the mind, of bold generosity and restless urge to action, of the gambler's defiance and a cynical magnanimity, of swiftness, intelligence, and breadth—these things have not only been told in strong words by Lucan in the comparison of the two leaders at the beginning, but they even appear in many nuances and modifications. Caesar by the dark waves of the Rubicon, weighing the weal of the world against his own fortunes; the bold lord of battles recruiting his own soldiers; Caesar and Amyclas in the storm by the seashore; the night of anguish and horror in the camp at Pharsalus; the tears shed by the victor over Pompey's head; the feasts of good cheer and cleverness with Cleopatra;—all these pictures are darkly compact materials of the imagination, and true poets have given birth to them again and again like true motives of myth in their souls. As Plutarch determines Shakespeare's picture of Caesar, it is Lucan who is the source for Dante and Corneille, in fact down to Goethe and Victor Hugo—to mention only the highest pinnacles. Lucan was the first to point out the contrast between the fame-crowned Pompey, laden with honors, the bearer of law and manners, of antiquity and liberty, on the one hand, and the mighty transgressor, authorized only by his genius, his fortune, his army and the dæmonic power of wickedness itself, on the other hand. Even the contrast between Caesar and Cato, formulated by Sallust, was stage-managed and orchestrated by Lucan. No doubt he inflates and exaggerates his outlines to the point of caricature, applying that excessive zeal of the master of expression which is now misinterpreted as partly spirit. But he felt, perhaps with too much secret satisfaction, yet genuinely and profoundly, the gloomy destiny of Rome, its hybris and its nemesis, to which he has given more resounding expression than any other Roman poet. He does not present an epic of the

events themselves, he gives us no mythical figures, but he imparts to us the sense of a tragedy of nations; the scurrying of the winds of destiny over the great area of destiny lives in his noisy cataracts of verses: the Napoleonic shudder of the Caesarean progress.

It was precisely these mood pictures in Lucan which most attracted later writers. Events could be found described in the historians (Lucan has even been accused of unfair competition with them); Cicero understood the motives; the characters could be found described in the biographers, but the horror, the tragedy, the sublimity of the world-wide fates was not expressed in words before Lucan. Men knew the Alps for centuries before they learned to appreciate them; Lucan was the proclaimer of the Pharsalic tragedy. He had his effect rather by reason of this eloquence of destruction than by his republican principles. Already Petronius, a contemporary of Lucan, desired to outdo or parody him in an even more luxuriant mood picture of the Civil War, but Petronius' persons and motives are a great flabby pulp of words. The later Latin historians, from Florus to Orosius, regardless of whom they take their reports or judgments on the Civil Wars from, owe to Lucan the odor of corruption and the pathos of the downfall. In the same measure as the classical sense for form, performance and goal disappeared in the Roman world, there arose the view of history suffused with moods—we now find dry details and enervated commonplaces instead of images and motives. Suetonius and Lucan set the pace—from opposite ends—for the opinions of the declining men of Rome concerning Caesar.

Even the Greeks become more dry, more fatigued, but they retain to the end something of the lucid presentation characteristic of their great era. Their histories and speeches, when compared with the Roman histories and speeches of the imperial era, have an effect similar to that—in Germany—of the Neo-Latin writers of the Sixteenth Century, when compared with the German writers: they are more facile, but artificial—as if belonging to a

stratum to which their own era has hardly any access. It is a stationary literature, one which introduces new materials, to be sure, into more or less solicitously preserved forms, but one which can no longer absorb any living content capable of development. The Caesar-image never changed again in antiquity after Lucan, Suetonius and Plutarch. The early Fathers of the Church borrowed certain facts and forms from the pagans, and embedded them into an entirely foreign substance. They transformed morality and viewed history—as far as it could serve spiritual purposes—from the point of view of a timeless beyond. For them, individual pagan traits lost their specific content and served only as rhetorical patches and examples. Saint Augustine, whom we shall take as our sole example, may indeed repeat the Sallustian contrast of Cato and Caesar, to the advantage of the Stoic virtues, but it is only to substitute Christian values for both. Saint Augustine mentions the Civil Wars in a Lucanic mood, but they have lost their importance of destiny in the divine scheme of salvation. Apparently he is still aware of classical things and classical persons, he is still illuminated by the Ciceronian and Virgilian culture, yet they are already congealing into formulas, names, symbols for opinions that no longer glimpse heroes, just as the flowers, animals, persons, in a Persian rug remain only as lines and figures in a textile, without any independent image-content. The point of view of the beyond causes the self-value of history to disappear for a long time. In Saint Augustine, who personally still draws on all the treasures of antiquity, the spirit of antiquity still prevails in a ruined and buried state. The dismal monk who compiled his annals to the greater glory of God has in principle the same relation toward gods, heroes and forces as the universal thinker of the church who resolved characters and destinies into his heavenly kingdom of souls and providence.

The later literary mentions of pagan history are no longer precipitations of the spirit that appears to be expressed in their words, but are detached fragments of an already decaying era—as the motives of primitive sculpture are found used on coffins,

or even the coffins themselves are used for an intention foreign to their original function. We must view the whole group of the writers of a period, their entire "moral milieu", in order to interpret each formula properly. Otherwise—particularly in so rhetorical an institution as the early Church was (a true offshoot of antiquity in this sense)—we shall take conventional tokens as living images, names as visions, rhetorical or even rhythmical adornments as contents of the faith. Caesar, Pompey, Cato, are no longer historical phenomena, in patristic literature, but moral concepts. Even Orosius, Saint Augustine's annalistic supplementer, is not copying the ancients in order to transmit history, but in order to collect a store of patterns for the new doctrine of providence—just as, in a work of grammar, the sentences given as examples and chosen from other books, do not convey their own meanings but illuminate the laws of language. Orosius borrows Lucan's *fatum* as a rhetorical embellishment, but his book is not written in Lucan's mood, but rather in a feeling of security as to the future. Saint Augustine and Orosius do not stroll backward over the ruins of the empire, but press on into the wide-open heavens of God. If Bossuet is able later to renew the Augustinian theology of history and yet also to draw vigorous types of nations and rulers, it is because he has already put the Augustinian devaluation of the world—a commonplace now a thousand years old—behind him and has acquired the modern sense of history and persons as a vigorous and fruitful inner stimulus. For the Fathers of the Church, the pagan sense of the earth was already faint and pointless, while the new heavenward urge had the freshness and vigor of the dawn. Only eyes fresh from slumber can see new things—those that have waked long and seen much, long for sleep and the visions of dreams.

Caesar's glory during the imperial period is reflected in scarcely any books at all, either in those of the Romans, who were becoming a race of excerptors, or in those of the Greeks, who were developing more and more into after-dinner speakers (as far as they were interested in history at all); in the Byzantines both

elements are found, while the Fathers of the Church and the Alexandrian thinkers of all schools make only a paradigmatic use of their mythical and historical heritage as an illustration of their faith; the sophistic traveling orators apply it only decoratively as a tone and color for their periods. The recurrence of certain names in their works may perhaps still indicate the festive echo raised by these names, but not the view of the tellers themselves, but the fact that they conceal other names would not indicate that such names have fallen into desuetude or impotence, since these orators move only in a conventional, almost hieratic circle of motives, and refer with reluctance to matters important in their day, either through compulsion or flattery. Epaminondas, Alexander, Philopœmon, were in most cases the time-limit for the Greek orators; Cato, Brutus and Cassius for the Roman. This rhetoric was one which turned its face backward, a consciously artistic art of decoration, whose presence and forms are more indicative of its historical situation than its statements and contents. A difference between Greeks and Romans may be found in the fact that the Romans regarded events as myths up to the beginning of the Imperial Era, while the Greeks almost intentionally avoided celebrating the Roman names that were barbarous to them, except in their court productions, of which works by Aelius Aristides and Dio of Prussa are examples. Plutarch is a rare exception, more a learned thinker than a rhetorician. Rome was the power that still was; therefore it was not a goal of longing such as was the source of the peculiar—even unique—pathos of the late Sophists. Mythical glory glimmers only from the distance—one worships or sacrifices to the present master, but one sings and tells rather of the remote dream. The true master of the Roman-Hellenic world, the master of earthly destinies, the incarnate center of the state, the source of gifts and penalties, the visible god of men on this earth was Caesar Augustus, the son of the Divus, the ancestor and treasure-house of emperors. Smoke rose to him from altars in the most remote villages; in his name citizens and subjects would assemble for celebrations and labor;

countless cities honored him as their founder. For half a thousand years his power visibly or tacitly governed every individual in the *orbis terrarum*. And yet, his name is rarely mentioned in all the romantic eloquence of the period dominated by him; the Greek works mention him practically not at all; so great is the fidelity of this Greek literature to its visions of an other-worldly empire.

Yet it is from this longing that the new wave of Alexandrian fame arises, which—beginning with Trajan and going down to the African emperors—envelops throne and nations with its mystically somber glow. The feverish eagerness of the late Hesperians for distance, mystery, the Orient, evening's thirst for beauty, joy, youth, the sweet shudder before the magic of the daimons that have been loosed round about, the faint afterglow of Asia's and Hellas' constellations—all this again conjured the dazzling hero who had never entirely disappeared and had never been completely present—the burster of the frontiers, the mixer of juices, the radiant king errant, the sole lord of earth whose strength oppressed none, the tireless victor filled with intoxication, gentleness, splendor, the swiftly ravished god of wine and sun. Precisely because he was not Roman, not a native, not obligatory and Augustan, he continued to live as a wish-image of that which was different, wayward, transitory, as an eternity or recurrence of the fair moment, not as the immutability of a necessary foundation; through charm and magic fluid, not through his work or his law. No doubt his comet-like radiance held a nucleus—his seat by the Nile. From there his light and his seed emanated as far as India and Turkestan, Britain and Spain. Nowhere did he fill the surrounding spaces with deep-going roots like a Roman; everywhere he scattered and commingled his fruitful germs. Therefore his winged figure (for do we not speak of winged words?) is surrounded with a weave and gauze of luxuriantly active cults, of iridescent legends and flowers: dream of salvation, fetishistic illusion, fear of ghosts—and the historical symbol of his fame is Alexandria, the city uniting the peoples.

Imperial names (kaiser) come from Caesar: the idea of a well ordered humanity. Language—in its profound intuition—has honored each according to his deserts: the Greek as the creator incarnate of world civilization, the Roman as the mental founder of world dominion; and thus their memory is conditioned down to the smallest details. One was most genuinely celebrated by those ambitious of fullness and distance; the other, by the joy of might and a fixed existence.

Caesar became estranged from the literature of late antiquity, from the retrospective Hellenistic literature as well as from the forward-looking Christian literature. Those cultivating the former busied themselves with the Homeric or Periclean past or with the mysteries of the East; the others concerned themselves with a celestial eternity; no doubt magic and glory were exuded more by the miraculously remote Macedonian than by the father of a sated and solid reality. To find traces of Caesar we must seek them less in the cultivated rhetoricians than in the bearers and victims of power, and since these persons express themselves less in words than in deeds, Caesar's true power often remains mute. Only a cursory report or a vestige of ruin will at times betray the true alignment of forces. And we need not go through the entire history of the evolution of antiquity. Traits once grasped will fluctuate in different lights and aspects, depending on the mood and the power of vision, but they present no changes of inner growth and decay. Julian the Apostate beholds practically the same Caesar as did Cicero, but through a gloomier atmosphere. A strict sense of objective distinctions, a limited field of vision, a physical permanence, protected antiquity from such victories of the powers of change over the forms of being as we feel impelled to observe everywhere to-day—to use our own period as a term of comparison—as an expression of "evolution". Evolution in antiquity involved less a change of proportion and form than an alteration in vibration and mood, in the long run a diminution of forces.

Physical perpetuation was as necessary to plastic humanity as

was mental perpetuation in the word: for these superstitious persons who fed on appearances the body was the ever-present soul. Every victory, every domination, every piety, created images. After Pharsalus, Caesar had to show himself to his subjects; after Philippi, to his worshipers. In the every-day life of the Mediterranean countries, statues and coins spread his image; temples and halls his municipal memory, which often took firmer roots than his earth-traveling fame. The crowd had a more tangible evidence of the new god in the Caesar bust stamped on their coins than in the pomp of his titles. The cult of Divus Julius, one of the few which survived the sacral or popular selection up to the time of Constantine, has preserved and increased this store of images. What was the face that appeared to these people from halls and niches, from altars and brokers' shops? We may seek to form an idea from pictures which have been preserved, of what it was that antiquity beheld. If we compare the images that are unquestionably Caesar's with the images of other emperors—let us say Augustus—we are astonished by the great variety of treatment. From boyhood to old age, Augustus maintains the same expression of simple aristocracy, of reserved dignity, of clear-eyed discipline, with but slight change. Caesar, however, must have had many aspects; no one comprehends his complete countenance. But all the images, the weakest as well as the most animated, have one thing in common: the form of expression that haunted every onlooker as that which was specifically Caesarean. The most pronounced forms of this common element are the best counterfeits of Caesar: the busts at Naples, London and Pisa. It is these three heads, above all, that evince in various moods a combination of subtle intellectuality and immense strength of will. No philosopher's or poet's head has so tensely firm an expression, with so much compactness of earth; no hero's or ruler's head is so radiantly fruitful and so majestically wise. Other heads of related (but not similar) type, like those of Dante or Napoleon, lack the lucid mobility; Frederick the Great lacks the firm mass; the universal faces of Goethe and Shakespeare lack

the backbone for action, the aggressive beak of the eagle. The London bust has more of mental breadth; the Naples bust more of richness of spirit; the Pisa bust more of strength and striking power. Common to all three—and also to the coins—is the enigmatical combination of sadness and gayety, of gentleness and strength, as well as the mark of an unforced superiority. The statue in the Palace of the Conservatori—probably from the time of Trajan, since it slightly confuses the lineaments of the first emperor with those of the best—weakens this characteristic and emphasizes the kindliness and sadness. But it is precisely this Trajanized Caesar bust that clarifies the peculiar trait of the other, true busts: the lofty mental stature. By the side of Caesar, all the Romans and even many of the Greeks seem narrow or obtuse. This is truly the man proclaimed to us by his history: here are the forces of life which we still find harmoniously welling in Alexander, as they do in animals, children and gods, but which now—after their separation—once more achieve a pure and ripened union. We do not here find the understanding eating away the will, nor the will petrifying the feelings; here each urge has its sure function, each energy its broad supporting soil. In this brow, we behold the radiance of a happily balanced spirit; about the mouth there is the sarcastic melancholy of perfect understanding and a full sensual life; the bone structure is vaulted by a constant tension of the will endangered and endangering.

Such sculptors have done more perhaps than writers toward establishing a sense of Caesar's presence, and if the London bust is of the period of the Antonines, we should be obliged to assume a living tradition extending into that period, but which was, however, already slowly disappearing from literature. No doubt reproductions of Caesar continued to be turned out for a long time; under Constantine we still read a description of a Caesar dressed as Zeus. If these images were preserved, we might read in them also the process indicative of the history of the fame of Caesar in later antiquity: the passing of his form into a concept,

the disappearance of his figure in the office created by him. In fact, this is the usual path leading from antiquity to the Middle Ages.

In the faith of classical antiquity, the living moment and the eternal idea were as yet unseparated; hence its worship of world forces in figures, its sensuous cult of gods and heroes. Caesar also was first deified as the personal incarnation of his idea. Neo-Platonism, Christianity, oriental dreams of the beyond, witness and accelerate the destruction of this religion, replace forms with ideas, allegorically emasculate sensual images into intellectual concepts, bodies into significances. But a tired humanity frees itself but slowly from the images of its aberration. The latter imperceptibly exude the form-sense of their hours and places of generation, until humanity has left to it only tokens for a new supersense or aftersense. Long before the victory of Christianity, long before its beyond was accoutered with references and significances, there had begun the undermining of the empire of this world, the transformation of the gods and heroes into ideas, apparitions, names. Caesar's assumption of an imperial dignity is only one of the effects of this change, determined by his post-life in the Middle Ages. It is only the Renaissance which again awakens his peculiar unity and seeks to tinge and shape with it the supermundane ideas. But the antique innocence of a perfect union of now and eternity, the form of idea—this did not return. The modern "personality", "genius", "great man", is no longer identical with the ancient god or hero.

Caesar prevailed in his successors under three never completely isolated, yet always separately appreciated forms of power, titles of authority, consecrations, under which he was consciously invoked or silently venerated down to the time of the migration of nations, in fact, as far as Byzantium and back again to the Holy Roman Empire: as a divine founder of the imperium, as a law giver, as the conqueror of the west. As long as the Julian-Claudian dynasty ruled, he was above all its god—as a Julian domestic numen, the numen of the nation which had transferred his

glory to his descendants. The Julians worshipped their illustrious scion if only through piety, for their power and the dynastic attachment of their subjects were based on his memory. As Caesar is believed in by the crowd as their hero-god, not only as a god of function established by authority, so he remains the sole imperator —excepting perhaps Marcus Aurelius—in whom they worshipped a reproducing force which outlasted himself, in other words, the perpetuity of his dynasty. This heritage of cult, aggrandized under the long wise guidance of Augustus, redounded even to the advantage of the kindred Claudians, who did not fail to make use of it. Tiberius and Claudius exaggerate the official Caesar cult to the highest point and show themselves to be imitators of their adoptive ancestor in their acts of administration, their campaigns, their literary avocations. Trials for lese majesty now extend to the point of including contempt for the great ancestor; the empire is filled with the clients of the imperial house who make the name of Julius almost the most frequent in antiquity. In the time from Augustus to Nero, the Caesarean radiance and fragrance which adhered to all Roman things became even more widespread.

The magic of kinship with Divus Julius broke down with the fall of Nero, who forfeited this gift of grace, even though he remained precious to the mob as a magnificent bugbear of all the pagan crimes and lusts. The later emperors, good or bad, never again possessed so superpersonal an ancestral claim as did the posterity of the founder, the grandson of Venus. They looked for support in the ordinances of Caesar and Augustus, in which the hallowed quality of the Julians was still preserved. To be sure, in the confusion following upon Nero's death, we find attempts at a repetition of the origin of the imperium. Soldiers entrust Vitellius with Caesar's sword as the imperial scepter—an act half of prætorian caprice, half of dynastic habit. But it was just Vitellius who demanded only the title of Augustus, not the name of Caesar, only the consecration of the office, not the name of kinship. The altars of Divus Julius still burned, but they were no

longer the fireside of the first gens, but the focus of radiation of those laws by virtue of which the emperors governed. Beginning with the Flavians, we find the founder Augustus replacing the begetter Caesar. Their definite descent was no longer of advantage to the later emperors and no longer needed to be celebrated as did the permanent magic of the institutions, installations, ordinances, whereby they had grown into power. Such laws still bore witness to Caesar himself, and the state of Augustus officially rested as much on his quality as son of God and on blood revenge as on the demands of the people. His diarchy represents an adjustment between his Julian claim and his Roman duty, between his divine ancestral right—the source of his imperium—and the immemorial *res publica*, the *senatus populusque romanus*, whose serviceable member even he felt himself to be. Caesar therefore maintained his cult even more immediately, more independently of the sensual reality, than under the Julians, as a lawgiver and patron of the Augustan imperial order. While the Julians and Claudians had traced their mission from Caesar, the later emperors made use of Augustus and honored Caesar rather for his official godhood than for his own heroic quality. The new relation appears in the precedence granted to the Augustus title over the name of Caesar, which had become a custom beginning with Vespasian and an official practice beginning with Hadrian. The emperor received the investiture of the *principate* directly, together with the name of the founder; the heir presumptive obtained it indirectly through the name of the begetter. Augustus had been legitimized by Caesar; later Caesar is hallowed by Augustus.

Furthermore, perhaps it was just the most able rulers that felt a personal relation with Caesar. This sense may be traced in some measure in the cases of Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Alexander Severus, and Julian.

Trajan, of all the successors of Caesar resembling him most in his majestically simple motions and his fiery objectivity, his far-reaching plans and reposeful gentleness, his style as general and

administrator—but without Caesar's freshness, breadth of intellect, creative depth—an heir to Caesar's policy on the northern boundaries and of his Parthian-Indian Alexander-ambition, Trajan imitated the Commentaries of the Gallic War and renewed the memory of the dictator and the Divus in his coins. It is from his day that we have the monumental images of Caesar that have been preserved to us with the slightly Trajanic features and—whether it be Trajan's desire or merely his effect—we again feel about him the atmosphere of Caesar and Alexander, the fever of world conquest that had never again appeared since the Ides of March.

Marcus Aurelius professed a worship of Caesar as his model of divine leniency, but—with his sad stoic smile and his end-of-the-world seriousness—he assumed the pomp of victor as a *memento mori* and a *vanitas vanitatum*. Here we no longer have the tone of imperial Rome, but rather that of the late Greek philosopher—it is the more astonishing that Marcus Aurelius could with such inclinations have discharged his office not only wisely but also imperially. He became even more than Trajan the idol of his subjects, who, fatigued at the evening of civilization, reveled and starved simultaneously on all their gifts, vacillating between intoxication and renunciation, between a joyless befuddling for the moment and luckless dreams of a prehistoric or a trans-Lethean world.

The virtues of action, of reflection, of suffering, flitted about among the wild enjoyments of the palate and of sex; the concoction of gods and apparitions boiled and troubled among the Africans, and the austere soldier-emperor with the name of the Macedonian hero, of the Moroccan feudal lord and the holy stoic, Alexander Severus Aurelius, gathered in his mournful Pantheon fair, large and pious patterns. In his domestic chapel of images of the good emperors whom he celebrated in statues, games and lectures, surely Caesar could not have been lacking by the side of Alexander, Abraham, Orpheus, perhaps Christ—at any rate Caesar is accounted by Aurelius as one of the sublime con-

solers and patterns of a violent death. No doubt this emperor needed consolation. Curiously enough, his murderer, the barbarous giant sergeant enthroned, the Thracian Maximinus, referred to Caesar in his last wrath and distress as the most illustrious victim of the same Senate that was outlawing him, Maximinus. This cry of rage on the part of a raw camp follower is still very indicative of the living memory of Caesar in the Roman army, which was the cauldron and crucible of the lower ingredients of the population, when culture and power were no longer incorporated in the same persons.

Diocletian transformed the Augustan Caesarism into a hierarchic despotism, utilizing, however—in fact, even enhancing and congealing—all the sanctions that for fifty years of war between its various authorities and limbs had saved this Caesarism. Diocletian had even less right to recall heroic kinship with Caesar than did the Flavians or Antonines, and he was even more obliged to depend on the cult authority of offices, in which habits of long standing were rooted and new faith luxuriantly grew. His barbaric strength once more fused both elements: Roman discipline and oriental art. The last of the martial-emperors of the line of Trajan, Diocletian safeguarded the domain of the imperium by fortifying the boundaries and redistributing estates, without any creative coup d'état or rebirth. We may therefore find a perhaps conscious, more probably unconscious, symbolism in Diocletian's restoration of the temple of Caesar in the Forum after its destruction by fire. He is distinguished among the later emperors by his long wind, his far-planning and deep-rooted will. He aspired to save domination not for the day only but to order it according to the will of the stars and Providence. The old astrological theocracies of the Orient again suffer a rebirth in him, but he probably also felt the historical foundations of the empire, with a mystical piety, more profoundly than the mighty princes of the camp before him, and he reckoned not only on the duration of the life of an individual or a clan, but in æons at a time. Spartianus' address concerning the eternity of the name of Caesar,

which will end only with the world itself, is addressed to Diocletian. The same author's discussion on the degenerate sons or on the childlessness of the great ruler is probably a reference to the order of succession determined by Diocletian. To liberate the state from the mutability of animal nature, from personal and clan passions, to associate it with the course of the laws of nature and destiny—this was Diocletian's intention; we have here a fusion of an oriental worship of power with the Roman cult of function, excluding the Hellenic hero-worship. If Diocletian, three hundred years after Caesar, gave to the empire the almighty strength which Caesar had wished to arrogate to himself by virtue of his almighty soul, it was by founding the empire no longer on a personality but on the stars and office. Caesarism, the authority of the creator big with destiny, is found in Diocletian as a bureaucratic Sultanic petrifaction. Diocletian's empire is the first oriental and the first medieval despotism in Europe.

Constantine, in permanently transferring the seat of the empire to the east and absorbing the Church into the State as its firm structure and quickening circulatory system, thus imparts to Diocletian's reform a most decisive outline and simultaneously its new content of life. As Constantine himself, when compared with the theocratic Diocletian, enmeshed in magic, was a political character of heroic stature, living more in the moment and therefore more capable of creatively bold inspirations, we again find an awakening in his empire—in spite of its senile sclerosis and barbarism—of everything that still remained alive of the Greek mental life and personal sense, attenuated and weakened though it was, but now freed from oriental and Roman compulsions. Even Christianity, in which Diocletian encounters the enemy both of his worldly State as well as of his Church of the Sun, was closer to Hellenism in many of the elements of its universal composition than to the Romanized Orient of Diocletian. When Christianity attained power, it again summoned the Greek spirit to a real conflict in which only forces united or opposed as poles can be engaged.

Julian the Apostate is the wielder of the counter-thrust of the Hellenic faith not only against Constantine and his Christian Church but more still against Diocletian and his oriental-Roman structure. He fought Christian dogmas and myths as a Neo-Platonist and a Neo-Pythagorean—the guiding spirit of his empire is once more a fanatical attempt to realize the heroism of the Alexandrian period, in spite of a theocracy and bureaucracy. Though he possessed many literary and military talents and excellent qualities as a private individual, he missed the hour of fate and courted apparitions that had no power of political reproduction, full of lofty thoughts, but lacking a fructifying idea. Even in his quality as a soldier and philosopher, he remains a literary rhetorician, a tenacious and dashing mime of Alexandrian, Caesarean, Marc-Aurelian rôles, always somewhat empty of grace and joy. The quality we still encounter in Alexander Severus, a kindred soul whom Julian excels in talents, as still the pious ardor of a belated paganism searching for forms, for a true thrill, is already volatilized in Julian into an idealistic toying with ideas and feelings; he dilutes the Hellenistic images of fate into appearances of moods. But though as a rule he was not capable of renewing the lives of gods and heroes, of restoring the Greek faith in living forms, he did again conjure their shades as a writer, and no other writer succeeded in devoting the same compactness and color to the task up to the time of the Renaissance. He was granted an afterglow of the Plutarchian images and he is rightly venerated by the last free historian and the last mature orator of paganism, Ammianus and Libanius.

Julian's Banquet of the Caesars, the judgment of the gods on the *divi* (probably in the Constantinian excerpts) is inspired by the aversion felt by a heroic Hellenist for Christianity, and by the pride of a pagan sage in his mental freedom as contrasted with his own imperial office—somewhat of the literary vanity of Frederick the Great, which makes sport of kingship with secret complacency in the thought of being so enlightened for a king and so heroic for a freethinker. Julian judges his predecessors neither

by any value foreign to them, nor from any lower plane, showing in this respect again a kinship with the philosopher of Sans Souci. He wishes to preserve simultaneously his culture of philosophy and eloquence, as well as his talent as a ruler—it is the tension between the author and the emperor, between the philosophic and the heroic ideal which determines the charm and significance of his conversation. His ideals are outspokenly terrestrial and eternal, anti-Christian and anti-official, directed as much against the Constantinian Church as against the Diocletian State. Alexander the hero and Marcus Aurelius the sage are Julian's models, but, being himself an author, and proud of the form of the philosophical dialogue as well as of his free-thinking attitude, he grants precedence to the sage, against his own better judgment. As a matter of fact, he is partial to Alexander, but he elevates to his supreme wish-image that which he feels he has not yet fully attained: the ruler-sage superior to all the earth. He belittles the Caesars, who did not rise above nation and office as sages, for he has a predilection for the Greeks. He even minimizes Alexander himself by applying the Platonic and Stoic yardsticks of virtue. But less weight must be attached here to his commonplace moralizings than to his appreciation of postures. His Caesars are true images and, in spite of this rhetorical fault-finding, they are no scaffolding for virtues and vices. Here we have not a schoolmaster presenting a bugbear, but a lordly man full of mind and impulse, no doubt also of conceit and carping, introducing historical characters of allied spirit. Even his attempt to vary the dialogue in cadence and style of discourse is not far inferior to Lucian's pattern, as when Marcus Aurelius presents his case with simple brevity, Alexander with vehement impetuousness, Caesar with imperious splendor. Julian takes his Caesar-image from Plutarch, but has deepened its outline and accentuated it epigrammatically, as was required by his purpose. For Julian also, the founder of the imperial realm is the only one who may be compared in breadth of plan and ambition with the Macedonian; he may even be placed above him as a warrior, though he was

more vicious and more criminal. Perhaps this emulation between the greatest Roman and the greatest Hellene still reflects Plutarch's syncrisis, which has been lost. Julian considers Caesar's fundamental trait to be the power of will to be the first in everything, and has accordingly imparted this quality to Caesar's bearing and speeches. A man of unbridled pride, of huge force of mind and body, without a conscience, but full of natural greatness of mind, the conqueror of the circle of earth, the founder of an unrighteous throne, the first emperor-god and competitor with Zeus—so Caesar appears for the last time as a distinct heroic figure to the cultured mind of antiquity, when he is conjured up by antiquity's last pagan ruler.

II. THE MAGIC NAME

THE FORM OF CAESAR IS GRADUALLY EXTINGUISHED WITH THE disappearance of the form-rich religion with which the Greeks had irradiated but not permeated all the earth. The worship of the saints and the worship of allegorical concepts still bear distinct traces of it. Even after the Middle Ages, which were not so dark, with all their visions of God and ardors of the soul, as the Renaissance imagined—nor even devoid of figure and history, though blind to figures and histories—Caesar continued to live as an office and as a name. The Church, the spiritual force of tradition, and the barbarians—particularly the Teutons, the receptive element—bore Caesar across the centuries of dimmed forms with many fluctuations of memory and expansions of imagination, until men's eyes were again ready to see persons and their tongues ready to sing them. His title was rescued not only by his heirs, even beyond Romulus Augustulus; even the authority which administered the spirit and salvation was based on a maxim perpetuating Caeser: "Render unto God that which is God's, and unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." No word was pronounced by Christ that has had more significant results on mundane life, and the name of Caesar was heard wherever the gospels penetrated. Henceforth the broadest and profoundest of all oppositions united both these names. If it was not the name "Augustus" that remained to designate the highest dignity in the empire of this world, but rather the name of its true founder, this was due not only to the endurance of his tradition among the northern nations after the conquest of Gaul, a tradition that became the core of the new European evolution, but also to this pronouncement of the Savior. A name is more than mere sound: antiquity recognized names as magic spells; many primitive tribes held it a third entity by the side of body and soul. The name means the significance of happening and being, and he who creates a phenomenon or

law with his name has attained immortality beyond his own personal existence, as well as he who has become an image. The form is traceable to vision, the name to hearing. The Romans distinguished *gloria*: the splendor of the form; and *fama*: the resounding of the name. In the centuries in which his myth grew dim, Caesar continued to lead a magic existence by the consecration of his name.

But the effect of a name of many thrills is similar to that of a form with many faces. "Caesar" was the name of an universal, remote magic, the imperium, ever present and intangible, and "Caesar" was attached to specific spots, walls, towers, camps, in Gaul, Germania, Britain, in Northern Africa and Spain—as odor or rumor, as shade or glimmer of foundation or destruction. Would it have been possible for the campaigns and battles of the recent ruler of the world not to have been impressed on the minds of young and vigorous tribes? He became a *genius loci* like any other mighty hunter or architect. The local legends of medieval monks are not the original form of his glamour, but they could never have found a foothold from time immemorial without this glamour. The legends concerning the establishment of towns in France, on the Rhine, in England, in Spain, even as far as Pomerania and Saxony, presuppose not only a name that is world-famous but also local traces or flocks of rumors emanating from places, and even if we discount distortion, municipal or tribal vanity, the narrative frenzy of childishly undisciplined imaginations, and the obtuseness of half-educated copyists eager to confuse and mutilate names—there nevertheless remains a nucleus of original tradition, even of profound significance. If Florence and Paris, Seville and London and many smaller cities declare that they are derived from Caesar, much verbal jugglery on the part of individual chroniclers may be involved—but they are impelled by the appreciation of Caesar as the founder of European civilization in general. It is proper to ascribe to him the foundation-stones of its hearths though the ascription may be erroneous in individual cases. Not all memories are based on fairy-

tales, though many fairy-tales may be twined about old memories. To be sure, the distinction between myth and fairy-tale remains valid, is inherent in human nature itself: the myth is the simplified, condensed or enhanced reminiscence of true history; the fairy-tale is the free image-play of the imagination, the waking dream. The fairy-tale often makes use of mythical motives, just as children weave that which is perceived, remembered, or heard, into a merry fabric of deception.

The medieval Caesar-tales include a genuine memory of his appearance in the north, which was heralded in whispers from mouth to mouth, or was precipitated on the ruins of the old civilization and the seats of the new, mixed with the now barely understood, half buried, but never entirely lost testimonies of ancient writings as transmitted by the Church—still held captive and indebted by pagan culture—from the court headquarters of its power, the monasteries. The untrammeled imagination continued working with both traditions, the provincial, popular, sensual tradition, as well as with the municipal, clerical tradition, both being a perspectiveless pondering by narrators and writers speaking of the beginnings of their native places or of their first great enemy, who happens also—as they have vaguely heard or read—to have given his name to the rulers of Rome and Byzantium. Caesar's fame in the Middle Ages is fed by three sources, often commingling, but betraying their separate origins, with now one predominating, now the other: local memory, books, imagination. The long duration of the imperium, an universal memory, nourishes all three. It was only because of the imperial name that the local legends maintained themselves and multiplied; it was only owing to the imperium that the chroniclers again and again copied the ancient reports concerning its founder; it was only the imperial glory that roused the imagination to soar again and again. Just as Alexander's fame, which—though it sheds its light on all the ecumene—acquired its focus, its color scheme, its propagating force in his city by the Nile, where the commercial routes of the earth crossed with their retinue of

goods, of values, of tales, so Caesar's radiation emanates from the office he founded, which scattered light or darkness over the nations.

The Caesar-knowledge of the Middle Ages, many-voiced, yet of the same tone, may therefore be divided in accordance with its origin into three groups of motives, often isolated, often confused: local reports, connecting his name with the establishment of places, structures, customs or laws; copies and excerpts—faithful or distorted—from the ancient writers and their ecclesiastical copyists concerning his deeds; and finally (particularly after the Crusades), tales which transferred to his person the errant miracles of the Alexandrinian east or the Celtic west, or the adornments of the magically disintegrated and chivalrously tinged Trojan, Roman or Frankish empire, a process which is the expression either of the industry or the inertia of the inventors. All have in common a feeling of Caesar's emperordom, deeds and wisdom, reinterpreted according to the world of their own apperceptions and without any knowledge of Caesar's specific atmosphere and form. This is true of the exhaustive chroniclers, of the well-read and eloquent Byzantine court scribes, as well as of the stammering monastic inmates or the loquacious minstrels, traveling scholars and knights. A greater stock of formulas or of knowledge does not prove any original or profounder view; a greater level of knowledge does not prove a maturer culture. A parrot who might repeat sentences from Virgil or Cicero would nevertheless remain a less intelligent creature than the stammerer who uttered the Merseburg *Zaubersprüche*. All the Byzantine chronicles and the monastic chronicles, in so far as they preserve ancient history, constitute a parrot art which has no understanding of the content which it transmits with a certain degree of literal correctness. These epochs have their true spirit and content and also a proper expression of it, but they utilize the ancient contents as foreign, misunderstood word-tokens, in fact, the more precise their excerpts, the more remote is their feeling for the sense of their

models. The local tales and chivalrous fables are more living testimonies of Caesar's duration than the pages of Cedrenus or Dio Zonaras or of Ekkehard von Aura or Paulus Diaconus—their text borrowed from Orosius, Eutropius, Dio Cassius, Suetonius, or from Caesar himself. The transmission of ancient writings is of scarcely any significance as an evidence of the continued operation of ancient forces, and even though the current notion that ancient literature was at one time completely forgotten in a wilderness of savagery and darkness is incorrect, it is also true that the faithful cherishers of the ancient treasures of civilization, with all their erudition and eagerness to write, did not grasp the meaning of these treasures, but rather ascribed to them an entirely different interpretation. And this new interpretation was not a personality myth but a magic name, not the visible apparition of gods and heroes, but an adorning of celestial divinity with all possible embroiderings, which included even the antique gods and heroes. The educational value of copying and imitating—ecclesiastical "good works"—was not the knowledge of history, but the art of reading and writing itself: not individual information, but a ritual technique. And it is not our place to investigate here which Caesar-images of specific ancient writers were particularly imitated in the Middle Ages, or why one chronicler follows Caesar, while another follows Suetonius or Lucan, and, even less, whether and what they borrowed from each other: these copyists are as little concerned with Caesar-images as miniatures are with transmitting true portraits. As late as in Hartmann Schedel's *Weltchronik*, we find the same royal stereotype named Cyrus, Constantine or Caesar. The only reality they felt and grasped was: permanent names, eternal significances, past events, immutable traits, unhistorical and impersonal, spaceless and timeless.

The medieval rumors have much less of the individual lineaments of landscape or person than the ancient Caesar-pictures. No doubt the vernacular and the local memory do tinge the atmosphere in which Caesar's name vibrates, but not the deeds, properties and events conjured by his name. Sorcery has not a

personal origin, though persons may practice it. But genuine images, on the other hand, always tend to individual definition, even where they are derived from a totality and even though the image-makers may have a collective bond. "Individual" means indivisible, incommunicable. The medieval hero-tales, from the simple, local legends to the luxuriant romances of chivalry, are characterized precisely by the transferability of all the individual traits. As a single image-token may be applicable to dozens of names, so each name serves to conjure many traits recalled, read, or devised, from many origins. There was a competition between transmitters: any current or new celebrity was piled on to add to the glory of the place or hero to be celebrated. Therefore, in rapid succession, Alexander, Charlemagne, Arthur, Caesar, were all obliged to pass through or conquer the most varied—if possible, all—countries; each of them must be made the bearer of leniency or prowess, of wisdom or humility; each of them must find a magic horse, a magic sword, magic trees or fabulous beasts; merely because such facts had been related of one of them, usually of Alexander, from time immemorial. Since Arthur or Merlin had intercourse with fairies, Caesar also must beget an Oberon with the fairy Morgana. The decisive element here is not only a transfer of motives, a migration of myths—a phenomenon ever present, since man with his limited powers of thought is obliged to put order into unlimited materials—but an arbitrary exchange and succession of sounds and tokens, an unbridled play of attributes which are not attached to forms, but which accumulate about names. If the later allegory of antiquity, the substitute for the myth, still drew significances from or assigned them to apperceived forms or figures, always beginning with the plain here and now as the first experience—down into the period of decline—the medieval allegory, on the other hand, meant accoutering the universalia (the only things taken with any degree of seriousness) with ever new attributes and things. The universalia were divine, significance-names; the things were fetish-names. Famous men were less adorned with ever new properties than the given

properties were searching for ever new bearers, *i.e.*, new names. In antiquity, the form is the essence; in the Middle Ages, properties are the essence. To adapt this magically allegorical, fantastic attitude to the mythical reminiscences of antiquity is precisely the effort and charm of the ecclesiastical and court poetry, particularly where it is concerned with Virgil, Alexander, or Lucan, and the dissolving of the ancient forms into certificates of quality and of the ancient destinies into animated pageant. If the ancient materials had not still had too much of compactness and resisting power, we should note an even greater density of the medieval mind toward forms.

Germanic paganism originally was not by any means strange or blind to forms, although its forms congeal less from the vision of light and space than from the whorl and sense of time. These forms are rather elemental apparitions than psychic bodies. In the *Hildebrandslied*, the Teutonic myth-store is still fresh. Even at a later date, this myth-store—as is observable in the court epic, the *Nibelungenlied*—resisted the ecclesiastical, *i.e.*, oriental and Roman, sorcery much more vigorously than did the classic, Celtic and Carolingian materials, which had already been fixed within the later antique culture and which carried along with them the entire transformation of myth to magic characteristic of the later antique culture. The Teutonic legend did not fall until a rather late date—and as it were with a yet vigorous, youthful energy—into the atmosphere of the later Roman, later Greek, later oriental culture, in which Homeric, Virgilian, Lucanic, Celtic and oriental myths had already mingled and faded. All their motives had been involved from the start in the charmed circle of the *imperium romanum*. But the Teutonic legend was injected in all its virulence from an intact area into a more fatigued antiquity. The fact that Arminius has left us no legends is perhaps due to the fact that he was too soon incorporated into the imperial atmosphere. For this reason, Wotan and Siegfried, Dietrich and Etzel, Hildebrand and Kriemhild were never so thoroughly distorted as were Hector, Æneas, Hercules, Alexander, Caesar,

Arthur and Charlemagne: all these characters, together with their paladins, paramours, sweethearts, their horses, their weapons, are surprisingly like each other, that is, they have identical gifts, tokens and experiences. Parzival and Tristan may, to be sure, be the first to bear the human countenance in all this crew—although even they are beclouded enough with fantastic draperies—yet this is rather the dawn of a new ego-experience in the souls of two great poets than a continued existence on the part of the old objective myths. At least, it is certain that the French Arthurian legends have nothing of the psychic vision of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Gottfried von Strassburg, and in these two figures we are already at the threshold at which the medieval religion terminates: they are contemporaries of the Emperor Frederick, the solstitial emperor of the Middle Ages.

Medieval literature as we have it is ecumenical, that is, it is more or less definitely determined by the Church, which is even less subject than the imperium to mundane, sensual compulsions. Whether it be a monastic chronicler who is recording local rumors, or a story-telling priest, minstrel or knight who adorns the reports of antiquity received from church custody—the ultimate form is always fixed by the Church or for the Church, or the material taken from the Church is distributed by the Church, and before the time of Frederick II no local or individual spirit was strong enough to break this charm, to conjure Caesar in his own voice or introduce him in his own form, in spite of the motley strident manifoldness of his fame. Instead of attempting to trace all the individual representations or depicters of Caesar through the various epochs and lands, we shall seek to grasp the origin of the ecumenical fame in different strata and areas; the media which conceived, cherished, or transformed it; and then its manifestations, namely: substances, action, results of its appearance.

Two countries had been impregnated, as it were, with the atmosphere of Caesar when Teutonic hosts established themselves in them: Gaul and Italy. Here there was the most compact and native tradition; from these countries the tradition spread to

lands less completely permeated: at an early date by means of travelers, later by means of books. Up to the very threshold of the French Revolution, which drowned out or demolished many primitive reminiscences, the Caesar reminiscence was strong in the peasant memory. "The name of Caesar is felt in France even in my day," says Napoleon. Voltaire declares that a trip through the French part of Switzerland, or the Provence or Brittany, or down the Rhine to Flanders, or even in Southern England, would hardly touch a village whose inhabitants did not boast of descent from Caesar or at least of their ancestors' having been massacred in the Gallic Wars. Even Moritz Hartmann (1821-1872), in his progress through Celtic territory, was surprised to find the posterity of the ancient Veneti robbing themselves of their most primitive heirlooms in order to worship them as mementos of the oppressor who everywhere lives on as a founder, even in the vestiges of destruction. These observations by travelers are based on the oral reports, which can hardly have been taken from chroniclers, either of talkative pastors, of officious village mayors, or of the village antiquarian at the moment. On the contrary, the chronicles are for the most part the precipitations of the ancient rumors, as encrusted more or less with readings from monastic libraries. Their first transmitters were the conquered Gauls. This lowest stratum cannot be deciphered outright from the records, but it may be easily surmised. A mixture of hatred and awe, of horror and astonishment, such as Napoleon deposited in the soul of the Russian peasant, must have been the Celtic fundamental note of this first verbal tradition. We can still perceive it in the triads of Taliesin, in the Welsh Druid songs of England, here again damped by distance and subsequent knowledge. Perhaps Perceforest's report on Caesar's death (in the Fifth Book of the *Chronicles of England*) is the result of a dim feeling from this stratum—here the murder is regarded as an act of revenge on the part of the conquered Britains.

Over this stratum comes that of admiration and the pride of the Roman settlers or their Romanized descendants, who owed their

safety and prosperity to the builders of the castles, roads, market-places, and who enjoyed the imperial regulations of the imperial peace. They would gather in the provincial worship of the imperial house and its founder and would recall the Gallic Wars as a distant legend. The conqueror grew or paled—at least for them—into a benefactor, the divine Julius, through whose activities they now had a share in the halls, baths, temples, instead of dwelling in forests and hovels between feud and feud. From about the time of the rule of Augustus to that of the soldier emperors, Caesar's name was confused with the name of emperor altogether and the Caesar-inscriptions and Caesar-images probably already operated at that early time as documents of an unique, magnificent, mighty, imperially beneficent existence in which master and dynasty, a shade-like memory of the past and a delighted complacency with the present, were intermingled. Over this remarkable pomp hovered the name of Caesar, indicative both of a person and a condition. Single individuals still boasted of being descended from Caesar's loins and attained prestige from his divine adulteries. Most persons probably had come to the point of confusing Julius and emperorhood.

This stratum still bears traces of the myths of foundation which the Teutonic conquerors of the western provinces found and took over. A whole epoch applies a process of mythic simplification in seeking uniform bearers for its permanent achievements. Thus Solomon, Jamshid, Hercules, Rameses, Sargon, Arthur, have become symbolic types of domination, and a similar condition is represented in the Caesar who is said to have founded the Louvre and the Tower of London, as well as the cities of Worms, Speyer, Boppard, Andernach, Jülich, Mainz, Oppenheim, Tournai, Cambrai, Verdun, Ghent, Worcester, and many individual buildings from the Rhone to the Thames, as is reported individually in Latin local annals and collectively in German poems, particularly in the *Kaiserchronik.* Caesar here stands for the Roman imperium, and in these bounds such reports still transmit the mood and the voice of his subjects. On the other hand, the

tale of the founding of Florence, of Fréjus, Friaul, and Seville, may be traced back to the event and person himself, as true knowledge, not only vague hearsay. The German fables of the founding of Magdeburg and Merseburg, Wollin and Wolgast, may be inventions of the Carolingian, perhaps only of the Ottonian period, after Caesar had been made by Charlemagne an ancestor of German imperial rule and the Teutonic prehistory had been absorbed into the twilight legend of universal history. No doubt Caesar's fame had spread northward from the Rhine even over the Teutonic forests and farms as early as the time of Ariovistus, and surely during the migration of nations, with much awed whispering and magic glamour. When the biographers of Bishop Otto of Bamberg gathered their memorabilia, they found in Pomerania an unclear mixture of Wendish legends and scattered rumors which their clerical knowledge of Caesar interpreted as a pagan idolatrous worship on the part of the natives for Caesar's lance and column. The derivation of Julian from Julius, as well as Caesar's bestowal of the name of Denmark in the *Annales Ryenses*, and the report in the *Saxon World Chronicle* of the moon-worship which Caesar established among the Danes and Wends, may be traceable to a sort of private word-fabulism on the part of individual priests, or to the boastfulness of late settlers. The history of the Caesar fetishes of the people of Wollin may not be so explained. Perhaps the name of the god Julius is being confused with some local Wendish idol—if it is considered impossible for a fragment of the Caesar cult to have traveled all the way from the Rhine to the Baltic.

Now what did the roaming Teutons themselves find and disseminate by way of traces of Caesar in the west and south? What did they still recall from the days of their conflicts with the Romans? We must not regard these roaming tribes as an united body of foreign devastators. Their gradual Romanization—equivalent, no doubt, to a simultaneous barbarization of the south—lasted for centuries, less a sudden inundation than a slowly increasing permeation. During this advance—now crawling, now

driving; now peaceful, now belligerent—the Teutons became confused in their feelings of race and their feelings of what was foreign, a condition lasting to the present day. In fact, many did not know whether they were Romans or Teutons; many were proud of being ingredients of this richer, brighter, more subtle world, as its officials (*ambactus*, one of the first German loan-words in Latin; as *Kaisar* is one of the first Latin loan-words in German!) or as masters, as enjoyers or as possessors. Many retained an aversion for the bounds, the forms, the arts, of the more compact, more narrow southlanders; many hated Rome and the empire as such; at the very beginning of German history, we find by the side of the Roman-hater Ariovistus the Roman serfs of Ubia and the Roman mercenaries who helped win the Battle of Pharsalus; by the side of the patriot Arminius, we have the Romanized Segestus and the Rome-infected Marbodius, and so on down to the Gothic Wars, to Stilicho, Aëtius and Theoderic. In conquering, settling, permeating with their men the ruins of the empire, the Teutonic army-kings brought with them this cleavage between the hatred of Rome and the fidelity to Rome, between longing for the south and longing for home, between love of what was foreign and a tribal pride; and this contrast determined their relation to Rome, to civilization, to the empire. Over the Celtic hatred as still found vaguely expressed in Cymric Bardic verses, and over the Gallic-Roman pride in the stories of the foundings, there is now deposited—perceivable in the medieval chronicles, best of all in the *Annolied* and the *Kaiserchronik*—the Teutonic tribal defiance of the conqueror, together with the serf's pride in the mighty prince of hosts, whom they exalt by serving him as he exalted them and made them from wandering hordes into world-owners.

While the other Caesar-motifs are common to all of European literature, this defiant-faithful, humble-arrogant attitude is found only in the German literature. And though not every single report of the wars against the Germans and with the Germans may be tinged with an ancient memory of the period of Ariovistus and

Arminius, their whole mood is so tinged. Already the Goth Jornandes strikes this peculiarly Teutonic note. It was only the Germans whom Julius Caesar, conqueror of the world, could not dispose of; it was only them he was obliged to compromise with. The *Annolied* and the *Kaiserchronik* (inflated by Jansen Enenkel with his private erudite fancy and pedantry) still preserve this attitude in their awkward battle reports. Although the poets of both works mention Caesar in a Catholic ecumenical world and with a world-historic view, a view which they do not take from their Teutonic memories but from readings of the Book of Daniel in the monastery, or of Saint Augustine or Orosius, they do not warm up to the subject until their Teutonic pride is aroused, their reminiscences of the brave resistance of the German nations, the services of the latter in Caesar's struggle for the empire, and the reward they received. The *Annolied,* composed to eulogize a prince of the Church whom it (as is profoundly observed by Herder) places in a saga environment since the *Annolied* is a Christian Pindaric ode—shows the aristocracy of the German tribes struggling with the founder of the fourth world empire, their universal patron-protector. It is a spiritual universal history of the Germans: through the person of Caesar, the first Kaiser, they feel themselves as links in universal history. Caesar is their introducer into the tribeless whole, first as an enemy, then as a leader, into the empire of which they are henceforth members, either in willing pride or in obstinate defiance.

A few traces of this attitude are still preserved in all Teutonic countries, including Flanders and England; in fact, it trickled in thin streams to Scandinavia and Poland, where it was not autochthonous but had been imported from the Rhenish districts. We may take this condition as a symbol of the relation between the northern races and the universal empire embodied in the founder Caesar, and as his life already includes the motives of the imperial era, Trajanic as well as Neronic, Constantinian as well as Justinian, so has Caesar already anticipated the struggle and the union of Teutons and Romans. The *Kaiserchronik* and

other compilations still contain echoes of the early vibrations, in spite of the late origin of the witnesses, in which we shall seek out only the various strata of reminiscences, not the individual models and authors.

When the Teutons later, under their army-kings, from Theoderic to Charlemagne, became masters of the Western Empire—particularly Italy—and had changed from errant interlopers to owners and cultivators, no doubt their leaders at least aimed to acquire permanently such of the ancient culture as was contained in writings, edifices and laws, which was mostly in the custody of the Church or radiated in a Byzantinian version from the Orient. In the adjustment between these forces, namely, Teutons, the Church, Byzantium, we have the principal content of the medieval Caesar-literature, as of all cultural history in the Middle Ages. The Gallic fundamental memory and the Teutonic reminiscences of migrations are now admixed with the literary tradition, transmitted and more or less vaguely suffused by the imperial name that had never entirely lost its power, and which hovered over world events, even over the migration. In Rome itself there was a more vigorous local tradition of the Caesar period than in Gaul and on the Rhine; there were more glorious scenes, a more luxuriant memory. The fables related by medieval pilgrim books, the *Mirabilia Orbis Romae,* or the *Graphia* concerning the temple of Caesar, Caesar's palace, the Mutatorium Caesaris and the Agulia—the obelisk with its golden ball adorned with a jewel, the grave for the ashes of the world ruler—these are merely distorted municipal recollections of the later imperial era. Even these were imparted to the conquerors by oral means at first. Written communication was more voluminous in compass and content. Boethius and Cassiodorus convey a notion of what a living fidelity to antiquity—though no longer a creative fidelity—the Goths still encountered in Rome. Caesar is familiar to these two writers down to his work of surveying and his style. Theoderic, the splendid precursor of Charlemagne (but one who lacked Charlemagne's secure roots in a land related

to him by race), could still be simultaneously a Teutonic *herzog* and a Roman patrician, maintaining the duties and dignities of both. In addition, he acquired what culture was available at the time. The same tension which his soul was able to compass without its destruction poisoned the lives of his Latin advisers and endangered his own work. His Goths followed him only reluctantly in his tragic efforts to conciliate northern vigor with southern knowledge. What had been denied to his anticipatory genius was granted to the tenaciously and thoroughly permeating, the gently urging and changing power of the Church, and to the influences from Byzantium: a gradual permeation of the tribal impulses and habits with an universal, *i.e.,* antique, knowledge and conception.

In stages almost imperceptible to us at this time, this process goes through the centuries. We must read it from precipitates which no longer contain it as living growths, as is the case in the works of epochs of creative and expressive integrity, but which rather preserve it as petrifactions. The *Annolied* and the *Kaiserchronik,* the *Libro Imperiale,* the *Intelligenza, Fatti di Cesare,* the Dante commentary of Benvenuto de Imola, the Caesar romances of Jehan de Tuim and Jacot de Forest, the Spanish *Libro de los exemplos,* the universal and municipal chronicles of the various countries, in short, all the European writings on Caesar, from the time of the Ottos to the time of the Hohenstaufens, not only impart the living respiration of the decades in which they were written, the love of fables and miracles, the chivalrous spirit of adventure in the Orient of the Crusades, but also the sediments of the Carolingian process of civilization. As the city sagas extend into the Gallic-Roman stratum, and the tribal sagas into the border wars of the imperium and the migration of nations, so the reports on Caesar's life, rule, death and burial, as well as isolated references to them, may be traced back—in the medieval chroniclers and poets—to the wielders and teachers of Christianization and Romanization.

The vague tendency to culture, the pressure from darkness to

light, which already impelled the awakened Gauls in their restless aggressions, became a conscious force and a voluntary power in Charlemagne. His restored empire, supported by Frankish domination in Gaul, became the center of the universe. His monasteries and palaces became the local foci for all the aspirations for script and doctrine. For it was this fundamentally human thirst for writing as such, the awe of the fixed letter, that saved the ancient authors, in spite of their often foreign contents, in spite of their pagan and anti-ecclesiastical spirit. No form of barbarism—not even that of the Huns—ever interrupted this tangible thread of the spirit, though it may have become frayed and thinned. Manuscripts of classic writers, particularly such as could still appeal to the shepherds of the Church in form or substance, particularly Virgil the poet, Cicero the moralist and orator, Livy the historian of world empire: these were preserved in the bishops' palaces and monasteries. When the warlike hordes attained softer manners, from their dukes downward, who were dimly aware that knowledge was power or magic or led to salvation (the uncanny reward or terror of the Christian counselors of the soul), they found in the presses of the churches the old letters and from them learned to read, to write, to speak, to think. Their own spirit slowly awakened in this contact, until it finally awakened the foreign spirit itself, that is, interpreted it in their own image.

The medieval works on Caesar in European countries are elaborations of the mass of materials found by their authors in the manuscripts of the monasteries. Whatever in them is not compilation and translation belongs either to those early strata of memories like the stories of the foundings and the reports of battles with the tribes, or to the fable productions of individual copyists, examples of which are the transfer of Alexander-attributes, Caesar's combat with Gog and Magog, his rule over England and Germany and Hungary, as far as India, his victories over Goths and Garamantes. In some cases, errors of memory and transcription were the cause of new fables, which

were then confused and interchanged by a perspectiveless, unhistorical receptive capacity, devoid of causality, and grasping only individual details. Any one that has seen a healthy child repeat a story from what he has heard or read concerning things foreign to him, change or confuse names, mix up or embellish the material received, introduce disconnected conceptions and sounds—he will understand how it was possible for Caesar to beget Oberon, king of the elves, with the fairy Morgana, or with the mistress of the island of Nascosta, or to be murdered by the friends of Virgil, because his daughter had held the poet up to ridicule, or by the ancestors of Ganelon (as is suggested for a moment in the *Chanson de Roland*). Most of the genealogical fables concerning Caesar's ancestors or descendants are due to such a childish delight in linking things up. A poem on Huon makes Caesar the son of the fairy Brünhilde and the grandson of Judas Maccabeus. An Icelandic saga makes him the father of a knight of the swan; he is wafted into the Rhenish Lohengrin legend; a number of heroes of French romances are adorned with this lineage, even Saint George himself. There may perhaps be more reason in the claim of certain Roman noble houses such as the Colonna, that they derive from the first emperor: but it is mere imaginative bragging when we find many popes, emperors and kings constructing family trees that take them back to Caesar. It is perhaps due to an error in reading that Caesar is reputed throughout the Middle Ages to have been the introducer of the custom of using the second person plural as a form of address. As children will associate any fabulous quality with any other, so the memory store of the Middle Ages is a general treasury of the imagination from which every one, according to his whim, according to the hour, his station or talents, draws or absorbs his motives. In fact, the more rigid and narrow thought and volition were made by insurmountable magic enclosures, by superstitious ordinances, the more freely did the imagination move within this purlieu. The mental processes of the child are more compulsory than those of the adult, but his psychic contents are less bound by

the laws of thought. The work of the imagination over the written originals is often dictated by the class feeling of the copyist; when we find the destruction of Pompey represented in the French Caesar romance as a devine punishment for the desecration of the Temple of Zion, we at once surmise the monastic author. In the later poems we detect everywhere the odor of chivalry. We are seeking the mental history of Caesar's fame, not the literary history of works and authors, and since Caesar's fame is at this period conditioned ritually and collectively—hardly nationally and individually—we must, according to its strata, determine only those modes of its manifestation that are still accessible to us.

The works in which the memory of Caesar leads an existence either as a chronicle or as an imagination, after the Teutonic acceptance of ecclesiastical culture, were Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Caesar's Commentaries together with its appendices, and Suetonius, perhaps also fragments of Sallust, Virgil, Florus, Orosius, Eutropius—but the first three constitute the backbone of the tradition. It was to them that the pre-Carolingian and pagan reminiscences attached themselves. The chroniclers writing in Latin kept as close as possible to their originals and inserted whatever local traditions there were, with the most modest solicitude. But in works of translation, and particularly in poetic revamping, the imagination held free sway. The clerical chroniclers, chained to the Latin language, were most interested in reporting the events as handed down in this respected medium, practically without any independent sympathy for other contents than the spiritual or the present. The work of copying as such was a work of ritual "good works", which was concerned less with ideas than with memory-formulas. Even a man like Otto von Freising superimposed on his chronicle material a foreign doctrine of the Kingdom of God which did not alter the chronicle material. Only where his own eyes are gathering material for him does he have a view of his own; only then does his chronicle become history. Ancient history confers upon him rigid insignia, formu-

las, dates, examples for his imperial theology, as it once had conferred them on Saint Augustine—a greater genius—for his divine politics.

The Byzantine archæology continues to maintain the same position as the occidental monasterial annalists, but its materials are more voluminous and its language more smooth. It makes the ancient historians wither into mere books of the era, as in those of Johannes Malalas, Syncellus, John of Sicily, Nicephorus, Cedrenus, Michael Glykas, or the rimers Constantinus Manasses and Ephraemios. In these, Caesar is the founder of the imperium; his deeds are enumerated briefly.

As far as the ecclesiastical spirit united men's minds, and as far as a language of the Church was the vehicle of tradition, the wine of Caesar's history was drawn off into formulas and tokens. The rise of the national languages does not, to be sure, involve an increased sense of historical types: but, instead of the narrow activity of chronicling, which fixes facts, that is, names and preserves them, the new languages find or create or encourage a race of fable-writers who depict adventures, in accordance with their own more secular urge, and such men, of course, welcome any tradition, even the ancient tradition.

The chronicles originate not only with the monasteries, the romances not only in castles and strongholds; but for the most part we may thus state the distribution of their origin. The monasteries engage in the work of transmitting and reporting as a pious service of God; the courts practice narration and minstrelsy as a merry gift or requirement of their station. Both have in common an arbitrary treatment of the materials, as is demanded either by their spiritual duty or their chivalrous pastimes; neither desires to announce or proclaim a past entity or event for its own sake. Thence the exchangeability of all concepts. While *being* may have appeared to antiquity as an unique uninterchangeable form, it appears to the Middle Ages in the form of permanent properties with changing relations, names, things. Caesar's properties were seen under various relations, enumerated in various

orders: universal, national, local; ecclesiastical, municipal, feudal. The properties themselves (which are the mode in which the Middle Ages conceived *being* in general) remained identical, in the universal attitude of the *Annolied* as well as in the local pride of the *Gesta Trevirorum,* in the ecclesiastical Ekkehard von Aura, as well as in the mundane *Libro Imperiale,* independently of the originals. The copyists interpret the same properties into Lucan as into Caesar's Commentaries. But the deeds themselves—being considered accidentals, non-essentials—suffered transformation according to memory, imagination, caprice, more in the temporal fabulists than in the ecclesiastical chroniclers, who were more strictly fettered by letters and recension. But even the latter were more concerned with the act of transmission than with the substance transmitted. Lucan's rhetorical instrumentation, the tragic mood, the grandiloquence of the ultimate Romans, his shudder of horror—these were lost in all his copyists. They have a feeling for destiny only where the ego awakens as entelechy: in a providential world of interchangeable properties, of legends, there is no sense of fate, no tragedy. Even when horrors are recounted in the medieval Caesar-tales, they remain merely fabulous and astounding. They are not attached to responsible souls, but happen after the manner of unfortunate accidents. Scientific necessity, a unity of being and event, has been abandoned. Sin and penalty are individual functions which seem magically related in the legendary literature, but they are not—like psyche and destiny—two manifestations of the same essence. (The Teutonic hero-legend of the Middle Ages is also distinguished from all the legends which the Middle Ages was beginning to absorb from antiquity, by means of the fullness of its sense of destiny.) In place of the shudder of destiny, we find astonishment at the miracle and the fear of magic. Deeds and properties are not felt as human psychic laws, but merely as the demand or the caprice of the inscrutable God. The charm of even the Caesar-tales, after Lucan, is no longer an awe before the ever-present disaster of greatness, which must work itself out

in time, but a tension produced by that which is unforeseen by man and causes his ever-recurring dismay. Each moment of interest is complete in itself and not related with former moments by any compulsory trend.

In the medieval memory, Caesar is a magic name, associated with conceptions of definite properties and indefinite deeds. The deeds were preserved either in the reports or in writings—the properties were present even before Caesar in the form of universalia which were found again and again in any person and demanded of any character whose name worked magic. Caesar's fame is based on the imperium, namely, on the possession as well as on the achievement of the imperium; he is considered the first Roman emperor or the hero who conquered world-stewardship by wars. Therefore he is accompanied with the properties appropriate to this office, as well as with those necessary in the struggle for this office; virtues which are imperial assets: power, splendor, wealth; virtues of heroic being: bravery, leniency, wisdom. Universal, tribal and class attitudes here diverge: the ecclesiastics pointed out rather the bearer of the sanctified office; the chivalrous romances, the champion and his feuds. But much of chivalrous prowess is still retained even in the ecclesiastical products, owing to the absorption of early Teutonic reminiscences particularly in the *Annolied* and the *Kaiserchronik*. Both feelings are found commingled in the Italian and French Caesar-romances. The starting point, as in the case of the romances of Alexander—which were their precursors and models—was Caesar's conquest of the world: "*Il conquist toute le seignorie dou monde.*" "*Ensi fu Cesar empereres de Rome et li plus poissans princes dou monde, car il en ot bien desous lui les trois parties, k'il ot toutes conquisses.*" Almost every poem dealing with Caesar contains such formulas in its introduction or conclusion, in order to justify his claim to have his life retold. But, like Alexander, Caesar is less the finished world conqueror in his romances than the mighty knight who conducts feuds and passes through the lands, though his deeds may not be so full of miraculous performances. The

romances were intended as narrations of thrilling adventures: personal properties are less stated than presupposed. Since Caesar and Alexander are famous, their deeds must be reported; but their deeds serve not so much to illustrate the hero as to communicate pleasant fables, almost ignoring the hero himself. Celebrity is the pretext or occasion for legends of heroes, lords and knights; the excuse for them is the love of gay feats and occurrences. Fame is Caesar's first virtue; all the others are derived from fame or borne in his fame. Fame is not a destiny, as in antiquity; it is a property.

Caesar's name, together with those of Alexander and Charlemagne, is the most lauded earthly name of the Middle Ages in Europe. David and Solomon in the Bible, Arthur in legend, as well as a constantly changing host of fabulous knights, joined their train as models of rulers. Like those named, Caesar has become proverbial, not so much through the extension of his individual acts, as through the loftiness of his chief performance, the founding of the empire. Alexander's fame consists of many motley-colored miracles; Caesar's fame, of a sublime elevation. Charlemagne and Arthur unite both splendors; they command countless campaigns, not necessarily achieving them; whether they acquired them themselves or not, at least they hold the highest crowns—more picturesque than Caesar, more compact than Alexander, but less universal than either in their spaces and in their amplitude of motion. No doubt, each of these had his peculiar world of operation and celebrity, and though their rays may intersect, there was not in the Middle Ages any specific agon of heroes, for such may exist only in a world of figures, not in a world of sorcery. Comparisons like Plutarch's have no basis when the idea of personal greatness is absent and when merely bearers for interchangeable attributes of greatness are sought. Even tournaments did not test the individual abilities, but the eligibility in rank, not the combatant, but combat itself. Though most of the epics may depict their specific knight or king as the most celebrated, wisest, bravest, their lady as the

most modest and beautiful, their combats as the most savage, their giants as the most powerful—all this is for the most part the habitual publicity, a sublimated quacksalvery, rarely a solid judgment. In Alexander we have, in addition, the tradition of the later antique rhetoric: Walter de Chatillon and others begin their Alexander-tales with a comparative eulogy of this hero and his exaltation over other possible rivals. Pfaffe Lamprecht still expresses a preference—being an ecclesiastic—for the holy Solomon, as compared with Alexander. There was no accepted order of precedence; any name that happened to come along might be made the incarnation of all praiseworthy gifts.

The importance of a fame may be measured rather in proverbial references or mentionings than in the eulogies of the scribes. The Middle Ages knew no personal emulation; they substituted a ritual selection and gradation, a closed cycle of dignities, like the twelve who sat at the Last Supper, or the twelve Paladins, or the nine men of prowess; instead of the primitive models and patterns of human action, they sought patterns of human virtues and modes of conduct. Caesar is one of these allegorical preux or worthies together with the pagans Hector and Alexander; the Jews Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus; the Christians Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon (particularly outspoken in Caxton's Preamble to the *Roman d'Artur*). Sometimes (even in Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost*), Pompey is substituted for Caesar—perhaps Lucan's effect, perhaps an ecclesiastical reminiscence—for Tertullian on one occasion lauds Pompey as the incarnation of Roman greatness that was proverbial among ancient pagans, and completely ignores Caesar. The Romance and British literatures down to the Renaissance are particularly fond of the nine worthies, which are lacking in the German literature, though the Runkelstein frescoes bear witness that they were not unknown in Germany. Even Chaucer celebrates the magic number, and a special volume was composed under Charles VIII of France in their honor: *Triumphe des neuf preux*. They were even more popular in the graphic arts as a long

cherished and often varied decorative element. French playing cards as late as the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries still preserve the nine heroes as kings: Caesar, Charlemagne, Arthur, Alexander or David; or as knaves: Hector, Godfrey of Bouillon, etc.

Caesar, who has his permanent place among the mighty nine, is also rarely lacking in any series of famous types of exemplary prowess. In most cases, he is named together with Alexander, particularly in Romance and English writings, in which the classical formulas of antiquity still vibrate with life. But the coupling of these names is common even in Germany. It is not necessarily traceable to a knowledge of Plutarch or Appian or Velleius, but was a natural result of the continued life of the less resounding names. Peter of Ebulo compares his Emperor Henry VI most emphatically with Alexander, Solomon, Julius—these being the highest rulers. It is just as natural that Caesar should head the list of good emperors, or rather the enumeration of the imperial virtues. "*Julii strenuitas, felicitas Augusti, Titi liberalitas, innocenti Trajani, Constantini fides, Theodosii poenitentia, magisterium Justiniani, Caroli magnanimitas, facetia Henrici,*" are lauded in Rudolph's Chronicle. In the early Middle Ages, Caesar is already a welcome patron of the wielder of the sword who honored and patronized learning, in the eyes of ecclesiastics who suffered either as teachers or parasites from the barbarism of great lords, now by the side of Alexander and Solomon, now together with Augustus and Charlemagne. Together with Augustus and Alexander, he remains a permanent admonition addressed by literati to patrons, from the Mirrors of Princes by John of Salisbury, or Giraldus Cambrensis, to the dedicatory epistles of the Renaissance, of the Baroque, of the Rococo. But it was for the Renaissance to illuminate fully this phase of his renown.

As a typical "mighty in the Lord" Caesar adorns the litanies of *memento mori* or *vanitas vanitatum* with which the preachers of death terrified mundane souls. These enumerations are more

arbitrary, less rigid than the groups of the great heroes, and include every species of glory: not only Alexander, Hector, Caesar, Arthur and Charlemagne, but also Hannibal, Achilles, Paris, Virgil, Tullius, Methusalem, Joshua, Holofernes. Caesar's name, with Alexander's, is inevitably present as a solemn note of the splendor and transitoriness of the world. The fame of this name—not only its proverbial dissemination—is expressly celebrated as such in the Latin hexameters of the celebrated Stephen of Rouen, of the time of Frederick Barbarossa. This epoch releases a full and rounded invocation of the Caesar-glory, as if the battle of the mighty emperor with the mighty pope had loosed men's tongues:

> "*Clarus hic eloquio sensu virtute triumphis,*
> *Clarior in mundi climate nemo fuit.*
> *Miliciae probitas, decus orbis, luxque sofiae,*
> *Regum sol radians fulguris instar habens,*
> *Nascitur imperii Romani splendor ab isto*
> *Romulidae laudis Caesar origo fuit.*
> *Splenduit in tantis personis gloria mundi . . .*"

Here are the faint heralds of Frederick II's imperial refrain.

Caesar's whole fame, clinging to his name, has many colors: Caesar is either the splendid, imperial ruler, *magnus, magnificus, potentissimus, der hêriste, der tiurliche, li plus poissans princes dou monde,* who dazzled men's eyes by right:

> "*O gloria, o pompa, o fama,*
> *O regno, o stato, o auro, o monarchato*"

or he is the brave war hero: "*vir quo nunquam bello magis enituit*", the subduer of countless nations, the victor over many lands, the noble, manful, *kuon, stritbar, vrum, vermezzen, preux, acerrimus, strenuus,* or—finally—he is the sage, the scholar, the gentle ruler, adorned with the gifts and arts of peace. The fame of

the ruler is common to both the ecclesiastical and the chivalrous attitude and inheres in his office—the fame of hero and emperor is mostly—though not exclusively—formulated by knights for knights; the fame of sage and scholar—no doubt not so much a response to a popular attitude as a mere copying from Pliny, Solinus, Boethius, by ecclesiastical scribes. Caesar's generosity was assiduously emphasized in the chivalrous sense; once he had become a model of knighthood, this trait would be a more special adornment, being the most necessary attribute for the stratum which fixed the type. The *clementia Caesaris*, admired even in antiquity, was no doubt given an occasional Christian tinge of long-suffering, even of humility, in the Middle Ages. It is either illustrated with his jocose silencing of the knight who scorns to be descended from a baker, or of a soldier who despises his baldness, or of a citizen who names him tyrant. Gower's *Confessio Amantis* has him bear in patience the rebukes of a poor knight. But even this indifference—like his sense of justice in an anecdote of the *Gesta Romanorum*—is merely an accidental association with his proverbial name: Caesar has become a model of manners for rulers.

One might think that the struggle between emperor and pope should be traced back to the founder of the imperium and that his image—depending on the party point of view—would suffer a distortion or transfiguration. Yet such was not the case. In the first place, Caesar, in the Middle Ages proper, was hardly an image but a name, whose ritual magic did not depend on the official bickering; the few ugly references to Caesar in the high Middle Ages are drawn by papist factionalism, from scholastic philosophy, not for papistic motives, but by reason of the awakening of the independent moral thought as opposed to the narrow limits of a faith in names and tokens. Anselm of Canterbury, or Alexander Neckam draw on the ancients for moral concepts instead of mere notions of properties. Caesar's being a tyrant in their eyes might be utilized in the struggle of the papacy against the imperial claims. Anselm regards him as one of the

three anti-Christs (with Nero and Julian), precursors of the anti-pope Henry IV. But it was not Anselm's papism that clarified this anti-Christianity for him, but his religious philosophy. The Christian tendency as such estranged him from the world-ruler and the world-enjoyer. Even in the fabulists, Caesar's voluptuousness is occasionally mentioned, but without anger or reproof. Virtues and vices were not objects of moral reflection to the popular thought of the Middle Ages, not ideas in the Platonic sense, or ideals in the present sense of the word, but magical entities encumbering illustrious names. The tone-coloring of these names was determined not by morality or censure but by memory and imagination. Scholasticism dissolves this magical preoccupation of the fantasy on the one hand, and furthers the restoration of a common human mobility by thought, though its philosophy also remained limited by the magic purlieus of the Church; in fact, it set out from this domain. Thought itself involved a disintegration of the devout love of tokens, an endangering of piety for fantastic sanctions. The scholastics, in their preliminary Christian reprimands of Caesar, are a remote beginning of the criticism which finally both redeemed and secularized him: the subsequent republican-moralizing cult of Cato, the ecclesiastical foundation of which was at first Saint Augustine.

The assumption of a papistic hostility to Caesar is contradicted by the fact that no pope expresses moral objections to Caesar during the struggle with the imperial power, and even such outspoken papists as Stephen of Rouen or John of Salisbury were passionate admirers of Caesar. And even Thomas Aquinas was lenient with the Caesar cult. The imperial popes were even somewhat inclined to assume for themselves the imperial halo enjoyed by their opponents, as when Boniface VIII fulminates: "*Ego sum Caesar, ego imperator*". Conversely, Frederick II claimed spiritual sanction for his office. The two forces were hardly conscious of the identity of imperium and pontificate in Caesar's emperordom, yet it is significant that both should claim the whole. The sense of this original identity was strongest in

Frederick II. But, as even Frederick II never attacked the papacy as a sanction, but only the popes, so no pope had any cause to deride the miraculous founder of the imperial name, in the papal efforts to set limits to the authority of emperordom. In fact, in any contention with the Salic and Hohenstaufen monarchs, it would have been a mistake to recall the Julian who might support their claims. It was easier to derive papal claims of right from Roman imperial reminiscences (as, for instance, from the Donatio Constantini) than to devaluate the time-honored imperial idea itself, the idea of Caesar and Augustus. It was sufficient to belittle its present incumbents. The clash about the worth of Caesar did not issue from the papacy but from the new city burgher class, who were afforded moral and political objections to Caesar by their awakening culture. The new form of Caesar's fame—for even imprecations are merely a new form of celebrity in mighty names—here also begins under Frederick II, who awakened to life the counter-forces, hostile to magic. It was Frederick II who exalted the fanciful sorcery of the Caesar name to the highest pitch, but it was also Frederick II who matured a philosophy and volition which freed itself from magic bonds. Before we consider the breaking of the spell of Caesar's name, and the concomitant restoration of the Caesar-image and the appreciation of his history, let us cast another glance at the ecclesiastical resistance and the imperial worship of this magic. It was not Caesar as an emperor or as an individual—the latter the Church did not know—whom the Church resisted, but the mundane values affirmed by his name. His being enumerated among the proverbially great, beautiful, strong, wealthy, wise, all of whom must die, may still be regarded as an evidence of his fame. But the *memento mori* attitude itself was not a pretense, and the medieval admonishers took the earthly insignificance of Caesar's splendor more seriously than did the baroque preachers under Louis XIV; Bossuet indulged in spiritual admonitions against the royal splendor in order to make this splendor more splendid. The Middle Ages take a genuine pleasure in

embellishing the grave, and this sense of gloom and unworldliness permeates even the legends of this world. The speeches of the sages delivered over Alexander's corpse are the inevitable conclusions, in fact, the culmination of his world rule—he appears to have risen so high only in order to demonstrate the more effectively the vanity of all earthly greatness.

Caesar's deeds were never so lovingly tricked out as was his funeral: his conquests, victories, adventures, are stories to amuse and astonish grown-up children; his grave is a serious moral. The verse that sings the golden ball which holds his ashes (first occurring as an epitaph of Henry III, then of Lothar II, but probably of older origin) passes through many different forms:

> *"Caesar, tantus eras quantus et orbis,*
> *Sed nunc in modico clauderis antro."*

Several Italian poems of the later Middle Ages are edifying sermons in verse on this text. Chaucer's stanzas still unite a narrative eulogy with an admonishing funeral oration. Petrarch's *Trionfo della Morte* (which does not mention Caesar himself) introduces such considerations into the artistic conception and elegiac meditation of the Renaissance, of which we still have an intimate echo in Hamlet's churchyard lament:

> "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay. . . ."

Caesar's funeral suffers a number of different treatments, depending on the predominance either of the knightly pleasure in worldly pomp or the voluptuous meditation on images of death and decay. The Latin sources state the simple facts; the transformations must therefore be based on the varied proclivities of the later narrators (just as all the picturesque description in medieval legends is merely an expression of the peculiarity of the specific epoch, like the psychological interpretations of our day). In the *Libro Imperiale* the corpse is borne out, crowned

with Minerva's crown of wisdom, accompanied by the great funeral noises of a southern funeral, a festive feudal procession of all the people and the knighthood. In the commentary on Dante by Jacopo della Lana, he is buried secretly at night. Even the Agulia, fondly designated as Caesar's memorial shaft by the medieval mind—derived from his name and perhaps made the origin of this superstition by reason of its own name; but it is not certain—was clothed in a whole cycle of fables and, being the only physical remnant of Caesar's life, obviously has influenced imaginations more than written records. The Agulia also is associated with other magic or gorgeous memories: it is said to have been created by Virgil or inherited from King Solomon. Its name, its height, its sculptures, its inscription, its origin, are made the subject of interpretations, inventions, allusions again and again, down into the Sixteenth Century—first in Italy, then in other European areas of culture (perhaps spread by pilgrims). All of the details of Caesar's life, his death and his tombstone, are—characteristically enough—best known and most treated in the Middle Ages. He is preferable by reason of his power or his victories, by his bravery or clemency in general; the anecdotic commonplaces current after the Renaissance: Caesar at the Rubicon, *aut Caesar aut nihil*, Caesar and his fortunes, Caesar and Cato, Caesar by Pompey's corpse, Caesar and Cleopatra, Caesar and Brutus—these are not current in the Middle Ages. They are communicated in the appropriate passages of the Caesar-books but are not a constant object of the public imagination. In this respect, John of Salisbury and Emperor Frederick II are again unique precursors of the spirit which finally blossoms in Dante and Petrarch: their memory is really occupied with ancient things.

It is profoundly significant that the most tangible reminiscence of Caesar in the Middle Ages is a tomb. His unforgettable magic name left no concrete symbols other than that column surrounded by miracle-thirsting adoration, since even its erection could hardly be explained. Caesar's name and this remarkable

obelisk conferred magic on each other mutually. Alexander Neckam, a scholastic hostile to Caesar, does not permit his iconoclastic reasoning to recoil even before Caesar's wonder-tomb: Neckam explains the mystery as a common piece of masonry. Even less than the rhetoricians of a declining antiquity do the legends and fables of the Middle Ages grasp the full content of his active life; they are the bright halo and the growths that twine about the sacred taciturn ordinances which governed men in action and suffering and assigned them their motives and values, namely: Church and Empire. Here again, the rulers are more serious than the more eloquent fabulists. Let us consider the sparse but pregnant evidences of their knowledge of Caesar!

The bearers of the authorities whose permanence and permutations are pegs for universal history in medieval Europe, are (unlike the ancient Caesars) only the representatives and servants of a divine disposition that dominates them, and, when they speak instead of act, they express their office rather than their opinion. They have no personal relation with the phenomena of antiquity: no patrons to follow in the ancient sense, but "authorities", precedents, which have justified and sanctified the positions they occupy. Thus, the popes are the successors of Peter, and it was probably Gregory the Great who showed them how they must act. Thus, Julius and Augustus, Constantine and Theodosius, Justinian and Charlemagne, are above all the holy names of founders, witnesses to the ruler's dignity, and simultaneously the bestowers of a treasury of grace for the consumption of all their successors. Men hardly felt the need of judging them or of invoking more than their names and titles. The emperors, for the most part, shared the attitude of their epochs, and the mighty Ottos and Salians stand out from the race rather by their superior strength than by new knowledge, rather in action than in word. The popes, moreover, hardly had occasion to mention extra-biblical pagans. Only at the beginning, at the culmination, and at the end of the medieval empire do we find a man standing out by the possession of a might that becomes his

personal idea: Justinian, Charlemagne, and Emperor Frederick II are not only large enough to fill the dignity transmitted to them, but even to infuse it with mental volition. They are ruler-thinkers of which the only examples in antiquity are Alexander, Caesar, Augustus, Diocletian and Constantine—and not Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Aurelian, or Julian. I have not in mind the pondering on rulership or a philosophizing on the throne, nor even the art of correct or authoritative government, as exemplified in Otto I or Henry III, but a rulership of mental permeation, gravid with ideas, regardless of whether it operate beneficently or even sagely, regardless also of the compass of the individual creative genius concerned. Their common trait is the spirituality of their ruler-will.

We may mention Otto III and Frederick Barbarossa in addition to the three named above as spiritual emperors but the young Prince Charming—Otto III, had not the soul for world-historic power, and the chivalrous imperator, Frederick Barbarossa, no longer had the strength of mind to attain the personal intelligence and richness found in his grandson; the mind here is rather a fair humor than the true impelling force of his soul. Charlemagne, personally less cultured and versatile, needed more mental grasp and mental freedom for his great deed than did Barbarossa at his later day: Charlemagne is a creative innovator, while Barbarossa is only the radiant peak of a thoroughly kindred totality. We may expect original versions of the Caesar-idea only from these five rulers: the others probably knew and venerated his name and his tokens as they encountered them in the legends of their day, and their failure to mention him in their documents must not be interpreted as ignorance. Justinian and Frederick II both appeal to Caesar for justification, with a distinct imperial consciousness. Direct evidences from the others are lacking; we must conjecture their mentality from their performances and their environment.

Justinian, the perfector of the Byzantine form of rule, in which oriental awe of God, Roman worship of function, and

Hellenistic-barbarian materials of blood and spirit fuse in a hard and rigid outline, felt himself to be entirely the restorer, collector, and redeemer of the *imperium romanum,* and looked back longingly at the epochs when the empire had been united. Uncreative when facing a surging and menacing chaos of barbaric tribes, enveloped in the groaning ruins of the world structure, he found in his tenacious will and his comprehensive and tirelessly devising and selecting intelligence not, to be sure, a new plan for a future order, but all the competent props and supports of the old. To these he lent strength and order as had none of his predecessors; the Roman army and the Roman law, the orthodox church and every type of sensual representation in structures and games, in short, all that Hellenism had bequeathed to the barbarians in art and pageantry. Justinian's conquests, his *Corpus Juris,* his *Hagia Sophia,* his circus, his theology—all these are *concentrations* having a central idea lacking in his improvising or passively receptive predecessors and successors: the rescue of the Roman *orbis terrarum* from decay. Among the decisive emperors he is not so much the founder or magnifier, the administrator or innovator—as the concentrator. This is the form of his preservation, which is, at the same time, a form of petrifaction. Only in this way could he oppose the over-yielding and elastic barbarian masses with a firm structure which they might indeed envelop, even undermine, but not carry away.

Justinian had a pronounced predilection for everything that was definitely fixed, without distinction of the fruitful, great and beautiful as such; and with this sense for firmness, permanence, security (of which perhaps even his love for Theodora is an expression), he demanded and prolonged a decrepit world which possessed no concentrated forces of destruction or creative genius. It was this sense for permanence that guided him in his search of ancestors and in his veneration of the founders of the empire which was his solicitude. In one of his programmatic legal forewords he observes that Rome was founded thrice: by Æneas, by Romulus, by the great Caesar and the holy Augustus: it would

last forever in the form they had given it. He thus immures Caesar's name in one of the cornerstones of empire. Perhaps he is here expressing a specific debt to Caesar: no doubt he knew that his *Corpus Juris* made him the final executor of the testament of a plan Caesar had left uncompleted. But the imperator was in his mind as a great conqueror also, the founder of the imperial office. Everything we have of Justinian always bears the mark of a personal, original, unrhetorical reflection: it is never pure hot genius—but it is conscientious, thorough, independent. His mention of Caesar differs from the facile copyings of his chroniclers and the glib flourishes of the orators (for whom Caesar remains mute moreover) by the programmatic emphasis of its tone—he evinces an element of will, of fact, a Caesar-heritage of beauty, sanction and glory. In our evaluation of witnesses, the emphasis of the tone, the place, are more important than the compass: a sentence in a decisive passage of a holy or mighty book often defines and proves the power of a name more than the longest eulogy or the gayest romance. This sentence of the *Corpus Juris* has become impressed if not on the consciousness, at least on the memory of political energies of more far-reaching effect than the riotous imaginations of the legend-readers.

Charlemagne similarly took over the retrospective work of Justinian and transformed it by the addition of a new content with significance for the future, as Constantine had assumed the work of Diocletian. Charlemagne is above all a great force of nature, the incarnate health and energy of the Teutons with unexhausted materials, but no longer casting about vaguely and seizing with random impulses, but already suffused with the intellectual light of the dawn, with a paternal intellectual caution, as much the personal genius of the Teutonic tribal energies as Caesar is the genius of the Roman world. Charlemagne's intellectual quality and thirst for culture raise him above the military kings of the Teutons, perhaps his equals in strength and enthusiasm. Only Theoderic is his kin in a mentally awakened heroism, but without the firm support of a people and a national home,

from which he is obliged to draw constant reinforcement, constant new energy, as Charlemagne does from France. The empire renewed is an act of civilization as well as an act of politics: it is the first effort to establish an intellectual structure, a comprehensive edifice, in place of the almost elemental, improvised settlements of the migrations. Theoderic and Clovis—to say nothing of Alaric, Genseric—had adapted themselves more or less provisionally to the remnants of the imperium as they found them. All their hereditary kingdoms are little dens adorned with the political utensils of ancient and later Romans, or with the cultural and religious equipment of the Church; they are not real permanent domiciles, not "states," *i.e.*, permanent foundations having the force of ideas; and it matters not whether the nominal head of the household, the emperor at Byzantium, asserted his prior right and renovated the ruined walls over the heads of interlopers and tenants, like Justinian, or whether he handed them over to the mercy of the foreign invader to render himself more secure in his remote seat on the Bosporus.

Charlemagne, equal or superior to all in natural energy, puts an end to this animal-like conquest and settlement, which in many cases was only an inundation and flowing-over, or even a receding tide, and overarches the Teutonized Europe of the Romanized Franks with a mental vault the plan of which was supplied by the Church. This is his greatness and his disaster: Charlemagne's work is the first great victory of a super-tribal spirit over the Teutonic tribal impulses. It was he who afforded a new arena for the war between Rome and the Teutons, in the Teutonic empire itself, but no longer as a war between two different races, but between an intellectual force and a natural force: he subjugated the Teutons to an idea foreign to them, before their own ideas had emerged from the state of natural forces and mythic contemplation, and thus assured their permanence and incorporated them in the ecumene. The pliable primitive substance was at his disposal; he vaguely felt his kinship with it: this substance was his Franks and the other tribes that had voluntarily or involun-

tarily been absorbed. With them he had conquered Europe by virtue of their own natural force of expansion. But his prophetic and mature spirit struggled for an idea with which he might shape and bind both them and the conquered territory. The old tribal manners and laws would never have sufficed: it was the Church, his teacher, that made him think ecumenically. The *Civitas Dei*, which its great master had held before him as a sacred aspiration, he wished to realize with his great materials, for he is a mentally permeated doer: with the material of the Teutonic tribes and their lands, with the Christian culture and Eastern Rome, the pale reflection of the permanent empire of this world, the *imperium romanum*. He thereupon consecrated the actual power of his world-rule with the genuine name of its venerable idea. His Franks safeguarded him from the impotent claims of the Eastern Empire; the imperial office made his Frankish military kingdom a European world-stewardship; and the Church afforded him the spiritual foundation for his empire. He termed himself Augustus and Imperator, or had others term him so. To present himself as the true restorer of the Roman imperium, and to undermine the Byzantine throne at one and the same time, he was obliged to assume precisely the title current in Byzantium: but the eastern Romans, since Diocletian and Constantine, had been associating themselves with Augustus, for reasons mentioned above. Charlemagne's official title did not displace the ancient reminiscences of Caesar as the first emperor among the Franks in Gaul, and the New Testament passage about God and Caesar fixed this conception more firmly in their minds. Among the chroniclers and poets in the German or Latin language, Charlemagne and his successors are always called Caesar or kaiser. Whether he felt himself to be the successor of Caesar or Augustus can hardly be decided from his title alone. Of Caesar he must have known as much as Suetonius set down—for his Eginhard is an assiduous imitator of the biographies of Suetonius and surely had instructions to read them to his mentally ambitious emperor. We know that he concerned himself much with the deeds of the ancients,

perhaps even knew the Commentaries. It was in his reign and in his ancestral kingdom that the Benedictine monk Herric inaugurated investigations as to the location of Alesia, according to the data furnished by Caesar. Charlemagne probably knew of these activities, perhaps encouraged them; no doubt he was as familiar with time-honored local rumors as were the other inhabitants of Gaul. It would be more difficult to conjecture Charlemagne's opinion of Caesar. His model of a king was David; his favorite book, his system of values, was Saint Augustine's *Civitas Dei,* and this Church Father's hatred for pagans virulently infected him; he professed Christianity, the highest spiritual force he knew, with the ardor and zeal of a young disciple, but not with the somewhat terrified awe of a first convert, nor with the indifferent habitualness of later generations. He did not dilute the holy title of emperor with pagan motifs. The sculptures in his palace at Ingelheim are fabulous decorations, not celebrations of fame, provided—of course—that the chroniclers' records may be trusted at all. In any case, this motley series does not enumerate a fixed set of patterns as we find them later in the Runkelstein frescoes: Remus, Phalaris, Ninus and Hannibal would otherwise be lacking.

If the Latin poem addressed by Ermoldus Nigellius to Louis the Pious contains a true tradition, Charlemagne boasted at his hour of death that he was the Frankish restorer and heir of the Caesar name and the Romulus name:

> "*Caesarem primus Francorum nomen adeptus*
> *Francis Romuleum nomen habere dedi.*"

This would be the only evidence of his having felt a historical consciousness of the Caesar-magic which he had renewed with his active mental energy. His spirit gives no other evidence of such a view—he possessed the wisdom of action, the clarity of the creative mind, but not the discerning judgment of the posthumous observer.

The imperial idea embodied in Charlemagne, who did not himself consciously point out its significance, for he was content with his new power and the old magic, became a mission and therefore an ideal under his successors. Menaced by three forces which Charlemagne had faced with undisputed superiority, the Byzantines, the tribal dukes, the pope, from without, from within, from below, from above—the imperial stewards of Christendom were obliged, perforce, to assert all the forces and justifications of their dignity and their right. In a humanity so much governed by sanctions, spells and illusions, even authority needed some faith in its sacred appropriateness; neither utility nor power sufficed *per se*. One of the bases of this right—not to mention the other religious, dynastic or national bases—was the provenience of the emperordom from Rome and its lands, not as a successor to the Caesars, but as the all-powerful king of the Franks. But it was as the all-powerful king of the Franks that he took over even the imperial authority, as it were, as an additional splendor and adornment. For this reason alone, he could not regard Rome as a basis and origin of his throne. In fact, the popes always successfully urged their prior sanction in their struggle with Charlemagne's weaker successors. The strong emperors who were dynastically and territorially independent, particularly Otto the Great and Henry III, undoubtedly always availed themselves of the Roman emperorhood bequeathed them by Charlemagne, but never used it as their prop; their prop was always their German strength. We therefore find these gigantic taciturn feudal emperors making no mention of the old Caesars: they did not need such assistance and could not have strengthened their position much thereby. Insofar as they wished to present themselves as heirs, they were the heirs of Charlemagne, of the Teuton world-king who had worn the crown of Caesar as one of his crowns, who had put down the provincial princes and the barbarians and patronized the Church.

But as the real authority of the emperor decreased, owing to the expansion and tension of the subjects, competitors or adver-

saries, it was elevated into an ideal by its most intelligent and exacting, and also by its politically most mature and profound bearers. The magic of ancient Rome was an added authority of emperordom, a compulsion of "public opinion" (if this concept may be applied to the Middle Ages), and it is not mere imagination for the emperors, who possessed little more power besides—in their struggle with Byzantium or the pope—to invoke this spell which they themselves no longer believed, to draw from the treasury of sanction acquired and magnified for them by Charlemagne, but which Charlemagne himself and the most powerful Saxons and Salians had not needed to touch. The insistence on the succession of Augustus and Julius (as well as all the medieval fictions that seem so ludicrous to the ages of reason) were therefore neither inexpedient nor mere calculation, neither clever publicity nor mystical ecstasy—it was sound politics in an age of faith. Ideas were then the best *realpolitik.*

Otto III, the "wonder of the world", who sought first to counteract the distress of his situation, its lack of a backing, a native population, its excessive altitude for its frail foundation—by means of a perfect dream, a splendid ideal of world-dominating power, wisdom and justice—was indeed an ardent youth, with the inflations and depressions, but also with the generous passion and illumination of his age, and by no means a confused mind or an obtuse suppresser of his thoughts. The notion of supporting his office on a spiritual power, to oppose the mindless lust for authority on the part of the vassals—the papacy that had been maturing constantly since the days of Peter, was by no means "unpolitical," was thoroughly "timely." For Otto, as well as for his age, the Caesarism that had been renewed and magnified by Charlemagne and duly transmitted to his successors, was a spiritual power of this type. Otto consciously reëstablished the connection with Caesar as the popes had with Peter.

As yet there was no sense of hostility or desire for competition: Otto was a faithful and zealous disciple of the Church, particularly of the sage, miraculous Pope Gerbert-Sylvester, a man con-

cerning whom we are expressly informed that he was acquainted with Caesar's Commentaries. The relation between the world-stewardship and the vicegerency of God was a peaceful relation to Otto's mind as it had been to that of Charlemagne, and it is only here that we become aware of the grotesqueness of his ideal of empire, dominated by a zeal for culture, a spiritual aspiration, and by the Byzantine blood. Since Charlemagne, the papacy had grown stronger, the empire weaker. The restoration of Roman world rule by means of an idea could only promise success with an earthly point of support, such as the Hohenstaufens sought at a later date, but it was none the less necessary, and Otto's defeat was not due to his imperial flight itself, but to its being crippled by his esthetic piety. In Otto we already find active all the numerous tensions which make Frederick II of Hohenstaufen so uniquely versatile and comprehensive a character, yet Otto lacks the equilibrium between a world-encompassing and a world-penetrating impulse, the mature wisdom of the passionate heart. Thus he vacillated from a Caesarean pride to the terror of the penitent and lost his energies to the various forces of his epoch, instead of exorcising them as Frederick did, or incorporating them in his work. Caesar and Saint Francis both find space in Frederick's spirit and empire and enhance his richness and depth. Otto succumbs to the fact that he cannot be both at once.

Yet Otto's spiritual effect lasts longer than his mundane success: it was he who was first able to impart to the emperordom—after its power had disappeared—the seductive gesture and significance by virtue of which the Hohenstaufens could again elevate the empire to the altitude of the Julian and Carolingian idea, filling it with the entire world-content and soul-content of the Middle Ages. Otto is an early forerunner of Frederick II; he is the John the Baptist of Catholic emperordom as well as of Caesarean Christianity, the true inaugurator of the imperial "dream". He was the first to make the emperordom an ideal and envelop it with the romantic halo it has never since lost. No doubt he was making a virtue of necessity: and this halo glori-

fied not so much himself (in spite of the great impression produced by his enigmatical precocity and versatility) as the kaisers of physical strength who had gone before—Charlemagne and Otto I—as well as the Hohenstaufen kaisers of prestige and intellect who were to follow him. Otto III himself lives in a mystic twilight glow.

It was he who contributed most—of all the emperors—to the fantasy of the Middle Ages and to its spiritualization, and here again to benefit not so much the emperordom as the papacy, the mental force proper, the spiritual force by right. For any enhancement of the spirit at the expense of authority must in the last analysis serve the Church, whose authority was drawn precisely from the spirit. By strengthening the spiritual forces of tension in favor of the emperordom, Otto simultaneously and particularly aggrandized the papacy. His successors—particularly Henry IV—had to pay heavily for this increase of the spiritual power. But besides this, it was perhaps first under the impact of the Ottonic dreams that the feud between emperor and pope attained the proportions of the monstrous struggle of ideas which make it richer in content and essence than all the wars waged for lands and goods. In invoking Julius and Augustus as spiritual props to his office, Otto was the first to conjure ideas to oppose the Rome of Saint Peter, ideas on which Rome proceeded to flourish. It is from the spiritual environment of Otto that we have obtained the literature on Rome, the literature in which the Eternal City is given a new pragmatic tone and glow far transcending the ancient naïve tales of miracles and local fables. An afterglow of Otto's imperial dream may still be discerned in Benzo of Alba's chronicle, in the *Graphia* and the *Mirabilia urbis Romae*: as when the sermonizing of the *Graphia* infuses the new Byzantine court ceremonial with the symbolism of the ancient Roman imperators; the world-ruler must wear a purple garment, after the model of Julius Caesar ascending the Capitol, with the sound of all kinds of musical instruments and the greetings of the crowd, uttered in Hebrew, Greek and Latin;

or, the emperor's golden chest must be adorned with jewels and gems bearing images of Romulus and Scipio, of Julius and Octavian. Here we still have the odor, the iridescence of the proud imperial youth who blends the civilizations, intoxicates himself with Rome, and whose pomp is fed by his own dreams.

The ancient Roman halo, still a bold frill for Otto III, a premature arrogation, a new achievement, remains from then on a part of the atmosphere of the Holy Roman Empire, if only to exalt the adversaries of the emperordom. In addition to the papacy, which profited by any spiritualization and intellectualization—by no means papal principles at the start—the city of Rome also gained in prestige and pride, wherefore—being the seat and origin of Roman greatness—it raised claims at first burdensome to the emperors, later outright hostile to them. The reply made by Barbarossa to a presumptuous speech of the Romans as reported in Otto von Freising, presents this contrast between a sensual secular city of Rome and a super-civic Roman imperial thought, most energetically: Frederick Barbarossa again assumes the Carolingian and Ottonic ethos of Teutonic rulership, and turns it against the arrogant descendants of world-conquerors long deceased—but he simultaneously proclaims himself to be the true and rightful bearer of the Roman idea, an idea based no longer on the city but on the empire and its steward: on the imperator, the heir of the Caesars. This bearing was not possible until Otto made it so (besides, the imperial idea and the ancient Roman halo were occasionally utilized even by the popes against the modern conceit of the Roman citizens).

The struggle between emperor and pope which broke out in the following century, because the emperordom—chiefly owing to Otto III—had attained such power as an idea that it became a menace to the papacy on its own ground—even increased the pathos of the two forces in the eyes of nations. These forces had hitherto been ordinances accepted as self-evident, regarded and ignored like the air or the ground; but after Gregory VII they became the visible dooms of humanity and their bearers the

field-marshals of God or Satan. Henry III did not live long enough to assure the emperordom a decisive predominance and to fill the dream of Otto III with real power and the genius of a ruler. For a moment he almost recovered the position held by Charlemagne, but it was already a more strained and endangered post. Then Gregory, a prodigious man, strengthened and elevated the papacy to such an extent that it was equal to any opponent and gave it a broader spiritual basis, whereby it became more independent of the personal greatness of its individual incumbents than the imperium itself. The prestige of the beyond, and the faith in the unconditional divine power of dissolving and binding, which was enhanced by Gregory, as a pope, more than by any of his predecessors, were nevertheless exceeded by the desire for earthly peace and justice on which the emperordom had spiritually to base itself if it could not base itself physically on the might of the sword. The pope was revered because he was the vicegerent of God; the emperor was loved, but was obeyed and trusted only if he was strong. The greatness of the emperordom was therefore far more dependent on the personal gifts of the individual emperors. The original form of the two ideas is still operative: the papacy was founded by the divine grace of a poor, ignorant fisherman; the empire, by the efforts and achievements of a highly endowed hero, and in spite of its later association with the grace of God and the right of inheritance, it was never able entirely to deny its Caesarean origin, or to eliminate the demand for personal greatness which, in the case of the papacy, were unnecessary and unimportant; at any rate a work of supererogation.

In Frederick Barbarossa, we finally have a kaiser who felt this requirement for the first time since the Ottonic intellectualization or enhancement of the emperordom and since the menacing increase in the counter-forces: more than Charlemagne, Otto the Great and Henry III, he encountered foemen worthy of his steel; both as a hero and a ruler, a physically sound man, he was stronger, broader, fuller than the genius-prodigy Otto III or the

mentally cloven Henry IV, branded by destiny. And he coincides with a period of maturity that has been agitated with ideals. The papacy, the hereditary princes, and the cities had reached their full stature and were bestirring themselves against the emperordom with youthful bravery: Alexander III, Henry the Lion, Milan; at the same time, the Orient had awakened, enticing and menacing: Saladin. Such was the heritage of tasks and dangers encountered by Frederick, but he was equal to it. He does not move in advance of his age in his creative thought, yet he is the perfect and energetic expression of his age. The Ottonic imperial vision here seemed realized in a dazzling hero, who, able and willing to assume world rule, was likewise familiar with the embellishments of peace, ruled both north and south, and promised to bring back the east—tough and elastic, more leonine than the lion, the most chivalrous in the lists of chivalry, and yet a statesman already conversant with the new southern art of binding and dissolving, the dream of spaces still on his brow, and yet having in his glance and his grasp the many-faced, cunning, hard proximity of the Curia, the Guelphs, the cities.

Since the realization of an ideal always brings back the reminiscences on which the ideal has been fed, the day of Frederick Barbarossa also reanimates the old imperial ideas. As a result of Barbarossa's times and Barbarossa's personality, the halo of Charlemagne grew brighter. Otto III had sought him in his grave: Frederick Barbarossa conjured him back to life. He invoked him not only as a predecessor in office, but as a saint and patron of heroism. The Barbarossa image still vibrates in Albrecht Dürer's portrait of the older king. But the ancient Roman apparitions which Otto III had conjured, demanded to be infused with new blood by the fulfiller of the Ottonic dreams: the emperor lived and worked in ancient traditions, which were just then beginning to spread from the monasteries to the palaces and strongholds, confused and inflated with motley ghosts of fable from the east. He had the deeds of Alexander and the Romans read to him. His magnificent begging herald, the *archipoeta,* adorns him in

his addresses with classical, particularly Roman-imperial, appellations. His coadjutor, Bishop Otto von Freising, traces Barbarossa's history directly from the ancients and for the first time reimbued the chronicle tradition with political thoughts, as he had acquired them from his association with his ruler—who also was quite familiar with the classic singers of the ancient empire, Virgil and Lucan. At that time, Lucan seemed more the eulogist of Caesar than of Cato: the Civil War was accepted as a pattern for a competition between two celebrated war heroes (as in Wolfram von Eschenbach), not as the adjustment of a political strife. Only in the Renaissance did men begin to take sides with monarchy or republic. Barbarossa knows Pompey as an advocate of his own empire.

Barbarossa tried to bring to life his claim to the old *imperium romanum* with his much stronger resources, and far beyond the ecstatic programmatic prematureness of Otto III: the adoption of the *Corpus Juris* in his dominions, and the appointment of his son Henry as Caesar are two political acts which do not merely play with old dignities, but consciously Germanize ancient Roman facts at the expense of the native law, which neither Charlemagne nor Otto had touched, merely having set a world-empire over them. The extent to which the equality between his empire and that of the Caesars had been realized, as conceived by Barbarossa, is shown in his communication to Sultan Saladin, demanding the surrender of the wrongfully held Roman provinces.

Barbarossa's son, Henry VI, continues the same style and tone, though he himself is less chivalrous and more imperious. It was Barbarossa who made the successorship to Caesar and Augustus, which Charlemagne had constituted a sanction of his Frankish kingdom and which since Otto III had become an ideal claim, a pious dream—into a national legal principle. This is the form in which Henry VI practiced and strengthened it. This terrible creature, heir presumptive to Caesar when still in the cradle, for a short time intimidated the powers his father had struggled with. For an hour of history he held almost all of Charlemagne's

empire, with its fullness of strength, its Ottonic dream, and its Frederician right; but when about to really dominate the earth he died and left a monstrous claim unfulfilled to his son, a minor who inherited the unfinished resources and all the angry hostilities of his office.

It was in these conditions that the richest, most facile and bold ruling genius witnessed by the world since Caesar grew to maturity: Frederick II, not a compact primitive force of the energy and density of Charlemagne, not a gigantic paragon of will, like Otto the Great, Henry III or Barbarossa, but down to his finger-tips a mind, awake, alert to the point of an illuminated expanding of the powers whereby others were merely impelled or which they practiced without appreciating them; emancipated and subtle enough to trifle frivolously with every secret that inspired them with awe; full of flair, knowledge, and curiosity in every direction; yet earthy and primitive enough to bear without inner conflict the manifold internal tensions and the terrible pressure from without, suffering no collapse.

To the dangerously abundant heritage of Barbarossa and Henry, that is, to the fully awakened powers of the age, intoxicated with ideas, papacy, the cities, the princes, the Orient, to the entire treasury of culture and faith of these powers, to the chivalry now flourishing more mundanely, to a deepened piety, and a new Franciscan ardor of the soul, to an emancipated knowledge and art, to the expansive love of miracles and a knowledge of foreign parts—it remained for Frederick to add, in general, and in every detail, the personal spirit, the unique ingenium of a versatile, active and gifted ego—termed by Jacob Burckhardt the new earmark of the Renaissance, individuality—it is on this account that Burckhardt begins the modern era with Frederick II —and it is on this account that Friedrich Nietzsche names him with the other inscrutably enigmatic figures, Caesar, Alcibiades and Leonardo da Vinci.

We are here considering only Frederick's Caesar cult, and even in this he appears as the culmination of the medieval Caesar-fame

and the germ of the modern Caesar-fame, which attains full flower in Dante and Petrarch. To Charlemagne, Otto III and Frederick Barbarossa, Caesar was a remote name, a sublime office, by right of precedence, a national right; together with Augustus, he constituted a vague composite founder. To Frederick II he is all this, but in addition he is for the first time a personal pattern to whom Frederick considers himself equal in tone, action and daring. For Frederick, the magic name Caesar is filled with the conception of a definite historic man, whom he beholds in accordance with his own feeling as a ruler and his imperial aspirations, as he also expands and exalts his own person in the measure of his imperial prototype. Frederick is probably the first emperor to call himself Caesar in official decrees, and not only Augustus or imperator. Unofficially, the designation of the emperor as Caesar was in use earlier in the Middle Ages. But Frederick, with his healthy sense of personality, desires to publicly adorn his dignity with a secular fame as hero, beyond a mere ritual sanction. His imperial coins differ from all the rest of the series that precedes and follows him by reason of their direct imitation of Roman portrait heads: they are the first Renaissance medals. Above all, he is the first kaiser to refer expressly to certain properties and actions of Caesar, the "*magnificus ille Julius Cesar*", with quite a new tone of personal interest, though still in a Biblically classical frame, a part of the Middle Ages which still dominates Dante's philosophy. When his apostate son Henry comes to grief, he has mourning proclaimed for him, for he is mindful of the tears shed by David for Absalom and Caesar's tears over Pompey, an apostate son-in-law—so strong is his consciousness that the legitimate and sacred emperor Caesar is his predecessor and that he himself is the divinely appointed successor of Julius. Frederick must have been well acquainted with Lucan, but he must have regarded him medievally, as a document of monarchy, as well as in a Renaissance spirit, as a hero to be honored: Pope Honorius thought to move him to clemency toward conquered rebels by conjuring Caesar's pattern from Lucan and admonish-

ing him of Caesar's deeds, "who spared the life of Domitius, though he had lusted for punishment, as well as Metellus, who had invited the sword, considering him unworthy as an object of wrath for so great a prince." It is in Caesar's spirit that Manfred, his son and disciple, aspires to possess his empire by his own original right, following Caesar's words in Lucan:

"Traximus imperium quamvis nolente senatu."

More and more the Caesar-idea now draws its strength from the reawakened susceptibility for a great mundane mind, while the ritual magic of the imperial name pales. Frederick II, the last bearer of the entire medieval Caesar sanction, is simultaneously the first independent statesman-genius, and as he is the last to conjure the founder of the imperium as a magic spell, so he is also the first to emulate Caesar's personal fame. It is at this decisive point in Frederick's life that we may place the beginning of the Renaissance.

III. THE HISTORICAL PERSONALITY

FREDERICK II HAD A PROPHETIC FEELING FOR THE FOUNDER of the imperium, based on his own kinship with him, in spite of the estrangement due to ten centuries of intervening time. This kinship enabled him to mature his entire environment, for everything that recurs again becomes tangible, conceivable, expressible all around it—whether we regard the genius as the fruit of his age or the age as the creation of the genius: both belong to each other like body and soul. Beginning with Frederick II the fame of Caesar once more rises, first in Italy, then everywhere where Italian beams illumine, emerging from a magic twilight and again assuming some conceptions of his character and his deeds, not only of his rank and certain fabulous individual traits. Two other forces were concerned in bringing about a new understanding for Caesar in addition to Frederick's hero worship, which had become intermingled with his cult of the imperial office: Scholasticism and the culture of the cities. Neither of these forces had so immediate a reason for occupying itself with Caesar as did the emperor; yet both indirectly weakened a few of the barriers which were barring access to history for the medieval spirit.

Scholasticism no doubt both justified and interpreted the worship of tokens and magic names with its philosophy, but simultaneously it secularized it and replaced it with a combination of motives, purposes and values which sharpened the judgment and awakened the sense for perspectives, a requirement of historical thought. Where the naïve medieval human invoked a spell, Scholasticism placed a value; it transformed ecstasies to documents and the faith in names into a knowledge of concepts. By means of the distinction between truth and fiction, a distinction strange to the Middle Ages, Scholasticism was paving the way involuntarily for all the subsequent types of criticism, even his-

torical criticism. While Scholasticism set up a table of values and a plan of concepts, the denser population and the more active bustle of the new cities was maturing in appreciation for the material side of things and men. In this new field, the *res* counter-balanced the *universalia,* and mundane and human properties, measures and bounds, were noted more particularly from the needs, requirements and tensions of the immediate community, the more active society. The more temporal human feeling stimulated the sense for nature and the sense for history. What was perceived in the present was identified in the past also and the old books awakened from their fantastic rigidity or became a memory gravid with experience. The old sources (according to the remark of Frederick II) were again yielding water. From having been a spaceless and timeless visionary imagery, history became a true process, which one might interpret from one's own experience and utilize for one's own conditions. A pragmatic knowledge of the soul was the basis for the conjecture of motives and impulses, causes and effects, on the part of persons and events which had been handed down. This transformation was accomplished now spasmodically, now hesitatingly, with occasional reactions and retardations. Far into the Renaissance we can still trace traits of medieval sorcery, just as the new spirit may already show a tendency to awake as early as the Twelfth Century, only to close its eyes again. John of Salisbury, companion to Thomas à Becket, in whom the Latin culture—a reflex to oriental stimulus—already begins to seem more flexible, now anticipates by two centuries the classical inclinations and almost the psychical tone of Petrarch. John of Salisbury combined a churchly political will with the Scholastic knowledge—like Otto von Freising later—removed from a narrow-minded brooding by the extent of his vision and activities, from the feudal obtuseness by his ecclesiastical discipline —of course, all based on the presupposition of an uncommon personal ability to read, think and speak. He is the first man in the Middle Ages whose acquaintance with ancient writers extends beyond a toilsome excerpting or faint, vague allusions, which

evinces itself as a permanent presence of ancient reminiscences and expresses itself in a keen and active Latin language. He has not yet the vehement longing, the prophetic affection for the world of heroic figures which we find in the fully awakened personality of Petrarch; it is only his memory that has reached backward, not yet his spirit. He is still enmeshed in the Christian estimate of values, without a personal vision of antiquity as a world of his own. But antiquity as a collection of examples, a treasure house of wise and generous inculcation, is as familiar to him as only the Biblical legend is to his ecclesiastical contemporaries, and only the temporal legends to his knightly contemporaries. Anselm of Canterbury or Thomas Aquinas may have had an equal stock of knowledge, but they are not laboring to the same extent under its swelling urge—for them, historical events disappeared for the most part behind the metaphysical, and logical demands and phenomena disappeared behind laws and formulas.

Let us compare the two Mirrors of Princes: the *Polycraticus* (about 1160) of John of Salisbury and the *De Regimine Principum* (about 1270) of Thomas Aquinas. In the latter very voluminous work, the references to ancient history are not only less frequent as such, but have for the most part lost their historical vividness and are either mere tokens or allegories of moral events (just as the natural creatures occurring in the medieval animal books and plant books are letters of a spiritual alphabet) or annalistic data as taken by Saint Augustine or Orosius from ancient historians for polemic purposes. Thomas Aquinas, or his disciple and continuator Ptolemy of Lucca, was just as thoroughly acquainted with the ancient writers as John of Salisbury, but he reads them without any historical or rhetorical sympathy. We completely miss in him the joy in poetically moving passages which so often burst forth in John of Salisbury: Thomas Aquinas is always concerned with his ecclesiastical politics, with the precedence of the spiritual authority and the Christian submission of the temporal authority, he quotes the ancient authors only where—and because—they confirm this precedence by some

fairly valid trait or some past event. Thus Caesar's lines on the Druids are used to prove the privileges of the priesthood as instituted by God even among the pagans. As a rule, however, he supports his moral demands of the ruling power with warning or encouraging incidents selected from his erudition, the arbitrary choice of which betrays his entire estrangement from history and living forms: the pride of the mighty in the Lord is usually struck down by a violent death—Cyrus is slain by a barbarian queen; Alexander poisoned by his sister because he married a Persian woman, neglected military exercises, indulged in vices; Julius Caesar and Hannibal meet a dreadful end for their abuse of power, according to the word of Ecclesiastes (viii 9): "There is a time wherein one man ruleth over another to his own hurt." In another passage, he praises this Caesar as a model prince of condescending humility, who therefore received willing service from his people: he did not treat his soldiers as subjects, but as comrades, as the ancient consuls had treated the Jews. Or he commends Caesar's morality in the field, his removing the women from the camp when danger of war was imminent. In order to set limits to the Roman Imperium as opposed to the Kingdom of God, Thomas Aquinas (being a disciple of Saint Augustine) concerns himself with the origin and continuance of the emperordom, and copies Isidorus' derivation of Caesar's names: Caesar takes his name from the Caesarean operation; while his successors are named for their long hair; Augustus is the augmenter. Sometimes Caesar is the mild, virtuous, just emperor, when the ecclesiastical-political purpose requires an example of this type; he is even the protector of virtue and the avenger of wrongs, installed by God himself—as found in a passage of Valerius Maximus—and then again he is the horrible example of a usurper, tyrant and despot; now he is a popular general receiving the gratitude of his subjects together with a justifiably divine worship—and then again he is the abuser of power who is stabbed justly. The knowledge of antiquity therefore does not consist of uniform conceptions, but of

a stock of erudite details, arbitrarily inserted in a system of values quite independent of the source, depending on the momentary purpose or caprice. The Augustinian frittering of the ancient memory still prevails: the individual fragments are still preserved fairly intact, but they are no longer found united, but rather inlaid at random in another mosaic.

In John of Salisbury, also, there is as yet no independent view of antiquity as of a specific or even a better and fairer world: to John, ancient personages and events are still evidences of the rule of a super-historical divinity, or they are an encouraging or deterring admonition. His Mirror of Princes does not yet aim to mold Christian rulers on ancient patterns, as was the custom after Petrarch. But his quotations are no longer so completely detached from their ancient basis and significance, no longer such arbitrary tokens for the momentary ecclesiastical-political ideas, no longer such disjointed almost isolated fragmentary illustrations, as they are in Thomas Aquinas. He has a feeling for the peculiarity and origin of the antiquities mentioned by him and rarely abuses historical names for purely allegorical purposes. Somewhat of the pious awe of Petrarch, a premonition of the unique value of history already determines his morality. Even John's mentions of Caesar are sometimes ambiguous, but not because of an allegorical isolation of individual traits, but because his judgment is really not fixed, being based on the ancient tradition itself, on Cicero and Lucan, on the opposition of greatness and virtue, an opposition already vaguely felt by this humanistically disposed Scholastic, though not so keenly as Petrarch feels it, namely: as a mood, a tension.

Knowing his Latin classics well, and using them exhaustively, without sifting their judgments but with an emphatic sense of their tendency, which we find completely lacking in the purely Christian pragmatism of Thomas Aquinas, John, even in the underlying sense of his individual remarks—which have the causal relation of historical conceptions, not only of moral values—reflects the opposition between a Plinian amazement at the mar-

velous genius of Caesar, and a Lucanic wrath against the subverter and oppressor. For the first time the opposition between Caesar and Cato reappears in John in the Augustinian version of the Sallustian parallel: "Cato's virtue is closer to the true", and from the point of view of virtue he prefers Emperor Trajan to all the others; it is apparent that an exclusive Christianism is already tempering its severity in the presence of general human values and classic celebrity. Even Brutus begins to emerge from the condemnation or the silence with which he had been enveloped by the glory of the first empire during the Middle Ages, though his deed is still appropriately censured, as is also Cato's suicide. John of Salisbury fluctuates between the values of Saint Augustine and of Lucan, whom he particularly loves to quote and knows thoroughly (he also knows the judgments of the ancients as to Lucan's value as a poet). The ancient measures of virtue, particularly those of the Stoa, with which Saint Augustine still fought passionately, again peer forth timidly in John of Salisbury after centuries of retirement, without striking a self-evident Christianity as very dangerous. But they do not become so strong and ambitious as to demand again the restoration of the realm of history denied them by Saint Augustine, until the time of Petrarch.

What John of Salisbury learned concerning Caesar from the books of the ancients now coming back to life—from Suetonius, Cicero, Pliny, Lucan—tinged and reinforced for him the medieval conception of the illustrious first Roman emperor. The moral defects of the voluptuous slave of Cleopatra, or his final fall, even his misfortune in Britain, which is once pushed into the foreground by John's pride of birth, the victorious British resistance to Caesar's attack—these things might sully the ancient fame of the name of "the greatest of emperors", the world conqueror, the gentle victor and ruler, the learned and eloquent war hero; they could not weaken it. Together with Alexander, Caesar remains the essence of mundane greatness for the Prince of the Church, though the latter may still respect virtue and piety more than temporal power. And Caesar's prestige was still the prestige of

his name, enveloped in definite properties and deeds—not yet a person seen with a clear eye as an individual to be confused with no other. In the motifs of the Caesar-wonder and the Caesar-censure, John of Salisbury already approaches Petrarch; but at some point between the glimpser and the discoverer of antiquity, between the herald and the founder of humanism, Caesar had to be restored from the name stage to that of a plastic vision. Neither the profound erudition of John of Salisbury, nor the wide power of thought and association found in the Aquinate was of value in this process. The most compact mass of correct observations taken from ancient books, and the sharpest polish of concepts, will not open any one's eyes for events and forms, will not liberate history from the letter to the image, the word. Brunetto Latini was perhaps not less learned than his scholar to whom he owes his fame, and yet all he did was gather countless dry crumbs of names and things in his granary. His Caesar is the empty echo of imperial fame or of a few memorabilia from Suetonius and Lucan: his whole knowledge shows him to be nothing else than a monkish annalist. With all his delicate, firm, extensive network of thoughts, Thomas Aquinas caught practically nothing of the real world of phenomena in space and time—in fact, had no desire to catch such things—marvelous though the net itself is. The encyclopedia of Vincent de Beauvais is practically a dictionary, while Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologia* is a grammar of medieval science, not its language, its speech. The medieval world did not attain speech until it was bestowed by the universally rounded man who, by virtue of his mental clarity and his ardor of soul, felt the all in his own person and viewed the countless details into a new world, united abstract conceptions with a firm hold, filled empty formulas with his living, transforming shapes: Dante.

Every detail of the *Divina Commedia* may be certified with "evidences"; in Dante for the first time, the name becomes form, the designation becomes image, the substance becomes content, the relation is a tension, the firm system is an animated cosmos.

The originality of his vision and expression, from a fullness of being—not the profundity of his thoughts or the extent of his knowledge—elevates him above the most knowing collectors and most sound-sensed brooders of the Middle Ages, and places him by the side of Frederick II. The latter permeates the medieval forces with his spirit-will, just as Dante permeates the medieval substances with his spirit-soul. Possibly it was necessary for the universal prince to precede the universal singer and to bring back to life the medieval empire of this world as a personality, before it could be transfigured in the spiritual all. The real kingdom of this world precedes the ideal kingdom of God, the visible deed precedes the expressible thought, as generation precedes birth. The act and significance of an age are not always found incarnate in men of universal stature: we find no hero capable of being set beside Homer and Shakespeare in their respective times. The significance of Alexander's deed may be read in the work of Aristotle, that of Napoleon's from many a document by Goethe, Byron, Victor Hugo. Dante is as much the singer of the last Hohenstaufen imperium as Virgil is that of the Caesarean: both are more than this, and both bring to their function a different genius, but an equal world-historic effect.

Dante's gigantic ego embraces not only the philosophy and the reading of the Scholastics, the glimpsing and sensing of the new cities, but also the actions and ambitions of the last emperor. We shall here take only his Caesar pictures as an interpretation of Dante's original heritage and his transmuting of it. In the first place: it is Dante who made the first Caesar picture that was made at all since the time of Julian, after almost a thousand years of Caesar magic or Caesar rumor. Emperor Frederick II cherished Caesar as a pattern of a rule, as we may note by the new tone and particularly by the gesture with which Frederick mentions the solemn name. But he rather permits this Caesar to shine forth from Frederick's own splendor, than presents it in its own firm nakedness. He was poetic, but not a poet. What Frederick saw and said in distant radiance, appeared to Dante

in clear outlines, determining, fulfilling, perpetuating itself in his words: the heroic mien of Caesar in the unique verse of the Fourth Canto of the Inferno: *"Cesare armato con gli occhi grifagni"*, and the Caesarean career in those five terze rime in the Sixth Canto of the Paradiso. This enumeration contains neither new knowledge nor new opinions, only a perfectly individual vision, proclaimed as with trumpets of brass and in words of incandescent chiseling. Hundreds of persons had read and copied the report as to Caesar's eyes in Suetonius: it remained a letter, a designated trait. It remained for Dante to read the essence in this document, and to show the pale hero with his eagle eyes wandering in armor over an uncultivated meadow, so that they recognize him at once and tremble with joy to meet him, thrilled with the mute wonder of antiquity, of greatness, of eternity. It was not historical knowledge but poetic affection that could conjure him thus. This "Caesar" is a real new pattern—it matters not whether it is a correct depiction—we must see him in this way, regardless of our knowledge or opinions, and no one after the Middle Ages had the power to impress such a faith and to call the classic shades back to their bodies.

It is with Caesar's history as with his body: annals and romances had been filled with his victories and conquests; they had been reported and narrated, now in toilsome excerpts from Suetonius, Lucan, and the Commentaries, now in exuberant fictions: the thing remained a dry enumeration, a motley profusion or a dull confusion of names, things, happenings, figures, without plasticity, gesture, space, light. But when Justinian narrates to the poet the legend of the eagle, we perceive with him the Caesarean flight through lands, torrents, oceans, the whole swaying, clanking circle of earth, the victorious tread of the legions, the crash of thrones and the master of all resplendent over the empire that dreads and longs for him. In about the same manner in which the designer of the Alexander mosaic renders the confusion of a world battle by means of a dozen properly distributed and animated figures, Dante brings back to

life the whole breadth of the eternal imperium, with all the swift and energetic blows and the fullness of destiny of the first imperator by means of a few names and suggestions, by the mere swing, flash, warmth of his majestic and all-embracing verse. No history, however extensive, is so full of Caesarean content, freshness, pregnancy, as these fifteen lines, and here again the effect is due less to the political philosophy, to the historical ideas of Dante, than to the spirit through which they shine, to the sculptured word in which they have been perpetuated. It is precisely this which is Dante's peculiar and original miracle, and it was only through this quality that he was enabled to preserve and enlarge history with his opinions: his opinions he shares with many believing contemporaries; his knowledge he shares with many erudite scholars, though, no doubt, his passion suffused his faith more profoundly and defended it more ardently and gripped and shaped his knowledge more vehemently. His holy heart was the center for all he learned, and his spirit there found a firm connection and an animated system, such as could have been imparted by no cold intellect and no obscure impulse, working alone. If we remove from Dante's completely new Caesar-vision and Caesar-word his Caesar opinions, and read his great poem—as almost all his interpreters and imitators do—not as a creation but as a text book, we shall find ourselves dealing with the medieval Caesar formulas, in undoubtedly the most emphatic and fundamental formulation ever imparted to them. For Dante, Caesar is the first rightful emperor and indeed (as already in the *Annolied*) he takes the eagle "at Rome's demand" as the chosen general against Gaul. Dante glorifies the emperordom itself with the zeal of an Italian statesman, who, with his new city-bred world sense longs for the powerful and just patron, the arbitrator of endless factional strife, and also with the entire unconditional faith of the medieval believer, who mirrors the kingdom of God in the kingdom of this earth and needs an earthly token for the divine center and omnipotence. This center could no longer be the pope, in view of the political

demands of Dante's city and era. Dante's new world sense therefore necessarily merely increased his cult of the emperor—this is the union of a political longing with a religious ideal, as it was already incorporated in the imperial dream of Otto III. Yet, Dante was not a mere anticipating youth, but a retrospective, mature man, developed by immense suffering and by still greater powers and motives of transfiguration. Furthermore, the imperial dream had meanwhile taken on even more splendor and glory owing to the Hohenstaufens; it had become more real, more pregnant, without suffering any loss of loftiness or remoteness, of ideal unconditionality. But to choose the very founder of the office as a symbol of this imperial ideal was simultaneously a need of the medieval allegorist, who needs a magic token of origin for every sanction; a nameable (by no means, however, an explicable) source, a need also of the scholar, who preserves the beginnings as they have been handed down; of the artist, who seeks for every content the most vigorous form. In Dante's memory, Caesar was the historical founder of an ancient order; in Dante's faith, first bearer of an eternal sanction installed by God, for Dante's imagination, the most tangible among the emperors.

Now when his ardent longing deifies emperorhood, when his thought, knowledge and vision elevate Caesar into a sacred parable, Dante must perforce bedevil his murderers more abominably than any more indifferent believer or imperial retainer could have desired; he is influenced in this direction also by his artistic seeking for the sharpest expression, his philosophical desire for the clearest presentation. The parallelism between divine and human affairs, characteristic of the entire *Commedia*, between Biblical and classical examples, again reanimates the ancient tension between God and Caesar. If Caesar is a manifestation of God, his traitors Brutus and Cassius must take their places beside Judas, traitor to God, and must suffer the worst pains of hell. For Dante, God and Caesar were less a contrast than a polarity. Caesar was not the antonym of God, as in the eyes of the papal

Middle Ages, but his counterpart, an earthly parallel to God. Furthermore, the condemnation of Caesar's murderers is not based on a modern partisanship of temporal monarchy, but is merely the passionate symbolic language of a believer in the kingdom of God, as is very well shown in the glorification of that hero of liberty, Cato, in the "Purgatorio". A humanist with any feeling for the political atmosphere of antiquity, for the alignment of the national parties and strata of Rome, could never have drawn this distinction between the opponents of Caesar and the murderers of Caesar. Beginning with Petrarch, Cato and Brutus, though not of equal value, are yet of like nature. Once Caesar and Cato were made the poles of the mundane-political oppositions, monarchy and republic, tyranny and freedom, or of the mundane-moral oppositions, greatness and virtue, criminal good fortune and sublime disaster—Caesar, Cato, Brutus, should no longer be relegated to separate spheres as in Dante, in fact, Dante hardly recognizes any opposition between Caesar and Cato: Caesar is the representative of a metapolitical sanction: Cato, the bearer of a metaphysical worth.

For Dante, as for Thomas Aquinas, history was not yet the terrestrial struggle of forces, the definite cycle of temporal destinies and an enumeration of creatures of the past, but the theater of eternal symbols, appearing and attaining force now here now there, and each of its manifestations might indeed have many relations, but a very firm place and a sharply defined picture value. In Dante's universe, empire and manly virtue have as little point of contact as there is, let us say, in Goethe's universe, between Napoleon and Schiller. Brutus and Cassius were seen by Dante only from the angle of their decisive single act: as murderers of Caesar, that is, as the despoilers of this very sanction. Cato's Stoic sublimity of soul, which escapes by suicide from the compulsion of earth, was viewed by Dante as a single act quite independent of its historical basis and connection, which was that of a struggle between the republican and the tyrant. In this ability to isolate historical figures, acts, properties, from their

contemporaneous totality, and to use them as magical tokens or moral illustrations, Dante is still quite medieval, pre-humanistic. We also have other examples of this in the *Commedia*: when Dante alludes to Caesar's pederasty, he may ignore completely the fact that this vice (expiated by his dear teacher Brunetto in Hell) was a stain on the sacred emperor; or, when he inflicts punishment on the baiter Curio, he isolates the act of baiting completely from its motive or outcome, in this case, precisely the war which brought about the ancient empire. Cato and Caesar are for Dante not contemporaries, and therefore not opponents, but constellations following each its own course. Brutus and Cassius exist for him only by reason of their connection with Caesar, as functions, as it were, of the Caesarean career; they have no extra-Caesarean or pre-Caesarean validity, as Judas appears only as a function of the Savior. Even in the ancient tradition, Cato already had a broader basis of fame than Brutus: not a single disputed act, but a long life, a continued symbolic life. He enters into the imperial era already endowed with an indisputable weight of independent nobility, recognized even by Caesareans, while Brutus—not to mention Cassius—is associated with no other dignity than that of the dramatic dagger thrust. Cato owed his renown not only to his struggle against Caesar; the fame of the murderers of Caesar stands and falls only by reason of the estimate made of their victim: they are his satellites still. It was therefore easy for Dante to behold only virtue in Cato and not the struggle against monarchy, which Dante's authorities prevented him from doing in the case of Brutus and Cassius. In order to release these two persons from the universal medieval darkness and from Dante's Inferno, it would be necessary first so to strengthen the mundane idea of freedom, the republican ideal, as to enable it to struggle successfully with the medieval cult of emperor, in other words, as to assign independent worth to the hostility of Caesar and even to Caesar's murder. Only those who came after Petrarch could do this.

Dante awakened humanism by inspiring the medieval structure

and masses uniformly with the genuine life of his great heart, thus imparting a new luminosity and resonance, vision and word, to them. The splitting up of this new sense of the entirety of life into various susceptibilities, its application to various domains of the mental world, which were only perceived, delimited and manipulated as such as a result of his inspiration—this was the labor of love of his successors, the task of the *rinascimento.* Dante's person still contained the closed religious, that is, "perfect" cosmos of human gifts, whose development was first necessary in order to bring about the specific artistic, scientific, diplomatic, ethical content. Those who judge his work by these individual criteria misunderstand it. He is not an artist in the sense that Giotto or Masaccio are artists, not a politician in the sense of Machiavelli, not a religious ethicist in the sense of Savonarola, nor yet an *uomo universale* in the sense of Leonardo da Vinci, that is, in the sense of uniting many talents: he is the unified person, not the manifold; he is the all embracing, not the versatile; he is the round, not the many colored.

The unfolding of the forces held captive in Dante was subsequently encouraged chiefly by the man who first dissolved all this compact richness in a broad and fluent mobility: Petrarch, the first esthetic man, the first with a historic sense, the discoverer of ancient history and of the modern personality. Christianity, in Dante still the builder and retainer of the cosmos, dissolves for Petrarch into a psychic aura, faintly and flaccidly surrounding the magicless forms of the open earth. Antiquity emerged from the spell of letters or names into the dawn of the eager sense of the reader who could interpret them with his own heart, his own rich experiences. And over all sways the mobile genius of intimate understanding, of premonition and reflection, the unrest of an unfettered ego now placed untrammeled in the new-found spaces, the innate delight felt by a high, broad, tender spirit in the presence of remote greatness or a beautiful proximity, a flair, a seeking, a finding, unfettered by a tenacious will for a definite goal, or by an unconditioned faith in the one thing neces-

sary, swiftly soaring to pursue every sublime prospect; enthusiastic and indignant on slight pretext, yet always in awe of mystery; with a profound desire to admire, an almost feminine curiosity, an unmixed veneration, full of confident self-assurance, even in the presence of the mightiest shades! Petrarch was therefore fitted like no other person to seek the frozen forms of the gods and heroes, because they lured him far and into strange ways; to honor them, because they inspired him with the awe of their greatness; to understand them, because they had form and eloquence. His curiosity and longing were awakened by the fact that they were different from his environment, for the reason that he felt himself a stranger, a novice, in the magic domain of Scholasticism and suspected in them a kindred, more emancipated, more facile, more flexible humanity, a mightier and more splendid type. His knowledge of antiquity thus acquired a certain ecstatic predilection for a past untenable ideal, yet ever worthy of pursuit. His rebirth of the ancients was therefore tinged from the outset with a kind of historical romanticism foreign to antiquity itself and entirely strange to the Middle Ages. Even antiquity was acquainted with an occasional melancholy cult of ancestors, the lauding of the good old times: even Homer laments οἷοι νυν βροτοι εἰσιν, but Homer did not feel the enjoyment of the past as an excruciating charm, nor did he appreciate greatness as a type entirely strange to himself: the heroes of antiquity appeared to the ancients only as better or stronger representatives of their own species, nor did they know the idealism of rebirth. It is a Christian trait to worship ideals as unattainable in principle, and to continue to aspire to them. But the ecclesiastical Middle Ages did not find the ideal in the past, but in eternity; not in an era that had existed historically, but in a space metaphysically given; not in human patterns, but in divine prototypes; not in forms and gestures, but in laws and sanctions.

Petrarch not only awakened the new form-sense for human personalities, but also the new time-sense for the human past. He found it not only esthetics, but also history, and both by

reason of the same gift: from his eager desire to behold the human being. This gift enabled him to discover or invent the "historical personage"; the "mythical figure" of antiquity was born not from the dream of the past, but from the intoxication of the present, and was precisely the neutralizer of the tension between an animated present and a discarded past, from which the historical practice of humanism, as well as any subsequent romanticism, draws its power and its charm. Gods and heroes, in the eyes of antiquity, are not dead ideals, but forces ever present, in which their space and their time are incorporated once for all. This is the universal significance of the ancient statues, hymns, temples; the ancient recording of history is also less the memory of that which has been than (particularly in Herodotus and Tacitus) the aspect of permanent things. In the Middle Ages, thereupon, the definite form is lost and the permanent cult retained. When Petrarch again discovered forms, individual characters, he felt them simultaneously as something no longer present, something for which he must seek and search, and search specifically, in the past: he groped not above them or beyond them, but behind them. This is the beginning of the historical sense, which no longer sees "human forms" standing in space, but moving through their times, with their times, from their times to us, transforming constantly.

The rediscovery of the ancient evidences, the reinterpretation of the ancient writings, the reanimation of the ancient word—these are the three trails blazed and fruitfully trod by Petrarch: the creator of the study of all of antiquity to an extent to which no other man since Aristotle has been the creator of any branch of learning. It is because of him that the modern writing of history, as opposed to the ancient, is an essentially antiquarian and not a myth-reminiscent or destiny-worshiping process. But Petrarch still combined in his youthful zealotism tendencies which later became independent and segregated: scientific investigation and eloquence. He was not yet concerned with the knowledge of past things for the sake of the knowledge itself;

he wished to present the past in order to renew it, either in his own bearing, or in a sublime picture. His search is the child of his longing, and it aimed to awaken a longing for past greatness, as Christians longed for blessedness. The intermediary between letter and spirit was the eloquent word. Antiquity had risen before his eyes particularly in its language, and it was in language that he intended to proclaim, preserve, augment it. Therefore it was the most eloquent of the Romans who became his most important mediator: Cicero. It does not matter whether Petrarch first learned to grasp antiquity by reason of an original kinship of spirit with Cicero, or whether he attained and developed his sympathetic understanding of just Cicero because the latter was the honored prince of Latin speech: this extremely personal relation with Cicero on the part of the founder of humanism has set the pace for the whole humanistic structure, especially influencing its views of the whole of antiquity, of Roman history, particularly of Caesar, though Caesar's fame had reached his ears before he became acquainted with Cicero.

In Petrarch's Italian poems we still find traces of the medieval mode of thought: the doe with Caesar's necklace is still a part of the pre-humanistic legend cycle. The Trionfi themselves, inspired by Dante's ecclesiastical procession, and adorned from a classical memory, remind us by their name cult of the group of nine worthies, though the grouping and the number of the names already give evidence of the new erudition. Caesar a slave of Cupid and companion of Fame—this is the transition from the medieval allegory of properties to the humanistic celebration of persons. But the glory which had magnified Caesar in the Middle Ages, which still determines his sacred precedence and his central weight in Dante: the emperordom, the founding of the highest office, no longer blinds Petrarch as such. He sees Caesar already with the eyes of Cicero, and though he cannot forget his own knowledge of Caesar's history, he nevertheless renders present to himself, with his impatient fantasy, the times when Cicero spoke and Caesar wrought, and would bridge the

gap of centuries which separates him from these sublime spirits. Caesar then appears to him no longer as the timeless first emperor, but as the dazzling leader, victor, world conqueror, orator, author,—as he appeared to his own contemporaries, particularly Cicero. Therefore Petrarch still fluctuates at times, like Cicero himself, between an almost idolatrous worship of the person of Caesar and a condemnation of Caesar's tendency. He also occasionally lauds Cato and even Brutus as saviors of liberty, noble champions of the fatherland against tyranny. But the esthetic sympathetic hatred of tyranny on the part of Petrarch never has the same strength as the political hatred of tyranny of Cicero; though he feels himself ever so much a representative of Cicero, he cannot eradicate from his mind the holy awe of Caesar's name, transfigured by centuries of habit—an awe unknown to Cicero.

And above all: Cicero's political passion against Caesar could not be shared by the esthetic and historical Petrarch, try as he might; it must necessarily weaken, since he was not a mere exaggerating rhetorician and mime of past conceptions (like many of his successors) but the finder and bringer of a new spirit. This spirit, still new at the time, and in Petrarch himself, is an original spirit of sensuous-historical culture, the very spirit which later degenerated into an effete estheticism and an arid historicism. Its progenitor, who no doubt endowed it also with its perils and weaknesses, was still a bold innovator, a free creator. He wrested this culture as an autonomous force from faith and consciously placed esthetic values by the side of the religious values of the Church, not opposing the latter to be sure, but ignoring them; and unconsciously placed them beside the political values of Roman antiquity, which he thought to renew. Putting his own soul in the place of other, aspired, revered souls to the point of self-immolation, regarding or evaluating his own environment with the organs of a strange world sensed and conjectured from evidence—these were the gifts failing which no historical knowledge, no esthetic criticism was possible—it was Petrarch who first ma-

tured the European man. These were his most vigorous and primitive impulses. He was the first, by reason of his sympathetic understanding of Roman antiquity, to insert into the latter an Archimedian point outside his own period, such as no previous human community had established, in fact, it was he who for the first time made possible the conception of "history" as the course of events in various ages, not only as an enumeration of "ages". Therefore Petrarch's esthetic admiration of Caesar, already founded in Cicero, and strengthened by a medieval awe, exceeds his hatred of Caesar, also acquired from Cicero. If we view his works as a whole, in which no name—hardly even that of Cicero or Scipio—occurs so frequently and with so much emphasis as that of Caesar, we shall understand that his outbursts against the tyrant, his praise of the virtuous and patriotic Brutus and the inflexible Cato, his laments on Caesar's culpable ambition and on the bloodshed of Pharsalus are transitory moods and oratorical surges, not the expression of a permanent political attitude, as in Cicero. For Petrarch, Caesar is ever present as the incarnation of his own highest esthetic values, of greatness and fame, and even death still finds the old man pondering on Caesar. It is precisely his admonitions to Charles IV and Rienzi which are—like the latter's own enterprise—a testimony to the power of romantic dreams of heroism rather than for political understanding and energy. No doubt Petrarch, too, intoxicated himself with the past glory of the old republic and wept with Ciceronian eyes over its fall: but these were not political tears for the downfall of an ideal he would gladly have realized, but an esthetic melancholy among ruins—not an expression of his bitter grief over an impotent deed, but rather his almost voluptuous sense of distance and transience. If we compare Dante's curses over the shame of Italy, his cries of longing for the ancient greatness of Rome, we shall be able to distinguish the difference in sound between the expressions of a will bent by grief and a spirit reveling in edifying tragedy or exaltation. Even when Petrarch appears to invoke political ideals such as the Roman commonwealth or the Roman world empire,

he is celebrating human forms and gestures which have had their day and their expression in such political spaces. The republic is, as it were, the voice of a dignified, high-minded Roman, perhaps almost accidentally his political expression also. Since Roman history, accessible to Petrarch chiefly in the message of language and landscape, was essentially the history of a government, the first humanist had willy-nilly to accept the political formulas in which ancient humanity was handed down to him: yet Petrarch is as little concerned with politics as is the last of the humanists, Jacob Burckhardt, but rather with lordly persons, a fine manner, a full personality.

Here is the limit of Petrarch's historical divination, otherwise equally excellent both in its extent and profundity: his failing to surmise also the government roots of these men, regarding them instead as changing individual forms, the direct manifestations of body or spirit. In his antiquity, he simultaneously found the ideal of a pure and universal human quality, a humanity free from state and church. He is the ancestor of Goethe as well as of Erasmus and Voltaire. But within these limits he intuitively felt what can be felt by a high soul in high souls, without knowing how they had grown and been conditioned. Insofar as the ancient heroes were conditionless personalities by virtue of an individuality transcending their own epoch, Petrarch has presented them in such manner that posterity has had only to find the national and cultural backgrounds for his characters. Whole generations of antiquarians have been engaged in excavating the *res* to be attached to his persons. Not until Montesquieu did any one seek the social ideas necessary with the Petrarchian heroes (not only the government maxims, as in Machiavelli); it was Mommsen who viewed all these characters in and by virtue of their ideas and performances (not only single acts and gestures) with a clearer vision of personalities and a profound knowledge of things, as a living history of Rome in which ideas, persons, and things appear in uniform illumination.

Until Mommsen's day, it was Petrarch who fixed the picture of

Caesar's personality. No one before Petrarch knows Caesar's acts and properties more accurately, comprehensively, correctly. Petrarch not only read all the Latin evidences on Caesar more attentively than any other European before him, even than John of Salisbury and Dante: this merely quantitative enlargement of the material would not necessarily have given new life to the picture, and Dante's new picture was not kindled by the light of erudition, but by that of love. In Petrarch a vast knowledge now collaborates with the new longing awakened by Dante, an enhanced desire for a full and emancipated humanity, with a diminished urge for the beyond, so that, as it were, the energies previously serving heaven now accrued to the advantage of earthly, particularly historical, concreteness. Antiquity for Petrarch became a subtitute for the kingdom of God. He is not yet outspokenly estranged from the Church and he digresses so little from the matter-of-fact piety of his contemporaries, that he even accepts the lower consecrations of the Franciscan Order. Yet his questions, timidities, searching, are no longer concerned with the above and beyond, but with the now and the past. The Bible—for the Scholastics a book of examples, for John of Salisbury superior to the classics—is in Petrarch's works far inferior to Cicero and Livy, Caesar and Sallust, Virgil and Lucan. For Petrarch, Saint Augustine is more the great Latinist than the Father of the Church, but he also acquires life in Petrarch's eyes for having maintained that atmosphere between Rome and the Kingdom of God, between God and Caesar, in which Petrarch breathes at an opposite turning point in time. Petrarch surrendered himself and his own Christian spirit to pagan antiquity almost as emphatically as Saint Augustine surrendered himself and his pagan experiences to Christianity—but without Saint Augustine's struggle: Petrarch contented himself with petty feuds against Scholasticism, and (in the *Epistolis sine titulo)* against the curia.

His whole memory was submerged and impregnated more thoroughly and more exclusively than that of John of Salisbury

and Dante (whose tremendous intensity, to be sure, almost has the effect of a quantity) with ancient images and turns of thought. He could hardly breathe or walk without hitting upon a word, a deed, an event of antiquity; his whole horizon was shifted, almost obscured, by ancient figures. And in addition to this vast erudition and intimate familiarity with his subject, in which thing alone he exceeds his predecessors, there is the entirely new element of a longing, sympathetic understanding and a passion for rebirth. He wished not only to show his learning by assiduous quotations, not only to feed his imagination with this ancient shade or that, but to conjure their complete presence into his own presence, to enter into a permanent fraternal association with them: thence his letters to the dead across the interval of centuries; thence his search for manuscripts; thence above all,—in addition to tireless quotations and allusions on every page, almost in every line of his countless writings—his biographical ambitions.

Petrarch, the first biographer, again sought to reëstablish historically esthetic pictures of men, and enumerated in his musive activity the data of old manuscripts, not in order to preserve the data or for the pleasure he took in the rite of copying (like the monks) but in order to see and conjure up who and how the ancients were. He wished to question all those accessible to him, watch them, particularly two of them, the greatest and most famous, the pinnacles of Roman history, for him the history of the world: Scipio Africanus, the rescuer, magnifier, glorifier of the republic, the vanquisher of Hannibal, noblest civilian field marshal; and Julius Caesar, the conqueror of the earth, the most shining imperator. He conjured and celebrated the former in an epic after the fashion of Virgil, the other in an exhaustive biography, following the ancient sources with great care. Petrarch himself was uncertain as to which of these two men was dearer and more venerable in his eyes, for throughout his life he experienced a struggle between the respect for virtue—a sort of secularized Christian ideal—and a respect for greatness in any form, in which he already serves as a precursor of the demand for a rounded per-

sonality as felt by the mighty men of the Renaissance. No traditional value could pick flaws in Scipio (once his paganism had been accepted); Caesar was very vulnerable both from the point of view of virtue and of liberty. But Caesar was unquestionably —no moral preconception could any longer blind the clear seeing and delicate nerved historic thinker—esthetically broader and richer, historically more decisive and more comprehensive, more immense in his mere volume of deeds and the scope of his deeds, the degree of his greatness and, at least for the age in which Petrarch grew to manhood, more celebrated, more glorious, than Scipio—who was familiar rather to the scholars. In his *Trionfi* Petrarch specifically refuses to decide between these two phases of *fama;* between the servant of virtue and the servant of both virtue and love. He mentions them in his writings with almost equal frequency, and with the same affection, often in the same breath. At least in Italian literature, Scipio now begins to take his place—since the days of Petrarch—as a companion or rival in fame by the side of Alexander, hitherto the only familiar figure of the type, whom Petrarch knows almost only as a world conqueror, and no longer as a great personality to be paired with Caesar. He would like to depress Alexander—a distinct Roman jealousy on the part of Petrarch, of the tone found in Livy— beneath the Roman heroes: even in his procession of fame, the Macedonian not only stands to one side of the Romans, but is placed behind even Hannibal; the *Trionfi* are an enumeration of precedence, as contrasted with the medieval enumeration of names.

While Petrarch's judgment hovers between Scipio and Caesar, between greatness in virtue and greatness unconditionally, his imagination—on the other hand—is obviously impelled in favor of the man of richer content and more mighty in destiny. In his collection treating famous men, the biography of Caesar occupies four times as much space as that of Scipio, in fact, one-half of the entire work, which treats of most of the Roman heroes from Romulus to Trajan, and of a few foreign heroes, such as Alexander,

Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Antiochus. This biography of Caesar attained such proportions in his treatment that it assumed an existence as a Latin book independent of the corpus of celebrities, soon appearing separately under the authorship of "Julius Celsus". Petrarch had been forgotten as its author until a German investigator restored him in 1827. On the other hand, the Italian version of this collection in the Fifteenth Century, which was reprinted in 1527, contains the Caesar biography in full, peculiarly enough not in the proper chronological place, but between the elder Cato and Flaminius, long before the younger Scipio Marius and Pompey.

Petrarch's Caesar history is a critical compilation from Caesar's Commentaries and its supplements, as well as from Suetonius, other Latin writers—Sallust, Florus, Velleius, Valerius Maximus, particularly the Ciceronian speeches and letters and the Pharsalia —being also used. The Commentaries and their supplements are rather faithfully and accurately followed for Caesar's deeds. For Caesar's beginnings, end and interment, Suetonius; for his qualities, Suetonius, Pliny and Cicero's speech on Marcellus. All fabulous elements have here for the first time been completely eradicated: legends of the foundation and family tree, not to mention chivalrous adventures. Petrarch did not merely copy facts obtusely, but permeated them spiritually, rearranged them, adapted them to his own Ciceronian period, without departing too far from the content, and added many observations, particularly with regard to the murder. Here Petrarch is an avowed partisan of Caesar, who condemns Brutus' act as inhuman ingratitude, as ignoble treachery, and as folly subversive of the state. Petrarch even censures his master Cicero's diatribes delivered over the corpse of the once flattered hero. Throughout, this biography gives evidence of the free spirit that does not forget the significance of the communicated data for sheer fidelity to the letter, or the respect of the image found in his authorities, or his own judgment, for sheer respect of the authorities themselves.

Here for the first time we find a passionate admirer of the acts of the hero Caesar, his qualities and anecdotes, purifying them

from the admixtures due to a magic illusion and an exaggerated imagination, reëstablishing them in their complete form from the true sources, and regarding them as the emanations of a historical unit, a human personality. The fame of Caesar in the modern sense begins in this biography; it is no longer associated with a sacred office or an allegorical significance, or a magical sound, but with the knowledge of great deeds and the emulation of high manhood. Petrarch makes Caesar into historical memory and individual patterns. Likewise, his book liberated the ancient documents from the spell of the letter and opened them up as real pictures. Not only was Petrarch himself surrounded by the currents and springs of all the waters of tradition, but his readers also, that is, the bookmen of humanity—first in Italy, then in Europe—henceforth breathed a familiar air and were "in the picture" when mention was made of Rubicon and Nile, Pharsalus and Dyrrhachium, Ariovistus and Juba, the dagger of Brutus and the Curia of Pompey, Amyclas and Crastinus, Calpurnia and Julia, Servilia and Cleopatra, Nicomedes and the pirates, his bald head and his laurels, the dream of his mother and the comet, the triumphs and the pyre, his tears over the picture of Alexander and Pompey's corpse, his books and his winged words, Caesar's sword and Caesar's scepter. It was only Petrarch's writings and (though unaccompanied by the authority of his name) his widely read biography of Caesar that made Caesar's history truly proverbial, far beyond the whisperings of a medieval piety for emperors and the medieval legends, a whispering which indeed continued until far into the Sixteenth Century, particularly in Germany, which was late to be thoroughly humanized, where Lutheranism was an impediment to the free breathing of Petrarchism. But from now on, literature and art, court and council, echo so actively with examples and references to Caesar, that we can no longer take up the individual evidences, but only the decisive versions, turns of thought and effects of the new Caesar fame. Since and because of Petrarch, Caesar's memory has

become a self-understood fluidum of the totality of European culture.

Even after Petrarch, Caesar's fame, with all its new animosities and transformations, has become a general European fame, which was not cast forth from the Petrarchian atmosphere even by the German Reformation, although the attitude of the petty bourgeois and the Protestant dominie had more effect in Germany than in the rest of Europe. The moral and political opposition to Caesar, acquired from Cicero, Livy and Lucan, nurtured by the republicanism of the Italian cities, gradually was transplanted to all the other countries, together with the worship for the "great man". In Germany, this resistance, particularly in the Sixteenth Century, often has more of a small town and petty clerical savor than in any other country. We shall feel this element particularly in Hans Sachs, but it goes back to Luther himself, the only man strong enough to oppose his own profound and essentially German values to the ecumenical powers: the Church and Humanism. In the other countries, Humanism and Reformation completely intertwined. Calvin and Milton are disciples of Petrarch in their culture, without any detriment to their piety. In Germany, Melanchthon is a rare exception, and the German language of the Sixteenth Century is Lutheran and quite incapable of absorbing the culture content of Humanism, in spite of the most devoted efforts to acquire the cultural materials. Not before the time of Opitz was the connection at last made and the unity of European culture—endangered by Luther—again enriched and intensified, continuing to be threatened and obstructed constantly, however, by the Luther heritage.

But all the European countries were obliged painfully and slowly to follow in the steps of Petrarch on their path of emergence from the medieval spell into the human culture, a path covered by Petrarch's genius in one swift pure career of illumination—a path on which they encountered many tough vestiges of the Middle Ages, either in their tribal habits or in their ecclesiastical tradition. France, only, reaches the level of national culture

found—even created—by Petrarch for Italy, in the persons of Ronsard and Montaigne; England in Bacon and Shakespeare; Spain in Don Juan de la Cueva and Lope de Vega; Germany in Opitz. There still remained a super-international neo-Latinism transcending the nations, but it had also developed in the succeeding two generations from the national neo-Latinism of Petrarch.

For Petrarch himself still occupied in his generation the position of a pure humanist, in spite of the almost idolatrous adoration with which he was regarded, hardly less unique than Dante, as a poet of world vision: he is throughout a unique creative discoverer (a fact sometimes ignored) with the quite personal ardor and brightness which separate him from his premature or straggling contemporaries and imitators: these men grasp for the most part a few new tricks and traits, subjects or motifs of the master, without comprehending the full meaning of his innovation: their similarity to their prototype is a kind of mimicry—their mind and being quite foreign to his.

One of Petrarch's contemporaries of this type is Boccaccio, considered as a humanist; we shall say nothing here concerning his services to the Italian language and his art of narration. We shall limit ourselves to a consideration of his Caesar-image. He either copies the attitude contained in Suetonius, as for instance, in his Dante commentary, without Petrarch's peculiar flavor or independent selection, with a better style than the medieval annalist, but with the same general attitude, or he repeats the decorative drapery and the classical names in the Petrarchian *Trionfi* with less poetic tact and with the importunate zeal of the scholar eager to show his new knowledge. In the *Amorosa Visione*, Fortuna—in the dry sentimental tone of a medieval slaying—relates to him, after a number of other ancient heroic destinies, the tale of Caesar's murder. Boccaccio's enumeration of names is not animated either by the visionary plastic power with which Dante conjures the mien or the deeds of Caesar, or by Petrarch's premonitory awe in the presence of ancient heroic grandeur. His *Amorosa Visione* profits from Dante and Petrarch

only to the extent of its great linguistic smoothness—as far as its mental content is concerned, its culture and knowledge, the *Amorosa Visione* never rises above the level of the rhymed allegories which recapitulate the factual knowledge of the erudite Middle Ages for the use of the less cultured burghers, in a pleasing and easily accessible popular form, like the *Tesoretto* of Brunetto Latini before Dante, or the *Dittamondo* of Fazio degli Uberti or the *Quadriregio* of Federigo Frezzi after Dante. In all three of these works Caesar is still the first emperor and the most glorious hero; all three know his deeds from the ancient authors, but have no feeling for his specific historical and spiritual personality. Boccaccio presents him endowed with half-medieval, half-classical insignia, bearing on his arm his escutcheon, a black eagle on a field of gold, and about his temples the laurel beloved of Phoebus, with lance and plume. Petrarch was superior to such naïveté and no doubt beheld Caesar in classic garb. Boccaccio still believes that the Agulia shelters Caesar's ashes; Petrarch merely alludes to this tale as a tale. Boccaccio romantically enumerates Calpurnia among faithful women, as if he were dealing with a high-born medieval lady. Petrarch avoids such adoration, in spite of his allegorical tracery, even in his *Trionfi*, and of course in his Latin writings; even in the former, his appreciation of the remoteness of the antique manners from his own is always apparent; Boccaccio not only abolishes this distance as a poet, but ignores it as a scholar. But Boccaccio soon acquires the classical *conzetti* of Petrarch, such as the juxtaposition of Caesar's forced tears over Pompey's head with Hannibal's laughter over Hasdrubal's head. Here Boccaccio takes over in simple faith the ancient interpretation by Lucan, while Petrarch, owing to his general knowledge of Caesar, does not believe him a hypocrite in this case, and condescends to use the incident merely because of its dramatic effect in this contrast. Everywhere, Boccaccio shows a medieval modesty in contenting himself with details, while in Petrarch every individual allusion is full of an appreciation of the totality of the historical personage. Boccaccio has not yet an "his-

torical sense". His feeling for language has already been awakened by Petrarch, as well as an esthetic sense for the present, but not that for and of antiquity: in this field he remains a groping retrospective scholar of an enlightened master, while he beheld the manners of his time with his own eyes and recounted them with a new tongue.

The man of whom Petrarch for a time expected a reincarnation of Roman greatness, namely, Cola di Rienzi, is even less a disciple of Petrarch than was Boccaccio. His taste and his field of vision associate him much more closely with Otto III than with the humanists. He is attracted not by the new sense of humanity, which finds its pattern of bearing and diction in ancient heroes and sages, but by the Rome-vision, the magic of the eternal city with its charmed names of Caesar and Augustus, which young Otto III had found so entrancing. But Rienzi's meditation is on the city of Rome and on the Italic community molded on the outline of the conditions he knew, no longer on the Empire. His eye passes over the tens of centuries separating him from Consulate and Tribunate, with precisely the same unhistorical acceptance of omens as the eye of Otto III passed over the interval between the Julian imperium and that of the Saxon emperors. Rienzi knows the cult of heroes even less than does Frederick II, he knows only the cult of office. He is a belated Arnold of Brescia, a Roman local patriot, inspired even by the patriot's aspiration for ecclesiastical reform, a Catholic democrat, with a few antique incantations and a thoroughly medieval consecrational faith, in a period when the world-stewardship of imperium and ecclesia were weaker, while the local forces were stronger and more independent, than in the days of Frederick Barbarossa. He is neither a statesman—as were all popes and emperors of the time, to the point of losing all ideas, particularly the unemperorlike wise Charles IV—nor a man of culture like Petrarch, but rather a religious visionary, of the type of Arnold of Brescia, Savonarola, Thomas Münzer, but without their fantastical impact and their concentrated ardor—more vain, more unstable, rather enthusiastic than passionate.

It was just this enthusiasm in Cola di Rienzi that attracted Petrarch, that elevated Rienzi above the calculating and self-seeking powers, almost making the impression of the ancient heroic spirit.

Petrarch was even less of a statesman than Rienzi, wherefore he sought in Rienzi's enterprise less an innovation in the state than a human bearing. For Rienzi, the tribunate was an ancient Roman sanction renewed, for Petrarch it was a classical gesture. Rienzi took over from Petrarch antique suggestions of many kinds, and was fond of reading of the deeds of the great men of Rome—but the Ciceronian culture was miles away from him; he is less familiar with it than John of Salisbury. Whenever he shows his erudition, he is subject to unusual errors, worse than the current monkish fables: he pretends he has read in chronicles that Caesar, on one occasion, ranted against himself in savage grief over a lost battle, and that his nephew had been obliged to deprive him of his suicidal sword—whereupon Caesar adopted him as his son and later transferred the government to the Roman people—presumably a confused reminiscence of the Battle of Munda in Suetonius. Rienzi several times distinguishes between the titles of Caesar and Augustus but without any clear concepts or firm association. In fact his thought and speech is extravagant and turgid throughout, without the secure innocence of the medieval faith in words and without the flexible structure of a reawakened Latin.

Petrarch himself had embodied and proclaimed a new ideal which appealed from a proper distance to quite varied human types, as does any ideal as such. At the very time when emperordom and papacy had forfeited not only their power but almost their spirit also, a new magic arose from the "fairest of cities", a magic that was in essence a spirit, replacing or displacing the dying haloes: a very human culture, a perfected personality. The celebration of the individual mind, fair of thought and eloquent in speech, now for the first time took its place by the side of the celebration of rulers, heroes and senates. Never since has genius

itself produced such rapture in Europe as on this occasion of its first awakening and entering upon the scene. The "spirit" increased in power, brightness and extension during the succeeding centuries and many geniuses of intellect were worshiped almost to the point of idolatry during their own lives as masters of this world: Erasmus, Voltaire, Goethe, Victor Hugo; but never again were they heralded with so virginal an astonishment and faith as was the rediscoverer of independent man after the long subservience to God.

This release from religion at first had in every direction almost the effect of a religion itself; a new adornment and expression, a new knowledge and familiarity, a new volition and action. Even doers and men of action now looked upon the sayer and proclaimer with an awe felt formerly for the priest, the custodian of charms and sanction. This initial piety was not dispelled for some time. The literati first took over the Caesar-image of Petrarch and passed on his tone and his formulas. Their relation to Petrarch is somewhat like that of the rhetors of the Roman imperial era to Cicero and Demosthenes: Petrarch's passion is the substance of their drill and enjoyment; his motifs are transformed into independent rhetoric and style. They are already the offspring of his rules and patterns, no longer of that which impelled him to make these rules and patterns, no longer of a creative longing for great and fair human images and expression of the soul; beauty of speech and classic ornament become an end in themselves. At times the real content of their life may be included in their eloquence. Thus, the Florentine affairs with which Coluccio Salutati had been interested as chancellor of the city, by reason of his new eloquence, become a part of Coluccio's work, while Enea Silvio Piccolomini, who was by far the most gifted and universally cultured spiritual companion and disciple of Petrarch in Italy, gives evidence of an extensive knowledge of lands and customs, and later—when he has become pope—treats of the cares of the Holy See. But their style and their turn of phrase are no longer stamped and determined by these contents: they both borrow from

the classic writers made accessible to them by Petrarch. Every trait of their daily life and their office and their state must now be illustrated and therefore sanctified by an example of antiquity.

Particularly the life of Caesar, the most celebrated and rich one in story by the side of the lives of Scipio and Alexander, and treated most exhaustively by Petrarch himself, now offers such decorative commonplaces in countless letters, dedications, odes, epigrams up to the decline of polite society in the Eighteenth Century. Petrarch consistently had already begun to mold his private life on these sublime models. Before his time, the great names had only been invoked on solemn occasions or as ideals embodying properties, as justice, valor, wisdom or—above all—the generosity of mighty patrons was to be called upon. These motives continued to exist, but the admonishers, eulogists and petitioners named had at their disposal a far more extensive and accurate supply of examples, which was resorted to even on minor occasions. Caesar is now very frequently referred to as the patron of the sciences, particularly as the encourager of written learning. Thus, Petrarch had in this manner encouraged his brother to search for old books, and had flattered a librarian of the pope; similarly, Coluccio Salutati delights Giovan Francesco Gonzaga. And, on the other hand, Caesar's lechery now serves as an excuse for dubious love-intrigues: Enea Silvio considerately informs his father of the consequences of Enea's venery by reminding him how Cleopatra had seduced the greatest of heroes, a motif which he repeats in his key novella of Lucrece and Euryalus. The same man—after he has become Pope Pius II—lauds the prosperity of the Roman empire, in a solemn state document addressed to the University of Cologne, a eulogy of autocratic rule; so great is the field of application of the classical system of parallels inaugurated by Petrarch. Every ancient trait found a present analogy; every conceivable situation found an antique counterpart for its reflection. In fact, Petrarch's book of advice in all the situations of destiny, *De remediis utriusque Fortunae,* goes so far as to systematize the aid afforded by the classical helpers in need,

thus creating a new literary type. Among the signs of this humanistic ubiquity of the ancient models, introduced by Petrarch, we should note also the rise of classical given names: beginning with the *Quattrocento*, Giulio Cesare or Cesare becomes one of the most frequent names, remaining popular in Romance countries down to the present day, while most of the other names of this order have acquired an artificial humanistic tinge (and by the way, the only classical names which have secured citizenship throughout Christendom as everyday given names are: Philip, Alexander, Julius, Augustus).

In renewing Roman literature with its own peculiar atmosphere, Petrarch reawakened the moral-political opposition of the Republicans, particularly of Cicero to Caesar. For almost all the eulogy of Cato and Brutus on the part of the humanists, as well as their rhetorical and stylistic censure of Caesar, comes from the Roman literature, and not—as is sometimes supposed—from an original political repugnance felt by the modern republicans of the cities for their tyrants. With a few exceptions (such as that afforded by Machiavelli himself) they are outspokenly unpolitical and, while their bread and instructions may come from statesmen, their spiritual law is derived not from politics, nor yet from morality, but from culture: from style or knowledge. Yet it was precisely this culture which forced upon them the whole story of the struggle waged in Cicero's mind between an esthetic marveling at Caesar and a moral-political hatred for Caesar, a struggle which appears in John of Salisbury as a mental vacillation, in Petrarch as a distinct psychic tension. In Petrarch's successors, it becomes a literary feud or a mere style drill. They celebrated Brutus not because of their genuine hatred of tyrants, but because of a genuine worship of and faith in Cicero. Though a genuine hatred for this little despot or that (in the Italian city communities) may have made use of Ciceronian or Lucanic idioms or disguised itself in tirades against Caesarism, though the new burgher pride or noble pride may have invoked Scipios or Catos, the humanistic literature proper is not intended as a political expression, but as a

rhetorical handicraft. Its political content should not be overestimated, even where it is the outgrowth of a real attachment to Cato or Caesar and not merely an empty school composition. This attachment is esthetic and literary, and not moral and political.

The most convincing proof of this situation is the long controversy waged between the two most learned and eloquent school humanists of the second generation following Petrarch: Guarini of Verona and Poggio Bracciolini. Poggio, on being asked by a prince from Ferrara whether Scipio or Caesar was the greatest man, wrote a detailed comparison of the two on the basis of the ancient judgments, particularly those found in Cicero and Livy, and, while he gave Caesar the preference as a great warrior, he nevertheless placed him far below Cicero because of his immoral and destructive character as a citizen, because of his abolition of Roman belief and therefore also of Roman culture. In reply, Guarini, to favor his patron Lionello d'Este, an admirer of Caesar, composed a lengthy magnification of Caesar, adorned with personal attacks on Poggio, "Caesar's scourge", as Lionello called him derisively. Guarini enumerated all of Caesar's glorious epithets, particularly from Cicero's speech on Marcellus and from Pliny, in order to glorify him above Scipio as the hero who was greatest in deeds, gentlest in conduct and most resplendent in fame. Angered by this procedure, Poggio detracted from the validity of Guarini's favorable treatment by stating that these testimonies of Cicero were forced flatteries, and comparing them with the angry attacks made in Cicero's letters and the *Philippics;* countering Cicero's speech on Marcellus with Livy's praise of Scipio; inferring that Silius Italicus (judging by his choice of material) is favorably disposed tc Scipio; in short, providing evidence from all the classic writers of Scipio's favorable reputation and Caesar's vile reputation, interpreting even the silence of witnesses —as would any partisan lawyer—as an incrimination of his opponent. Incapable of denying Caesar's greatness in action he denudes him of every virtue, and therefore—by Cicero's definition

—of true glory: for glory without virtue is not thinkable. Of course, all this is mere dialectics: no man of the Renaissance, no humanist even, ever seriously regards glory as a function of moral virtue; in fact, fame for fame's sake may be regarded as a fundamental tenet of humanism in general. The entire discussion culminates in the rhetorical opposition between greatness and virtue, on which a great wealth of learned quotations was lavished. It is only a humanistic expression for the Ciceronian vacillation between Cicero's physical Caesar-judgment and his moral Caesar-judgment. The same vacillating attitude was felt not only by John of Salisbury and Petrarch, but later also by Giordano Bruno, Montaigne, Voltaire, Johannes von Müller, Lord Byron—each in the forms corresponding to his character and times; it is a classical counterpart to the undying struggle between the *is* and the *should be*, between the *things* and the *law*.

Poggio's admission that he was in reality little concerned with the question as such, but that Guarini's attacks had obliged him to undertake a thoroughgoing refutation to justify his own humanistic standing and professional dignity, is quite indicative of the rhetorical intention behind such humanistic writings. The occasion is a mere accident and Poggio would have defended a precisely opposite thesis with equal nimbleness. The classical evidences were the elements given—since Petrarch; the rhetorical arrangement, the dialectic exploitation of values—this was the task set. No original or new matter connected with Caesar, no fresh historical view, could be produced by this stylistic trifling. No doubt opinions might arbitrarily be attached to the visions again revealed by Petrarch, but such a process produces no real changes. Caesar's image did not become either larger or smaller, either brighter or darker, either heavier or lighter, by praising or censuring him by virtue of Ciceronian maxims or cut and dried history—for this purpose, it would therefore be necessary to disclose or perceive new facts in history itself, or to cultivate new soil passionately or with inspiration, whereby things already known would look different. a thing which could be done only by original

minds. Only new things or new conditions can change men's eyes. But even the new things will create a new human image only when they are permeated by a new sense for character and soul, a sense like Petrarch's. Among Petrarch's successors, there proceeded an isolation of such qualities as a delight in expression, the collector's joy, the knowledge of men, the study of things, rhetoric, philology, all of which had been united in himself, but which now became separate to the detriment of each. By the side of the art of fine speech, a study of words or things proceeded now with indifference, now with hostility for the former; sometimes expression and substance were united in personal union, as in Erasmus; rarely were they united by a new inner tie, as in Winckelmann or Mommsen; in some cases the original sense of form became lost in empty stylistics or method; or the original thirst for knowledge was lost in arid criticism or vain accumulation of material. And it was the south that was concerned more (though not exclusively) with human speech, while the north took over rather the objective knowledge in Petrarch's heritage. Laurentius Valla is almost the only great Italian critic of the School of Petrarch. Even the study of Caesar, which sought the objects or ways to Petrarch's Caesar-image, came chiefly from the north. In Italy itself, we first find the manuscripts of the Commentaries which Petrarch had used, issued without notes and supplied only with scanty woodcuts for purposes of illustration, particularly pictures of the bridge. Laurentius Valla was the first scholar to make a complete stylistic and grammatical study of the Commentaries in his six books on the elegance of the Latin language (*De Linguae Latinae Elegantia Libri Sex*). But this philological toil still served rhetorical ends.

The antiquarian activities proper first took the form of an amateur collecting of old coins, combining a veneration of the heroic past with the dread of amulets and the joy in adornments. Enea Vico was the first to collect Caesar coins and to devote a special book to them (1527) based on the story of Caesar's life. On a larger scale, supported by larger resources, and applying a

more thoroughgoing erudition with the aid of the spiritual and secular rulers, students and artists of Europe (including among others Charles V, Pius IV, William of Orange, Duke Alba, the Cardinal of Guise, Michelangelo), Hubertus Goltzius about half a century later (Bruges, 1563) undertook the same task and issued a beautiful antiquarian volume to serve as an introduction to a numismatic interpretation of the imperial history, which remained the true "learned" biography of Caesar down to the Eighteenth Century. Its point of departure is not the character and deeds of Caesar, as in Petrarch, not a unified view of the hero, but his monuments, offices, and traditions. Erudition and specialized knowledge here become the purpose; the detail is more important than the whole. The work is best indicative of that later stage of humanism in which a pious search for the disclosures of history had become congealed and petrified into the philistine enjoyment of a safe and sane antiquarianism. The enthusiasm of the discoverer is stifled by the plethora of his possessions. The book also reveals the northern type of historical investigation, a type based rather on a solid interest in things than on a lively sense of personalities. Goltzius has no later objections on Caesar than those derived from Petrarch. The latter's enthusiastic compilation is more plastic and vigorous; it has a freshness of feeling for Caesar's nature and destiny completely lacking in the portly collector, in spite of the latter's express admiration for the divinely inspired founder of the empire, the master of all the arts of war and peace.

The new art of diplomacy and war, at once a culmination and an expression of the detachment of mundane powers from the universal frames of the spirit, impelled even humanists to engage in special studies of antiquity no longer concerned only with the rhetorical form, or with merely lending assistance to practical persons, but also with an independent knowledge of the things of the past, stimulated by the instructive experiences of the present. These knowers—with the boundless self-confidence of a newly awakened human reason—actually display their faith

in the instructability of the doers, in the communicability of acquired views, in the power of rules and patterns. Machiavelli is the founder and master of this literature, an extraordinary intelligence dominated far less by the volition of a diplomat than by a passionate love of knowledge, the subject in his case being state affairs, a humanist and man of culture throughout, therefore an esthetic admirer of Cesare Borgia, whose weighty deeds entranced him more than his goal in spite of Machiavelli's patriotic interpretation of Cesare Borgia's esthetic admiration—above all a Ciceronian and Livian, by reason of a vehement inner sympathy: therefore a political-literary adversary of Caesar, the fortunate Catilinarian, whom fame has crowned merely owing to his good fortune. Machiavelli is a more powerful and more compact precursor of Montesquieu.

Such writings are distinguished from the historical learning of early humanism by their simplicity and matter-of-fact-ness; they are no longer concerned with the exaltation of the spirit but with the instruction of the mind for definite purposes; they are distinguished from the eloquent flourishes of courtiers and pedagogues by their concern with present-day matters; from the later war and diplomatic literature of the men of action—such as the Duc de Rohan, Maurice of Orange, Turpin de Crissé, Pécis, Guischard, Folard, Frederick the Great, Napoleon by their contemplative origin: they are not gestures or reflections of the will, but products of a perhaps passionate yet self-complacent meditation on old books, a meditation which might, of course, be of use in practical life. Insofar as they occupy themselves with Caesar, these humanistic monographs all have in common an extra-moral evaluation of the general: there is no thought for his purely human virtues and vices, for his political justice and injustice, for the totality of his greatness as a ruler. On the other hand, there is a faith in the flawless master of war and his superiority to the other military monarchs, including Scipio and Alexander. These writers begin with the *captatio benevolentiae* to the effect that Caesar will always remain the pattern of a field marshal deserving

of study, the greatest warrior of the greatest warrior nation is "the sole and unique master of war to the end of time" as Brancaccio calls him. Of course, these men are thorough cognoscenti of the Caesarean Commentaries; the extent of their knowledge of the military art itself is hidden from us and is—furthermore—a matter of indifference in the history of Caesar's fame, which concerns itself with the essence and character of the man, not with the tools of his handicraft.

Beginning with Leon Battista Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci, we already find numerous references to technical details in Caesar's Commentaries. The first exhaustive book of this group, the conversations on the merits and deeds of Caesar published in 1540 by Floridus, still half belongs to the series of rhetorical tournaments concerned with the primacy of various heroes like that fought between Guarini and Poggio. As to its literary type, it is associated with Lucian's *Conversation of the Dead* concerning the fame of Alexander, Hannibal and Scipio, but limits its treatment to their warlike prowess and deeds—expressly discarding political and moral judgments, to erect the deeds of Caesar as a pattern for just the declining military art of its contemporaries. Floridus again enumerates these deeds, with the specific military details, discussing rather their numbers and variety than their methods and devices, and comparing them with those of Scipio, Pompey, Marius, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander and other ancients, arriving at the conclusion that Caesar excels all the others by the compass and versatility of his victories as well as by the permanence and greatness of his good fortune, making him a most worthy pattern of a general. This determination of the facts is more important to Floridus than a military demonstration of their manner. He writes a rhetorical school composition with historical suggestions for practical men, who could hardly have done much with its aid, however.

Far more learned and detailed is the work of Peter Ramus on Caesar's art of war (1559). This manly and well-stocked spirit, as capable in the study of words as in that of things, philologist,

philosopher and mathematician, the bold adversary of all parroted technique in thinking and speaking, with the impetuous Renaissance thirst for reality and the sober Frenchman's love of clarity —was drawn to Caesar by the compactness and clearness of his tangible existence, and therefore he determined to seize him in his quality as a Roman, in his art of war, perhaps as a protest to the oratorical flourishes of other writers. Ramus' book reviews most carefully in its five sections—without any rhetorical adornments, as definite in its conceptions as in its statements of fact—Caesar's military resources and principles, giving a systematic, almost tabular view of the organization and divisions of the Roman army, camp methods and military discipline, strategy and battle tactics by land and sea. It is a philosophy of war, with examples drawn from Caesar's Commentaries. The reader notes the philosophical spirit, combined with philological training, as he may note in Clausewitz—who counts Ramus among his few forerunners—a military mind trained in the school of philosophy.

Ramus' book is distinguished from the other positivistic writings of the post-Petrarchian culture concerned with Caesar's generalship, by reason of this sense of principles, which does not, however, ignore the facts but is based upon them. Saint-Gabriel Syméon in his *Césare renouvelé* (Paris, 1558), adds nothing to the enumeration of Caesar's actions but a few military maxims: it is a little military narration accompanied by marginal glosses. Brancaccio's Italian book on true discipline and military art according to the Commentaries of Julius Caesar (Venice, 1582) is a mirror for soldiers and generals; the author makes the same use of history as Xenophon in the *Cyropædia*, namely, only for purely military-educational purposes. The essay on the new military discipline according to the teachings of Caesar (Venice, 1585), perhaps inspired by Brancaccio, thereupon completes the process by drawing from the faith in Caesar's exemplariness, which had contented itself hitherto with determining, pondering and venerating the facts, the pedantic conclusion; and, from Caesar's procedure, the obligatory rules for the present day. Ramus' book of

reality, Symeon's reader, Brancaccio's work of edification, are here succeeded by a grammatical treatise. Nor is the dictionary lacking, the work of love for individual details to be used at the reader's will in practice: a German, Neumair von und zu Ramsla, a comrade-in-arms of Duke Bernhard of Weimar, undertook this task in his *Militärische Erinnerungen und Regeln aus Cäsars Commentarien* (Erfurt, 1637), after having translated Brancaccio's work into German in 1620. If Opitz belongs to the retinue of Petrarch, so Neumair is one of the rearguard of the humanistic monograph literature which spread all over the European countries from the Italian ducal courts; Neumair treats the individual data of war as a dictionary treats words and phrases, giving the references to Caesar's writings. The scientific military literature of this period and with this treatment also includes the plans of battles in the Caesar editions of the great Andrea Palladio and of Jacopo Strada (both in 1575); the woodcuts in Strada's work are based on the results found by a military-technical commission appointed by Charles V.

All these half-practical, half-learned accumulations and their like, many of which have disappeared or not been refound, were evidences of a fame that had been created and formulated by Petrarch, but they have had as little effect in altering and magnifying this fame as has the rhetoric which reduced and polished Petrarch's findings into numberless commonplaces. They merely afforded a broader stock of knowledge than Petrarch possessed to the general literature of culture which now took the place of medieval universal handbooks, just as rhetoric afforded the same literature more fluent formulas. The plastic and vigorous quality of the first humanistic Caesar-image was lost in the process, without resulting in the gain of any new yardstick or point of view. The school textbooks of universal history rehearsed the story of events, corrected from a more precise knowledge of the ancients, and occasionally appended a more or less accurate statement of Caesar's qualities from Suetonius or Pliny; without exception, even when they were produced by extraordinary minds like Melanchthon

or Sleidanus, they are mediocre compilations. Whatever independence or originality they possessed, was in the rearrangement of the material as determined by a new guiding thought, usually religion, as in Melanchthon-Carion, Sleidanus, Sebastian Franck, and not in an independent view or revaluation of traditional personages and images of events. In the most widely read general history of the Sixteenth Century—and, by reason of its compact and concise arrangement, the most usable—namely, Sleidanus' little book *De quattuor summis imperiis*, Caesar is given a place as the founder of the fourth monarchy as predicted in the Book of Daniel, but the conception of his personality, also that of Roman history in general—aside from the Biblical superstructure—goes back to Petrarch. We shall have more to say concerning the fusion of the Petrarchian humanism with the pious Lutheran veneration of the Bible, and shall trace its vagaries in the course of its European meanderings. It was only in Italy that the rebirth of a spirit which was classical or considered classical accomplished itself almost unimpeded and unalloyed; here emanated the formulas of the classical Caesar fame to be later absorbed by every European culture, or, particularly in Germany, to be obscured by the reformation antidote. In almost all countries in which humanism was not capable of putting through its evaluation of antiquity before the Rococo period, we encounter the Church less frequently than we encounter Lutheranism. Luther and his successors are the actual counterforce of Humanism in the subsequent centuries, whether it be in open struggle waged by the Cross against a reborn Olympus, or in a hidden tension between the soul as such, of infinite value in God, and a personality tried by the world, unique in quality, sufficient unto itself. The struggle between God and Caesar was rekindled by Petrarch and Luther, after individual men like Innocent III, Emperor Frederick II, and Dante, had almost effected a conciliation. Not in Petrarch himself, but immediately after him and as a result of his instigation, there begins the most powerful drive on the part of the Caesar impulse against the kingdom of God that the world was to witness before

the days of Napoleon: the Italian condottieri. The new fame of Caesar here lives again, as it were, becoming fruitful and incarnate in flesh and blood, after rhetoricians had adulterated it into smooth maxims and pedants dissected it into dry data. Petrarch's living Caesar-thoughts long for embodiment in living doers and for sensual perpetuation in images, and these thoughts begot their offspring more vigorously in a few powerful men in whom the Caesar discovered by Petrarch had become a fruitful secret wish-image and pattern, and in Andrea Mantegna, the lordly artist who conjured the hovering visions of Caesarean greatness into plastic tangibility in space, than in the facile chiselers of words and collectors of things.

The princes and leaders of the Italian Rinascimento are almost without exception conscious emulators of Caesar; their often magnificent talents and passions and their usually limited experiences and resources were not drawn from literature; they found these things in nature and destiny, whose miraculously awakened and original creatures they feel themselves to be. But had it not been for the constant training afforded by the masters of history, particularly by Caesar and Scipio Africanus, none of these men would have been so firm, so distinct, so dominated by thought: this training affords them hints for their style of life, as Cicero and Virgil afford the humanists hints for their style of writing. Beginning with the Emperor Frederick II, Caesar is more and more a personal pattern, that is, simultaneously a direct and recognized collaborator of the present, aside from the magic historical prestige as a name, an achievement, an idea, a tragedy. For Emperor Frederick II, the figure of Caesar was still indissoluble from his sacred office, and the vastness of his empire was an essential element in the condition of his Caesar heritage. He was the last man before Charles V who might dare sanely to advance this claim by reason of his office alone; he was the first after Julian who raised this claim by virtue of his personal genius. After Frederick's day, his office declined in such measure as to permit the fatigued or wise and sober bourgeois emperors no ex-

altation to such pride; the Caesar-dream, the Caesar-intoxication had effervesced. On the other hand, it was precisely the personality of Caesar that became more distinct and more enticing. In the place of the mystical emperor embodying a sanction of eternal validity and a domination of universal spaces needed by his properties and deeds for their proper setting, there appeared an historical character who had achieved a fame and glory on earth which were rendered indispensable only by reason of his natural gifts. Ordinary human methods did not avail in the emulation of the medieval Caesar; his *imitatio* was a divine grace, not a terrestrial achievement. His distinction was conferred together with the supremacy inherent in any emperor by election or heredity, and he might merely show himself equal or not to this distinction; no pattern would be of any avail, only the sanction itself. Yet each reader of the Caesar histories might, by virtue of his faith in reason or his vigorous health, consider it possible to imitate the gait of the imperious hero, the manner of the warrior, the habits and draperies of the sublime ruler, the traits of the public or private individual, from his hopes down to his ultimate destinies, as any individual impelled by ambition might try to carry them out. As rhetoric is in some way associated with mimicry, as an inhibited urge to action often expresses itself in the writing of history, so humanism outlined for the awakened individuality the very form of life in which it might organize itself and grow, determine itself and perpetuate itself. For, each new impulse not only creates for itself new channels for discharge and new fields of action, but also new images of manifestation; the more powerful, the more extensive and elevated will be its tension, and the steepest celebrity is precisely the one most chosen for ascent by a vigorous impetuosity. This is what the Renaissance man called glory: to be a figure ever in the eyes of men, like the Romans and Greeks, "whose names shine forth". While God was still the conferrer of rank and quality, the struggle for such fame was unthinkable: but now, a dormant possession became an

animate force and a name emerged from the stage of incantation into that of image.

There ensued a mighty struggle waged by active spirits with their predecessors who had conquered a throne in the Olympia of fame, particularly with Caesar, who had achieved the most distinct personal image by reason of Petrarch, and who, owing to the manifoldness of his gifts, afforded an opportunity for the most varied imaginings and imitations, without suffering any loss as a unified closed personality. Having once hovered before Petrarch or Enea Silvio as the idol of their private weaknesses, how much more must his public values charm true leaders! First, as a general: his wars and victories were more numerous, more varied, more illustrious than those of any other person. His superiority as a general was admitted even by the censors of his morals, and the mediators between knowledge and action, the military writers after Machiavelli, took most of their suggestions from his Commentaries, in fact, this peculiar professional literature was concerned precisely with Caesar's military art as the most exemplary. Thus, we often find in ordinary mercenary officers a Caesar-cult addressed in the first place to the master of battles, but later to the hero himself. Colleoni had his tomb engraved with a bust of Caesar and called one of his grandsons Julius Caesar. Giovanni delle Bande Nere is reminded on his deathbed, when vomiting, of a similar incident in Caesar's life. To the north of the Alps, Marshal Blaise de Montluc writes his *Memoirs* following the custom "of the greatest general that ever lived". Peter Ramus dedicates his book on Caesar's art of war to Lazarus Schwendy, in fact, celebrated generals down to the Nineteenth Century are delighted to have editions of Caesar or books on Caesar dedicated to them with appropriate homage: thus, Sieur Perrot d'Ablancourt's translation is dedicated to the great Condé; Clarke's luxurious edition to Marlborough, including the most beautiful engraving of Caesar from the Baroque period, which has a special dedication to Prince Eugene; Goeler's book on Caesar's wars is dedicated to Moltke.

But Caesar meant even more to the cultured war-princes and tyrants who created new thrones for themselves by force or cunning, tricking them out with art and science—masters by their own strength or by questionable inheritance—than to the soldiers. They need Caesar as a pattern of violent mastery whose glory goes so far as to give sanction to violations of justice and whose personal greatness grants authority and justification for anything. Caesar's fame, more than Scipio's and Alexander's, was for them a new source of legitimacy, and their involuntary hero worship was here commingled with thoughts of state when they might refer to the most splendid of usurpers. Two figures of light and two figures of darkness predominate in this group of Caesar's disciples, and their great prototype molds their characters in various directions, even as they themselves conceive him in their own image. The nonchalant, indifferent, the chivalrously urbane Federigo di Montefeltro, whose mind was early inflamed for Caesar by his teacher Vittorino, emulated the wise cultured ruler, the classic among doers. More than Caesar's sword he admired his style; the Commentaries were the favorite book of this passionate and pensive bibliophile. The gorgeous and high-spirited Arragonese Alfonso of Naples bemourned the unattainable magnanimity and grandeur of Caesar—Alfonso is also an enthusiastic reader of the Commentaries. In his triumphal entrance procession, Alfonso has the laurel crowned Caesar sitting on the terrestrial sphere interpret the virtues for him; far beyond the normal practice of the Renaissance, he deigns to apply leniency in the treatment of hated adversaries, not only by personal inclination, but also in an almost historic imitation of the Caesarean *clementia.*

The high spirit of Caesar continued to live in Federigo and Alfonso; in Sigismondo Malatesta and Cesare Borgia, it was his obdurate will; to transgressors in passion or cold blood he appealed less as the wise noble wielder of power than as its lawless conqueror. Sigismondo erected a column on the market place at Rimini to commemorate the crossing of the Rubicon, to associate his name with Caesar's forever. Cesare Borgia, bewitched and

preordained to superstition if only for his name alone, seems occasionally to have felt himself to be a reincarnation of Caesar. No other individual so continuously and so profoundly breathes in the memory of Caesar: he repeats Caesar's triumphal procession and constantly confuses his own love of splendor with that of the world conqueror; he adorns his sword with the two admonishing symbols, Caesar's venture and Caesar's reward: the crossing of the Rubicon, the triumphal procession. Caesar teaches him an audacity ready to win all; and it is he who recoins Caesar's adage "Rather be first in a village than second in Rome" into the more concise and savage formula "*Aut Caesar aut nihil*", which is the motto of the gambler ready for complete achievement or the depths of degradation. His half-astonished, half-terrified contemporaries understood and interpreted his threatening suggestions and almost forgot the difference between the endowments and spirits involved, by reason of the unparalleled audacity of the metaphor.

Caesar's subduer also, Julius II, the mighty man who combined and almost burst asunder the talents for peace and war of an emancipated personality with the super-personal sanction of the papacy, considered himself to be a successor to his namesake rather than to St. Peter. The mere fact of his naming himself for the pagan ruler is an act of homage to humanism, also an evidence of the condottieri spirit. The delicate belletrist Enea Silvio Piccolomini would hardly have dared go so far in his earlier day, althought an obscure Julius in the first period of the Holy See afforded at least an ecclesiastical pretext. In this case again, the Italians understood the intention of the Emperor-Pope and lauded his "Caesarean mind" without any pious indignation. He celebrated his victorious entrance into Bologna in the old Caesar manner which had been restored in Naples by Alfonso and in Rome by Cesare Borgia. A eulogistic volume presents his picture surrounded by imperial heads, *Julii gloria* and *Augusti victoria*. And this cult is no longer intended, like that of Boniface VIII, for the office of Caesar, but for his person. Julius no longer thought

to subject emperordom to papacy or absorb it in the papacy, as had Gregory or Boniface, but he wished to be a mighty lord like the first Julius, and a mighty man of the Lord. To be sure, he had, together with the limited resources of an Italian petty prince, the still magnificent spiritual power of the Church. He served the Church with a mundane ardor and will, not with the short-breathed ambition of an individual or of a dynasty, but with the sense of the super-personal endurance of the realm entrusted to him. He never sacrificed to his personal glory that of the Church, and in spite of his love of worldly fame renounced the privilege of being immortalized by the art of Michelangelo in favor of the Cathedral of St. Peter whose completion he did not live to see and whose splendor did not glorify him. This surrender of even his mundane volition to his super-mundane task is his peculiar greatness as compared with the typical Italian tyrant whom he otherwise resembles in the ingredients and the energy of his gifts. He ruled as if to show that he felt obliged to give evidence of mundane fame like Caesar, though legitimitized by the highest sanction of Christendom; it follows that one may doubt whether it was his genius that served the Church or the papacy that lent wings to his genius. For him, at least, Caesar is an historical pattern and not a sacred name, he admired him not as a pope, but as a prince of the Renaissance.

Much as the magical Caesar sanction had been dimmed after the fall of the Hohenstaufen emperors, it was by no means extinguished, and the humanistic glory of his future as a general or as a ruler was imperiously mixed, in the legitimate rulers of the time, with the after-glory of the first emperor. Caesar remained a model not only for those who based an otherwise dubious authority on their own personal gifts, but also an original prototype of legitimate monarchy, particularly to the north of the Alps, where the medieval feelings were retained more tenaciously. While, for example, in the south, Manfred (quite in the condottieri manner, although still in the medieval language) invoked Charles as the ruler by his own right, Henry VII announced himself as

Caesar's successor in office without any personal emulation. And as can be seen from his records, Emperor Frederick II almost literally copies a formula dealing with Caesar's clemency. Charles IV's Golden Bull still continues to trace back the fall of the angels, the fall from grace, the Trojan and Pharsalic wars, to Satan. Here there is no trace of humanistic hero or ruler worship, and Petrarch's admonishing requirements of the binding pattern of Julius Caesar were more a nuisance than a flattery to Charles IV. On the other hand, beginning with the Fourteenth Century, humanistic notions and impulses find their way into the feudal feelings of enterprising and ambitious princes. Charles the Bold of Burgundy, a concoction of a Renaissance tyrant and a feudal duke, an adventurer and calculator, dreams of conquering the world on the path of Alexander and Caesar, yet conceives both according to his own face, as chivalrous military princes with personal ambition and a new state organism. The Caesar-tapestries at Berne, which come down to us either from Charles directly or at least from the atmosphere that surrounded him, afford a notion of how the story of Charles appealed to the peculiar combination of overheated enthusiasm and cold calculation represented in the never clear-thinking spirit of Charles the Bold; pomp and armor are still of the medieval type, but Caesar, no longer wearing a beard, already begins to present distinguishable features, obviously those of the Burgundian duke himself: an awakening of the sense of personal form, as yet vague, from a long allegorical-magical slumber. Charles the Bold had Caesar's Commentaries translated into French for his personal use, as the learned King Charles V of France had done before him, as King Charles VIII did after him.

Just as the Latin editions of Caesar's writings were mostly executed for the private use of the humanists, so the earliest translations were mostly prepared for high personages who wished to know the deeds of the hero in their own language, that is, to utilize them in their own circle of action—rather practical than learned performances. The first Italian version was ordered

from Pier Candido Dezembrio by Duke Filippo Maria Visconti; the second such version was executed by Ortica della Porta for a doge of Genua; the first German translation was dedicated to Emperor Maximilian by Ringmann, not without a sycophantic allusion to the translator's belief that the emperor could have read the original Latin.

In Maximilian we have a combination of a new world sense and a time honored association similar to that found in Charles the Bold, but Maximilian is a brighter and probably a richer nature. The difference between their ages (Maximilian lived when humanism had reached its full zenith) was compensated for by the difference in their province and language: it was possible for the Burgundian to be as far humanized in 1450 as the German was in 1500. Maximilian adds to the tension existing between the sense of chivalry and the political as well as humanistic Renaissance spirit, an imperial sense which is no longer an eschatological dream, as in Otto III, or a genius' self-deification as in Frederick II, nor merely dynastic as in Charles V, but with a mixture of the utmost exaggerations of personal demands, universal ambitions and mystical dignity. This versatility was an adornment to Maximilian but, owing to the lack of a dominant central strength, also an obstacle: the difficulties he encountered in the outer world were merely a response to the unadjusted tendencies of his ever-stimulated, never quite fulfilled, more rich than powerful, inner being. His manifold activities, his general versatility, reminded his contemporaries of Caesar, at least we find this comparison recorded frequently (most emphatically in Bebel and Gengenbach) with the result that one is tempted to trace them to the emperor's own desire. In general, as a matter of fact, this type of flattery, particularly in the pronounced court literature, will afford us an indication of the desire of the ruler, and when rulers have left no expressions from their own mouths, the dedications they deigned to receive will often serve as an interpretation of their tacit suggestions. Maximilian's preoccupation with Caesar's Commentaries, which at that time became a breviary for

princes and generals, is certified in our eyes not only by Ringmann's dedication, but also by the emperor's remark that Caesar writes well and naturally, but about himself. This is a critical epigram on Caesar's style and credibility fully in the tone of the humanistic culture. No purely medieval spirit could have expressed himself in this manner, but then, no humanist would have thought of publishing a *Teuerdank;* the cleavage in the character of the last knight and first humanist on the German imperial throne may be estimated from these facts.

Immediately after Maximilian, there follows the ever more emphatic emergence of the modern national spirit, of which the humanistic culture is one of the resources of power and adornment, through the feudal sanction, or the national spirit subordinates the faith in the feudal sanction to its own service. The three symbolic rulers in this final struggle between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in public life were Francis I in France, Henry VIII in England, and—most important of all—Emperor Charles V. All three took pleasure in being compared with Caesar and patterned themselves consciously after Caesar.

Francis I still vacillates between a form of chivalry and a calculating desire for power like Maximilian, but he unquestioningly sacrifices the sacred sanction to the ends of the state or the dynasty. Reason itself had already set its own new gods in the place of the old magic of faith—one of these gods was the state. Napoleon's adage "Politics is destiny" is already beginning to be a truth. Side by side with this process, however, there went on a decorative trifling, now with the old chivalrous dignities, now with the new heroic images. Francis permits himself to be glorified in the humanist manner as Caesar, conqueror of the Helveti (his mother often calls him Caesar) and simultaneously he introduces the Nine Worthies, the typical lights of chivalry, in a triumphal procession in which the classic form discovered by Petrarch is endowed with a pre-Petrarchian content.

Henry VIII was already devoid of chivalry, an icy yet voluptuous statesman, far more inclined to classic splendor than to

feudal splendor. In his reign, Caesar was first translated into English, continuing to remain the favorite of Britons from that day, the day in which the solid and plastic statesmanship of Rome was first restored in a European country. Henry VIII is the first English ruler in whom the sober tenacity and long-winded strength of will of his tribe appears in the cultural forms of the Renaissance. He had an ironically smiling Erasmus endow him with all the classical virtues of a ruler: the love of learning of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Alexander's good fortune, Caesar's strength of will, Augustus's reason, Trajan's clemency, the purity of Alexander Severus and the piety of Theodosius; and his court chaplain Colet was obliged to admonish him rather to emulate Christ than Julius and Alexander.

While these two despots remained attached to a court tendency within national bounds, Charles V, impelled by his higher rank, his greater earnestness, and his broader realm, put forth the idea of a European state: a combination of a feudal overlordship based on sanctions and fidelities, with a rationally established, maintained and enhanced power to embrace not only the resources of the dynasty, but, far more than was so in the Middle Ages, the personal spiritual being and ability of the monarch, the human values that had held ground since Petrarch, means of expression and concrete possessions. Charles V entered upon the sublime office which still was considered a world stewardship and which seemed only to be waiting for one who would pour a new content into its outlines which had been somewhat impoverished since the days of the Hohenstaufen emperors; and the new monarch's slow but direct and emphatic feeling for the state, unimpeded either by his Catholic devotion to the faith or his Spanish sense of honor, as keen and bold as any of the most cunning Italian tyrants, advanced a claim that embraced the earth, and was richer in possessions than any German emperor before. Such new content could be supplied in that day from two sources: personal genius and actual power. Emperor Frederick II found the full-blown idea ready made and enhanced his own genius far more by its glory

than he renewed the idea by his genius: he is the emperor of genius, not a genius that happens also to bear the imperial crown. It is a Renaissance man—for such he was—marching from his emperordom, not entering into his emperordom; as a king of Sicily, he would probably never have amounted to much more than Alfonso of Aragon, but his imperial stature also imparted world-radiance and world-energy to his own state. Charles V does not equal Frederick II in personal gifts and certainly not in his creative talents; nowhere do his knowledge or his premonition break a new path, though he is fully able to keep abreast of the knowledge and achievements of the contemporary enlightenment, as well as with the imaginings and aspirations of the contemporary piety. Yet, he excelled the Hohenstaufen emperor in imperial power to an extent that almost compensates for the difference in regal ability, affording the imperial idea for the first time since Frederick II, the backbone worthy of its world proportions. Yet this new prop—simple objective authority, actual possessions—was stranger to its sense than the wisdom and greatness of a creative human being. In its origin, that is, in its essence, the emperordom undoubtedly means might, but it means genius far more; it was Caesar's genius that made his might, not his might that made his genius. The modern state with which Charles V—almost against his will—was obliged to fuse his emperordom, consumed the latter more than it extended it, and finally, to spite Charles himself, broke the emperordom completely. Hapsburg was growing, not to benefit the empire, but at the empire's expense. After Charles V, there no longer existed an emperordom that was simultaneously powerful and worthy of faith, and its throne—as if to punish the abuse of an idea—was never again occupied by a genial emperor or by an imperial genius. Geniuses may grow only from fresh ideas, not from ideas that have been worn out, and they now arose from the new ideas of state and authority, not from the outlived ecumenic values; they grow from the new freedom of the soul and spirit, not from the vanishing celestial compulsion. The soil that had produced Gregory, Fred-

erick II and Dante now lay fallow, while Petrarch, Martin Luther, Emperor Henry IV and Shakespeare were blossoming from fresh acres. Considered as a Spanish king and a dynastic Hapsburg statesman, Charles V is a modern ruler of high rank, a forerunner of Richelieu; considered as a Catholic emperor, he is a faded epigone of the Hohenstaufens.

But, though his person as well as the imperial dignity were overburdened with ex-centric possessions and obligations, with Spanish, Flemish, Hapsburgian and trans-oceanic special dominions, all of which did not center in the emperordom and were connected with it only by the accident of a personal union, Charles still felt a belated sense of his office, which he occupied with more mind and dignity than any of his successors. Perhaps Ferdinand I is still his equal in diplomatic skill, but it was Charles V who was the last to devote to the empire—before it lapsed into a spiritless machine of government and possession—the true "Catholic" spirit in which the imperial spirit of Rome still lives on. The Catholicism of the later Hapsburgs is no longer an imperial attitude, like the medieval Catholicism and—to a certain extent—that of Charles V, but a private faith or an ecclesiastical diplomacy. With the Reformation, the empire ceases to be a Catholic "empire". Charles V is the last of the Caesars, that is, he is the last bearer of the universal dignity, not only by reason of his power, but also because of his complete consciousness of its idea. It was not without reason, therefore, that he was simply and pregnantly termed "Caesar" in the historical literature of his day; furthermore, he was considered to be a particular admirer of the first emperor. He frequently connects or contrasts himself with Caesar, for instance, when he compares his own Christian origin with Caesar's pagan origin: it is his lot to work not only for fame, but also for salvation, a circumstance that limits his effectiveness. Or, after the Battle of Mühlberg, he distorts the *"veni vidi vici"* into "I came, I saw, God conquered".

But Charles V is not only a Christian emperor who renews the authority and idea of the great Julius, but he is also the cultured

Renaissance ruler, who admires Caesar as a personal parent and examines his writings to draw political and military knowledge from them. He ordered Viceroy Fernando Gonzaga of Naples to conduct special excavations along Caesar's path in France to determine military-technical details. Charles V's personal copy of the Commentaries is preserved at Madrid with his numerous marginal notes. Even in his monastic retirement at San Yuste, he took with him only a few books of edification, two astronomical works and—as temporal reading—his own history, as well as an Italian translation of the Commentaries.

A matter-of-fact objective exploitation of the great model is already a trait of the late Renaissance and the Baroque, when things, resources, goods, multiply and differentiate at the expense of the humans whom they were intended to support and aid. Just as Charles is no longer able to fully permeate the great empire that stands before him, a huge structure of things, so Caesar is in his eyes no longer a living direct parent as he had been for the Italian monarchs of the early Renaissance; Caesar is Charles' instructor, not so much by reason of Caesar's nature, as through his conduct and procedure. The same element that distinguishes the books of Peter Ramus and Hubertus Goltzius from those of Petrarch also distinguishes Charles V's worship of Caesar from the Caesar-worship of Alfonso or Cesare Borgia, even from that of Charles the Bold: a purely human culture has already declined into a knowledge of things. One of the tasks of geniuses of this and all future ages is to fuse the wayward independent materials and resources in all fields again and again, so that they become once more a living human culture. This is one of the elements in the glory of Montaigne and Shakespeare, who restored life to a Caesar-memory that had already been subjected to an antiquarian grossness or a reduction to mere decorative formulas.

It is in the immediate environment of Charles V, or at least in his atmosphere, that the exhaustive Caesar histories of the Sixteenth Century are produced: the above mentioned book of coins by Hubertus Goltzius, Pedro Mexia's *Lives of the Emperors from*

Caesar to Charles V, and Schiapollaria's *Vita di Cesare*—the latter printed at Antwerp in 1578. All three are permeated with the new imperial Hapsburg glory, the product rather of a faith in ideas than of an awe for power; all three are richer in materials, poorer in form, more deficient in images, than the purely humanistic Caesar-literature. Goltzius is essentially the learned antiquary. Pedro Mexia, a Spanish court-historian of Charles V, and Schiapollaria, a Genoese in the Hapsburg service, write like historians with courtly-political aims, recounting the deeds of Caesar for the magnification of the imperial power. Pedro Mexia's book is the first exhaustive European history of the emperors to unite the stylistic accomplishments of the humanists with their antiquarian annalistic knowledge, without new investigations or judgments, but with a smooth style and a neat, concise construction, equally removed from the arid notebook erudition of antiquarian books of coins and imperial conquests as from the verbose inflation of the orators—not a universal history, but a series of biographies, and as such the most usable universal collection of the entire Renaissance, well deserving its European success. The biography of Julius Caesar, which is executed with particular affection, is at the same time a popular history and a warm panegyric of the strongest, wisest, and most magnificent and illustrious of heroes, akin to Petrarch's book in view and judgment (perhaps Mexia knew Petrarch's book), but already more political, more cultural, and—in spite of all its rhetorical smoothness—more arid.

Schiapollaria affords an awkward hodgepodge of historical details, antiquarian observations and political-moralizing tracts in favor of the monarchy. His desire to utilize his erudition makes his book confused and soggy, since it lacks a general view or arrangement, and instead of a historical sequence or a unified portrayal of a character, it gives us a mass of biographical details taken from the ancients, interspersed with bromidic remarks and oratorical digressions. The loosely constructed work is of value only as a symptom of the Hapsburg imperial mood which here makes use of Caesar's history for its own purposes of publicity.

In view of the stationary type of the Hapsburg court literature, we may add to these books that which was published in 1632 and dedicated to Emperor Ferdinand II by Alessandro Guarino, a nobleman from Ferrara: *Il Cesare overo l'apologia di Cesare, primo imperatore di Roma.* A fidelity to the Hapsburg emperors is here associated with a Caesar-worship rising to the point of idolatry and resisting any attack by ancient or modern writers as equivalent almost to blasphemy, lese majesty, and personal derogation. With the linguistic technique still characteristic of the early humanistic rhetors—for instance, of his namesake from Verona—and on the basis of the Aristotelian doctrine of the state and morals, Guarino advanced a thousand testimonies for the right, the virtue and the greatness of his hero, accompanied by savage attacks on his adversaries, including even Cicero and Cato, and on his rival in fame, Alexander—in order to prove that every step taken by Caesar has been—in spite of all criticism—good, wise, beneficent, necessary, desired by God, while the opposition to it has been foolish, selfish, or ruthless; every censure, as depicted, is due to envy, treachery, blindness or ingratitude. For Guarino, Caesar is the incomparable pattern of all heroic greatness, of monarchic wisdom, in fact of human virtue; his is Dante's ideal monarch, sent by God himself to endow the emperordom with the most righteous and mighty of origins. In this process, Guarino appropriates to himself views that lie properly behind his horizon, above his understanding; thus, he even lauds the notorious agrarian laws—which former writers had recognized or suppressed as mere acts of demagogy—as steps taken for the public welfare, as a righteous adjustment of property, and, in the same sense, though not with the consciousness and principle of Theodor Mommsen, only in order to praise Caesar at any price. This is no mere rhetorical drill for Guarino; he takes this attitude from his fanatical faith in the sanctity of the emperordom founded by Caesar and administered by Ferdinand, and also from an almost benighted enthusiasm for Caesar with which even important minds have been repeatedly afflicted since the days of

Petrarch: for instance, I. C. Scaliger, who was prevented from declaring Caesar a supermundane creature only by the fact of his death; Montaigne; Johannes von Müller; the Prince de Ligne. The bigotry of the Baroque-Catholics, the humanistic worship of persons and the antiquarian scholarship here combine in celebrating a new Caesar-cult, without the medieval faith in magic and without the Petrarchian vision for personal forms. Though he is learned and eloquent, Guarino is an awkward writer, full of blind partisan spirit; wherefore his enthusiasm has rather obscured and beclouded than revealed Caesar's image and been useful neither to learning nor to politics. The book remains remarkable as an effort to win friends for the Hapsburg emperordom by means of personal laudation of its pagan founder; a capricious brew of humanistic amateurishness and courtly Baroque piety; a retarded token of the condition created by Charles V through his dynastic secularization of the Catholic imperial idea.

It was precisely this condition which gave to Caesar's fame if not a new strength, then a new breadth and light. Caesar's fame was still closely associated with the fame of the office of emperor, as the founder of which he remains unforgotten. Any aggrandizement of his great creation in universal history redounded to his own glory, and as his name had again begun to shine under the Hohenstaufens, so his image began to shine under Charles V. For, since Petrarch, not only the name but the image also had begun to live again. It was perhaps Charles V who pushed Caesar's fame beyond the boundaries of European civilization: Sultan Soliman the Magnificent—we are told—emulating the celebrated ruler of the West and of the New World, concerning whose admiration for Caesar he had heard, had a translation of the Commentaries made. Charles V's courtiers pretend to discern an "*Imitatio Juliana*" in the life of the Sultan. It is more probable that the Sultan was here pursuing the traces of his mighty ancestor Mohamed II, the conqueror of Constantinople, whose eyes and whose fame-thirsty soul had come in contact with

the histories of Caesar together with other things and values obtained in his European loot. The Caesar-cult of the Great Sultans is not, however, a natural outgrowth of their own culture, but a foreign admixture.

Before pursuing Caesar's course in word or action beyond its most visible bearer (since the Petrarchian irruption), Charles V, let us once more consider the manner in which Petrarch's vision determined the Caesar-image. The graphic and plastic arts do not create a new era (neither does music), as does a new word or a new deed; they may exhibit the era or express it; often they do so more clearly and distinctly than these two less tangible powers of transformation. Almost as quickly as Caesar's memory had again become a mainspring of thought and action, it also began to serve for the adornment of a life that had become gayer, more mundane, more visible. The splendid and shining victors and monarchs had already been summoned before the inner eye by Petrarch, the leader of the *Zeitgeist*, in his *Trionfi* which were exactly the expression of his passionate groping for ancient things, his sensuous intuitive depiction of heroic conditions. These *Trionfi* inspired artists who held fast his hovering word in durable form or at least made present his vision for a few exalted moments, particularly in order to do homage to the prince by means of the new art of splendor and glory. The awakened senses and unfettered impulses are found together in such pictures of many colored magnificence and imperious arrogance such as were known only to a figure-worshiping antiquity. The proudest and most gorgeous of the ancient festivals were the triumphs; and of all the triumphs, Caesar's was the most central and mighty: the symbol for the founding of the emperordom itself. This triumph had occupied the imagination even before Petrarch: here again Emperor Frederick II was the first to follow in the path of Caesar's car. After the Battle of Cortenuova he writes to Rome that he wishes to have his victories celebrated after the fashion of the Caesars. But it is only after Petrarch that the allegorical-historical festive pageants of ancient heroes are made to serve as parables

for existing rulers on roads and walls. On the feast-day of John the Baptist, the favorite feast-day of the Florentines, Lorenzo has the church procession cut short to make room for four triumphs: those to Caesar, Pompey, Augustus and Trajan, whereat Savonarola fumes and fulminates. And if Caesar was made to serve as an adornment for spiritual feast-days, how much more for temporal victories! We are told of such, inaugurated by Alfonso, by Borso d'Este, by Cesare Borgia, by Federigo Gonzaga, and by Francis I in France. The imagination of princes and burghers had been fructified by the conceptions of the Caesarean celebration—parades through dense-packed throngs, flashing with arms, resplendent in many colors, musicians, retainers, warriors, lords; and the victor himself on his triumphal chariot, in gold, purple and laurels. A great energetic painter seized these effervescent impressions and held them fast by virtue of his precise knowledge, his penetrating vision and his masterful ability.

Andrea Montagna was an antiquarian of the school of Petrarch, but—if only because he was a painter—more concrete, more tangible, more hard. He was a proud, hard, bright flame, with a compact enthusiasm for everything that meant power, energy, dignity and force, and a creative artisan full of spirit, diligence and vision, the most Roman of the artists of the Renaissance, and after Michelangelo, the most imperious will. It was this man who, when commissioned by a prince of the early Renaissance to decorate a banquet hall, taking his material directly from the central point of the classical splendor, chose as the subject Caesar's Triumph, which he executed, not with the sophistication of a current language of forms and tokens, as a pictorial painter and orator might have done, but with a true prophetic sense of kinship, a fullness of knowledge and an eagerness for austere tension. Any master can treat any motive; but the motive seeks certain masters as if it lived only for them and only for their hour; as if it were awakened, even created, by them. Thus the formula of Caesar's Triumph, already full-blown since the days of Petrarch, was seeking its redeemer, who must be more Roman, more object-

ive, more imperious than the mere knowers and imitators; more learned, more concise, more monumental than the other painters, even presupposing their high degree of mastery. Montagna presents Caesar's glory to the senses in a single tangible instant, as Petrarch had presented it to the spirit in billows of thought and large gestures. Petrarch was the discoverer of the classic Caesar; Montagna was his definite proclaimer.

Montagna was one of those who already appreciated not only the Roman personalities but the Roman world that was theirs. In this respect he far excels Petrarch, and as a painter he approaches the period of antiquarian scholarship in humanism. He was at least as much attracted by Roman utensils, weapons, raiment, customs and edifices as by the victor's traits—yet his objectivity was still warm and ardent enough, that is, soulful enough, to preserve him from a mere accumulation of materials and to enable him to infuse the ancient objects with his personal spirit, in which the Renaissance feeling and the Roman sense commingled, without resorting to a pedantic naturalism. He paints not only collected objects, but also a general mood. He draws his Caesar from an old coin: the melancholy, cheerful, gently firm head with its lean neck and high brow. He has here not only copied the forms of the coin with the eye of a connoisseur, but felt from within the expression of the face. As the pomp of victory with its soldiers, senators, personalities, noise-makers, animals, etc., does not result in a theatrical tableau directed by an erudite stage manager, but in an antic confusion full of the atmosphere of destiny and a wholly sober seriousness; as the chariots, arms, turrets, statues, tubas, chains, are not the conventional museum-junk, but a breathing, rolling, jangling, resounding picture of high stature; so Caesar himself, the pinnacle and goal of this space-vision rich in incident, is not a stuffed figure, but an image created from within; the victor, superior to noise and tumult, somewhat fatigued of face, proud and magnanimous, with a slight touch of scorn and contempt, pleased no doubt with the celebration, but with no true love for it. Montagna did not know this

and hardly intended it, but the Caesar pictures from which he drew must have imparted some of their soul-content to him, and this he sought to express in his turn. His triumph of Caesar excels Petrarch in being the first restoration of Caesar's body together with—in fact, by means of—the Caesarean cosmos, not of such far reaching effect as the poet's winged words, yet the most fleshly and the most impressive objective product of the princely-humanistic cult of Caesar.

Mantegna's picture found many imitators and Caesar's triumph continues to shine until the decline of the aristocratic world, expressed in the form-language of each successive decade, either as a splendid adornment of many walls and tapestries, such as the fame of Caesar, his victory, or love, or book, in the numerous dedications and eulogies written by European Petrarchists. None of them treated the subject at first-hand and of his own spiritual depth, as did Mantegna, and the richest and strongest of all the painters in the grand style, simultaneously the most learned and princely, Rubens, could not have flattered Mantegna more genuinely than by taking over, in spite of his own inexhaustible gift of invention, precisely the forms and gestures of Mantegna's Caesar-procession and translating them into his own rich terms of color and illumination, as if this motif had never before attained its true expression.

The triumph was not the only subject in Caesar's history that became suitable for artistic treatment after Petrarch, although it was the most popular, being favored by the tangible events of everyday or gala occasions, which the painter needs even more than the poet. Pageants were very frequent—and Caesar's other glories were known only from books. And of the other glories, being the most obviously tangible, the most useful moments in Caesar's life for pictorial art, most attention was given to his decisive deed: the crossing of the Rubicon; to his greatest victory, the Battle of Pharsalus; and to his tragic end; but we must add another tragic scene: his receiving the head of Pompey (Giorgione is reputed to have painted such a picture) and a love-episode: Caesar and Cleo-

patra. These same events continued to be familiar and necessary to didactic and esthetic orators in Europe to the end of the Eighteenth Century; without their necessarily feeling or beholding anything kindred to them in these incidents.

Even more frequent than the histories or allegories were the reproductions of the busts and statues of the Imperator; most of the former being rather free inventions according to the data of Suetonius, the latter often following or counterfeiting their ancient models, of which Ulisse Aldrovandi still finds many available in Roman palaces in 1556, some genuine, some presumably so. A series of images of the Caesars, mostly from Suetonius and always beginning with Caesar, was as indispensable an adornment in domestic and park designing, first in Italy and later in the rest of Europe, as were saints and apostles for the churches. There were regular books of patterns for decorators, containing portraits of the Roman emperors. One such set is ascribed to Titian; his Caesar is available in several copies (one of them in the Castello degli Cesari on the Janiculus in Rome, one in the Residenz at Munich, one at Schloss Tratzberg in Tyrol) and often engraved in copper, as an impressive colossus of majestic mien and bearing, a great wand of generalship in his hand, a purple mantle over his armor, crowned with laurel, almost a menace to the spectator; the type of his physiognomy recalls the colossal Farnese bust at Naples, with which the painter was perhaps acquainted. Rubens also painted a breast-portrait of Caesar in imperial garb, an oval head with a broad mouth and somewhat cunning expression, hard and dry, rather a color study from an inadequate bust (something like the Berlin basalt bust) than the symbol of the Caesarean character. The title-page to Hubertus Goltzius' *Kaiserhalle* was engraved from a design by Rubens: in the upper center sits Julius Caesar enthroned, the first emperor, a terrestrial globe in his hand, a star over his head; about his feet stand, to the right and left, Constantine, the founder of the Christian empire, and Rudolf, the founder of the Hapsburg rule. Jacob Balde lauds the painting by Dürer representing Caesar, Pompey and Cato—

but the painting has been lost. All these works of art, devoid of the new spirit and the historical urge shown in Mantegna, serve as a festive drapery for the daily life of the aristocracy. In tracing the changing ideas in which we are interested, their individual shapes are less important than the fact that they were used pictorially at all, for it shows that Petrarchism has spread from the written page into the houses, castles and gardens of the Renaissance.

But the Brutus of Michelangelo is as different from the Caesar-pictures found in the rest of the Renaissance and Baroque art as are the tortuously constructed sonnets from the Petrarchian sing-song. This bust is the reflection of a passionately lonely soul full of sublime pride and bottomless mourning over the world's distress or his own shortcomings. The republican hero of liberty, like everything else that Michelangelo takes for a subject, becomes for him a parable of his own titanic torments and energies, his own huge tension between the pagan urge of created form and the Christian longing for redemption. His Brutus is not a homage to the republic, still less a decorative commonplace from Roman history. Michelangelo condemned Caesar's murder and approved Dante's judgment of Brutus and Cassius, no doubt for more mundane reasons than those held by the singer of emperordom: Michelangelo says it was a deed of thoughtless folly which prevented no wrongs and achieved much ill. Michelangelo does not love Caesar either and hesitates between an interpretation of his mighty rule as a necessary evil or as a bestial tyranny. The Caesarean empire of this world, a self-sufficient happy power, was a horror in his eyes, however much he loved energy and greatness.

The feeling of the later Renaissance for Caesar has already been tinged by the new piety that emanated from Germany. In other European countries this piety fused with humanism and never denied its esthetic values, that is, its sense for the grand style and for beauty of form, notwithstanding the severity of the pious judgment.

In Germany itself, where this piety grew forth and acquired im-

mense power and expression in the person of a tremendous soul, it weakened this esthetic sense for many generations, securing domination for the values of a social stratum which in the rest of Europe could barely make themselves felt by the side of the values of the court or the nobility—the petty bourgeois class. It is not our duty now to ask why this was the case, but simply to state the fact and determine its effect on Caesar's fame.

To be sure the Reformation all over Europe is a reaction of the Christian spirit to humanistic paganism, and the reformers make use of the humanistic achievements in the same unfamiliar and unsympathetic manner as the Fathers of the Church utilized the classical history and belles-lettres. But it was only in Germany that the pace was set by the stratum of society which had given birth to the new faith; in the other countries it was set by those who had opposed it or had adapted themselves to it. In the German lands, even princes, the nobility, the powerful burghers, walked in the train of the prophet who, though a genius, remained a petty bourgeois and an anti-humanist by taste and preference. In France and England the new word, to be sure, did advance with the new austerity, but it adapted itself to the minds of its high patrons, who were already thoroughly humanized, partly because humanism had penetrated those countries earlier and also because the Reformation reached them at a later, already less virulent, stage. Petrarch's spirit had already entered too profoundly into the civilization of non-German countries by 1530 to make it possible for Calvin's spirit to eradicate it completely. But in 1520, the Petrarchian influence in Germany was too weak to withstand Luther's frightful onslaught. In Germany humanism was Lutheranized, while in France it was Calvinism that was humanized. Thus, for example, the negation and gloom of a Calvin (to treat the subject from the point of view of our task) might reanimate the moral judgment of Cicero and Lucan as opposed to the sensual worship of the great man of antiquity, but it could not destroy the appreciation of his heroic destiny and dignity as in Germany.

What minimized Caesar in Germany was not an increase of morality at the expense of beauty or bigness, not the preponderance of a search for the beyond over the joy in mundane things, but the fusion of this creed with the narrow and gloomy ideas of the middle stratum that followed in Luther's wake. This stratum had existed before Luther, and it is not necessary to do more than compare the German translation of Caesar with the Italian, French, Spanish or English translations, to appreciate the difference between its toilsome stammering and the Roman will for earth and empire, the clear grasp of things and the sense of proportion, for measured and reasonable bounds. No doubt Ringmann is a humanist but he has no German words for the Latin values, because he has no German eye for them. The woodcuts for his Caesar (skillful and splendid as they are) depict the Kaiser Julius as a long-bearded German king in knightly armor. Once only, the wood engraver tries the antique costume, taking Caesar from a coin, in toga and laurels: it is a wretched composition. The non-German interpreters were also not masters of style, but they move more easily in the classical world by reason of an innate sense of dignity and taste: this world was familiar to the German through his books; it was not in his blood; it is for this reason that he converses with this world in Latin, his book language, and not in German, the language of his blood. The serious and touching efforts of German scholars like Hartlieb, Steinhöwel, Eybe, Niklas von Wyle to absorb, beginning with the late Middle Ages, the classical and neo-German culture were less successful than the efforts of the international classicists of the German nation to conventionalize their Germany and sterilize it as a literary land of Latin. While the former naturalized consuls and imperators into town-mayors and sheriffs, the latter disguised their town-councilors as senators and their mercenaries as legionairies. These are the two phases of the gulf that existed between the life and the thought of German civilization.

In all countries the new human values struggled with the medieval compulsion of religion; the modern personality fought

with names and tokens. But while in the rest of Europe humanism constantly made headway, at least among the upper classes, and gradually supplanted or absorbed magic and legend, Germany was characterized by the introduction of a third element, an element which was neither a Catholic faith in magic nor a humanistic love of forms, but essentially a Germanic mental maelstrom, a veneration for spirit and word hostile both to forms and magic, a petty bourgeois spirit with a theological training varying with place and station, both genius and daimon in its personal measure! Genius may descend on any race and stratum, thus bestowing on it a power or value, a word or a sword, and Luther did this for the middle class in Germany. He imbued the faith he stood for with the spirit of this class, which was not a necessary element of the faith, but merely a temporal and local condition of the specific prophet—for after all every historical idea attains its manifestation only in a definitely localized section of time and place, and in specific personalities. But this step of Martin Luther almost detached Germany from the community of European culture which was less able to dispense with humanism, regardless of its religious creed, as the soil and atmosphere of society, than could the field in which Luther himself operated. Ultimately even Luther's aura was destined to evaporate in the distance, mingling with the atmosphere of Petrarch. Even among his most intimate associates, Melanchthon, at the cost of severe mental struggles, succeeded in achieving a union of humanism and Lutheranism; but not all of them were flexible or elastic enough to do this in the realm in which Luther himself ruled.

Calvin and Knox could do nothing more than fix the new faith, in an already consolidated humanism, embodied in the persons of gentlemen of high rank. The French and English Reformation permeated the upper strata from below, not the lower from above. Melanchthon himself, more timid and hesitating than Erasmus, Pirckheimer, or Hutten, not only humanized Lutheranism, but also Lutheranized, *i.e.,* naturalized, humanism.

As Luther served to introduce clericalism into the German religion, so Melanchthon served to introduce pedantry into German culture. While these two modes of evaluation did not produce a new Caesar-image, they did disseminate a specifically German atmosphere against Caesar, which had been foreign even to the drill-masters and speech-makers of liberty in former times: this was a sort of complacently deprecatory or sullen comment on men of destiny at the hands of a pious philistinism or an unimaginative respectability. We must follow this turn in Caesar's fame also, before we may again consider the transformation of his European aspect among the chosen spirits.

Luther is still as foreign to an understanding of history as are the medieval chroniclers, but he already possesses the new vision for characteristic personalities and he has advanced beyond a mere faith in properties and earmarks. For him, antiquity is not an exotic or a classical predecessor, but rather a present that once was, like his own present, with the exception that it is pagan; and he pitches into the heroes and sages of Rome and Hellas with his immediate sense of morality and piety, as he would pitch into his own contemporaries. Aristotle is an indolent donkey; Caesar is an industrious, brave, efficient and circumspent councilor. The reformer's chances for attaining a true historical sense were ruined by his moral censoriousness and his seeking for God. Man to him was only creature or soul, not a will and a destiny of world proportions. Persons who ascribe the rebirth of the science of history outright to Lutheranism are endowing it erroneously with the undeserved and accidental merit of having been contemporary with Humanism. All that Lutheranism gave to history was the dubious dowry of a moralizing psychology.

Luther's authority on Caesar is Cicero, and we therefore find again in Luther the contradiction between a eulogy of the victorious hero or the learned and talented monarch, and the belittling of the tyrant who destroys the commonwealth by attempting to ape Aristotle. Luther recognizes Caesar's mundane glory and attempts to explain the glory of God with the example of the

Alexanders and Caesars, but he denies that the divine spirit which animated the pagan sanctified him as it sanctified Samson. Bourgeois morality and a biblical faith are Luther's two criteria, and whenever he calls Alexander "great" it is with the qualifying comment: "in the eyes of this world". His eyes were always on the Kingdom of Heaven or on a pious household, and intermediary mundane stations concerned him only for the sake of the salvation of the soul. This was not a good soil for the celebration of heroes and power.

Melanchthon is enough of a humanist and a neo-Latin to prevent him at least from entirely forgetting the importance of the famous marshal and author because of his paganism. At times he mentions him with the noble flourishes customary since the days of Petrarch, but without Petrarch's inner sympathy or proprietorship of discovery. Being the *Praeceptor Germaniae* he encouraged the reading of Caesar in the schools, for his style, not for his substance. In view of Melanchthon's native evangelical piety, classical antiquity no longer appears in his eyes to be a dangerous and enticing power of life as it does to Petrarch, and even to Erasmus, who still felt tempted to pray to St. Cicero, but an indispensable equipment of knowledge and eloquence. He emasculates the worthies of paganism into innocent educational auxiliaries, and it was only in view of the daimonic insight of Winckelmann, Goethe, Hölderlin, and Nietzsche that it became possible from time to time to reanimate the sacred awe in Germany which had been destroyed by the Protestant and later by the Jesuit school-reforms. The awe felt by the Middle Ages for paganism, the longing for paganism on the part of the early Humanism—both arise from a flair for foreign or related gods. It was only the complacent familiarity of the bourgeois schoolmaster with classics already deflated in the Protestant sense, which finally delivered these magic tokens or spiritualized figures into the hands of an arid lust for learning or an empty love of eloquence, which to this day tires our boys and delights the old women of all types and sexes. The true mark of this tendency is an assiduous preoccupa-

tion with matters neither believed nor loved, nor needed nor feared. While the guardians of the European destinies, stimulated by humanism, read Caesar's works in order to learn from them the art of war and diplomacy, they were given to the children to be read as a linguistic exercise. Protestantism devenomized the classics more effectively than scholasticism ever could by its fetters and warnings, for Protestantism made use of the classics, by the side of the beloved and believed Bible, as a regular daily grind. To the medieval monk, Caesar was a remote exalted name, Virgil a sorcerer; to the early humanist, Caesar was a hero worthy of emulation, or a tyrant to be abhorred, Virgil a pattern of narrative and song; for the school-practice of the later humanistic reformation and counter-reformation, Caesar and Virgil become congealed out of living conditions or patterns into objects of instruction, now much more intimately known, but much less plastically felt.

I do not mean that Protestantism was necessarily less alive, but it shifted the emphasis from persons (substances) to relations (functions), devitalized forms and magic in favor of doctrines and feelings, thus detaching and freeing the ego and accumulating a great mound of devitalized objectified things. It became the task henceforth of productive guides and educators to restore these dead assets and knowledge to a living state—to rehumanize the curriculum and its stock in trade. Humanism had wrested from the medieval Kingdom of God the valid values of the personality and the earth. Protestantism had pushed aside these values, supplanting them by the ego and a psychic, no longer cosmic, Beyond. In this manner the things of nature, including also the knowledge of nature and history, were isolated as objects of possession and knowledge, which now became a burden instead of a feeding or shaping factor. Even the worthies of antiquity lost not only their splendor, because of the bourgeois mode of thought, but (at least within the Protestant view) they also lost their outline because of the biblical perspective. On this new plane we have a repetition of the processes we have already noted in the transfer of the antique culture to the Fathers of the Church. When Calvin, for

instance, elucidates the Book of Daniel, he utilizes the historical knowledge afforded him by humanism, but in an unhistorical sense: for instance, the little horn in the Book of Daniel means Caesar, because Caesar had not succeeded in attaining full royal power. This is no longer an independent humanistic knowledge of history, but a *philosophical* game of tokens, as the scholastic and Patristic culture had practiced an *allegorical* game of tokens. From having been the bearer of a name or a property, Caesar becomes the embodiment of facts: in either case he has forfeited his historical image-content and energy-content.

This is true even in the real historical thinker of the Reformation, Sebastian Franck, who wished to record history as a divine revelation, as a worldly Bible, directly by the side of the Holy Scriptures. In his faith in the Bible, Franck is a follower of Luther, but he is also an enthusiast animated by a mystical love of redemption, seeking an ultimate cause destructive of all real outlines, and simultaneously a humanistic culture-gatherer. In such men as Schwenckfeld or Denk, we have a union of Lutheranism and mysticism; in Melanchthon, of Lutheranism and humanism; in Pico della Mirandola, of mysticism and humanism perhaps. But the only one who was animated by a faith in the Bible, by a seeking for God that transcended the earth and the Bible, and by an affirmation of the world as history, all at the same time, was Sebastian Franck. But Franck's new view of history was only a view of history as a whole, as a form—so to speak—of the All-God, a precursor of Herder—while he draws his individual historical data and figures, except those connected with the church history of his own times, without any personal predilection, from the chronicling gatherers of tokens and events in the later Middle Ages, particularly from Hartmann Schedel. On the later medieval scource-knowledge he erects a theosophical interpretation of history, which hardly touches events and persons. As in Schedel, his Caesar is only the founder of the Roman monarchy, the bearer of the events mentioned by Suetonius and the properties lauded by Pliny. He is one of the godsent heroes by

the side of David, Hercules, Cyrus, Alexander, Augustus, Constantine, Theodosius, Charlemagne, all of whom—clement, brave, learned—are destined to bestow discipline, justice, peace, on this earth. These are the medieval commonplaces, delivered with a new Lutheran contemporary energy to which the past as seen by humanism is just as remote as the scholastic eternity. Franck is as little animated by veneration for heroic antiquity as Luther himself; he has as deficient a sense for great figures as the scholastics; but he excels both in his feeling for the march of God through history, which brings him closer to humanism, while it does not drive out his bourgeois evangelical morality and his mystical aversion for the world and power.

Aventinus, a more learned historian than Franck, but lacking the latter's panoramic sweep, is less able to overcome mere details and has taken from humanism not so much the grasp of men and the worship of heroes as the antiquarian love of things and the story of events, while Lutheranism has given him moral values and a bourgeois frame of mind. He is the first to make extensive use of the data communicated by writers on Caesar for the history of his own country, particularly the Commentaries, as Wimpheling had done before him in the language of the learned, both being concerned less with the personality of Caesar than with the German incidents they are narrating. Caesar's wars with the Germani were thus made more familiar to the bourgeois memory by Aventinus. They had already been familiar to the northern neo-Latins since the turn of the century, as scholastic phrases, but it is only after Aventinus that they begin to become an everyday equipment of German patriotic enthusiasm, particularly of poets, from Frischlin to Moscherosch, from Schottel and Lohenstein to Gottsched and Schönaich, from Klopstock to Heinrich von Kleist and Ernst Moritz Arndt. In Aventinus we still find a living trace of the pride felt by the Teutons, and already expressed in the *Annolied*, in their illustrious enemy and leader. Later we find this tendency assuming a hostile turn, in opposition to the foreign interloper and oppressor. Aventinus still wrote with

learned industry and a griefless love of his home-country, not with patriotic sorrow and wrath; so did Frischlin. The Ariovistus-motif later served chiefly as a protest against the aping of foreign ways and the serving of foreign tyrants, thus imparting a hateful tinge to the conception of Caesar and of the Romans, depending on the nationality of the momentary foreign oppressor or seducer, who was usually French: then the foreign ways seemed baleful and unrighteous as contrasted with the German masculine virtues. Caesar's military fame remained intact, for the Teutons felt that it lent them the greater glory.

Hans Sachs is the most perfect example of the relation between the Lutheran middle class and antiquity. Hans Sachs read and paraphrased all the books written on ancient history before 1550; he did this crudely and stalely, but with more skill than the other German scribes of his time. He represents a fusion of humanism with the vernacular mind and the medieval attitude, at about the same stage that is represented by Boccaccio in Italy, Chaucer in England, and Eustache Deschamps in France; in all four we still have a childish approximation of antiquity to the present time, a deficiency of historical perspective, and an indiscriminate application of classical and biblical examples; but already they represent an extensive accumulation of data, a memory that is familiar with antique figures and incidents, and a mind already perfectly adapted to the world, and, although of unswerving piety, no longer possessed by a medieval awe of names and tokens. And yet how great is the difference between the German and other popularizers of the classical fashionable culture! In the foreign writers—regardless of their naïve censoriousness and their crude merry-making which in Chaucer and Boccaccio, to be sure, do attain an ironical refinement—there is an unbridgable gulf separating these writers from the heroes who have achieved noteworthy deeds and suffered noteworthy destinies, there is a social awe in regarding and mentioning them, even if it be Nero: in short, there is a sense of the dignity of the fame by virtue of which they have become worthy of mention, regardless of their morality. Chau-

cer narrates Caesar's story as the fall of a mighty man who conquered half the world, a terrifying incident, an unforgettable admonition, and he counts on hearers who are impressed and silent as when beholding a funeral procession or a solemn memorial shaft. Boccaccio is shown the hero from afar and is elevated by the sight, as a private gentleman would feel distinguished on being received by a celebrated monarch. Deschamps frequently mentions him as a conqueror or as a patron of the sciences, always with the highest respect for his person, even when he is expressing the vanity of fame or the equality of all men in death, by using Caesar, or Alexander or Arthur, or Charlemagne as examples. Indeed, on one occasion, he actually demands honor for the ancient worthies:

"*chascuns doit cognoistre quel il est . . .*" or,
"*Que nul ne doit mesdire des anciens . . .*"

Hans Sachs knows nothing of such awe. It was Luther who for the first time in the existence of faith and prayer introduced the habit of a contemptuous familiarity, a crude slapping on the shoulder, a familiar exchange of nods, into all relations, even that with God Almighty, and, in spite of all his contempt for his own low "carcass", he encouraged all his followers to show every familiarity with every one—one and all. For, a servile flattery and humility in the presence of power or authority is by no means incompatible with an importunate show of affection; in fact, these qualities are mutually conditioned. "Humility" and awe are opposites: the former is a humbling before a greater ability, a greater daring, a greater possession; the latter, a timidity and reverence of a higher being. Humility feels no dignity of man and consequently no psychic depths and elevations either, but only objective degrees and limitations—the same attitude that prostrates itself as a "carcass" may at times grow insolent in the presence of the Almighty and throw down "the carcass at his feet".

We must be acquainted with this Lutheran mode of feeling in

order to grasp the peculiar treatment in Lutheran Germany of a world that is based on human dignity. It exists nowhere else. Elsewhere, Alexander and Caesar may at once be denounced as un-Christian men of might, or branded as transgressors, or derided for one vice or another, but it is only in Luther's realm that they appear (whether they are being praised or blamed) completely denuded of all human dignity, like schoolboys facing the whipping-master, or recruits in the presence of their sergeant. They may retain their fame as a garment, as a uniform by which they may be known, but their honor, the hue of their nature and destiny—these they have lost. Hans Sachs may approve them or disapprove them: they are not separated from him by any feeling that they are different, that they are foreign, whether as superiors or as inferiors: they simply happen to fit his needs as cases. Just as present-day physicians may speak of the pathological material or present-day teachers may speak of the educational material, so Sachs takes his heroes as narrative and didactic material. The diatribes of Cicero against Caesar as well as the curses pronounced at a later age by the singers of German liberty against Napoleon, have more of a feeling of distance, that is, of awe, than have all Hans Sachs' familiar vulgarities. Furthermore, Hans Sachs does not recount the ancient stories by reason of a human sympathy with the persons or destinies, as did the medieval fabulists or Boccaccio or Chaucer, but for the need of an entertaining instruction in municipal and domestic husbandry or because of a crude pleasure in the traditional material itself. For this purpose, the tales communicated by Suetonius and Plutarch were just what he wanted. They are either simply rhymed incidents, like the *Historia, Leben und Sterben Julii des ersten Kaisers,* or supports for a moral teaching, like the *Fastnachtsspiel* between the God Apolline and the Roman Fabio. In both cases the human incident becomes a matter-of-fact material, as if we were dealing with a chapter from Pliny's *Natural History* or a fable from Æsop. Hans Sachs is dependent on his individual model: the *Historia* is a condensed report of Caesar's deeds, taken from Plutarch,

of Caesar's qualities, taken from Pliny; in other words, it is not viciously hostile, but the entire tale is imbued with the philistine doctrine that pride goes before the fall. The conversation is dominated by Cicero, whose republican objections to Caesar are here turned into a picture of small-town morals: the megalurgos becomes an insolent tyrant who attains power by means of cunning, force, ruin and malice, and who advises his questioner to make use of flattery, illegality and treachery to attain favor. But the good old cobbler-author calms himself and his readers by calling attention to the monster's constant dread of his victims, as well as to his frightful death.

All the Caesar-tales of the Lutheran period are characterized, if not always by this same attitude of hostility toward Caesar, always fed by the books that happen to have been used in each case, but at least by the same complete misunderstanding of Caesar. For instance, let the reader compare Kirchhoff's *Wendunmut,* a post-Lutheran book of farces, with the Franciscan's *Pauli Schimpf und Ernst,* which had been compiled before the Reformation and which still shows the medieval awe at Caesar's name, in spite of its lower historical knowledge. It begins with two little tales of the Emperor Julius, as a demonstration of feminine intelligence. The matter is not really recounted for the sake of the historical material, but for its moral teaching, and Caesar appears in the story, as in the *Gesta Romanorum,* only as a celebrated name, an allegorical ruler serving as a precipitation of a didactic principle; or, the didactic value of the principle is endowed with conviction owing to Caesar's name. Kirchhoff, who is already far more concerned with substantial and instructive entertainment, includes in his farces a eulogy of Caesar, following Pliny, and the tale of his murder, as if this also were horseplay. In another passage, Caesar serves as a pattern of good military discipline or narrates his own deeds in rimes. As contrasted with Hans Sachs, Kirchhoff is well disposed towards Caesar, but he is as little capable of sensing the atmosphere of an historical figure—it is the same Lutheran proximity and handling of the illustrious dead; it

is the same more detailed knowledge of the facts of history, the same absence of any human grasp of their own spirit, and without an alien spirit which might have made them more remote or veiled, as the medieval spirit made them.

In fact, if we compare the most witty, the most wordy and most voluminous German work of the Lutheran bourgeoisie, Johannes Fischart's *Geschichtsklitterung*, with its French prototype, the *Gargantua and Pantagruel* of Rabelais, we shall at once understand why the German work, in spite of its quantitative exaggeration of farcical incident, is on the whole not only more formless but also more witless than the French model. There is lacking in it precisely that tension between a humanistic awe and a crude wordly sense with which the humor and the satire of Rabelais are chiefly concerned, in fact, out of which they grow. For, the recognized values of ancient history are always present in Rabelais' mind (as those of the gods are to Aristophanes or those of chivalry to Cervantes) along with the vigorous mundane insolence and the crude senses of a full-blooded son of earth, who, having escaped the scholastic prison-house derides the sacred things of the schools because he hates the schools, not because he hates the sacred things. In reducing Alexander and Caesar in the lower world to the status of cobblers and boatmen, he intends the thing as a joke because he recognizes their true weights—and the monstrous proportions of his giants and knights have so merrily comic an effect only by reason of his constant awareness of the proper dimensions. Fischart takes over the completed book of Rabelais, without sensing the idea and the tension of which it is the product, exaggerates or overcarves its individual notions with his own loquacity and erudition, and a huge arsenal of depravity, without any appreciation for its total values and proportions. Being a Lutheran burgher and a learned reader, he hates the priests; but not as a humanistic man of the world would hate them; and classical antiquity, which to Rabelais is a glorious realm of liberty and splendor, to both Fischart and Hans Sachs

is nothing more than a storehouse of entertaining and instructive events that every one should know and be able to use.

The petty bourgeois taste of the Sixteenth Century is Germany's specific contribution to the Caesar-fame that had been founded by Petrarch; it is a liability rather than an asset. This fame itself remains, regardless of the national resources of style and mood, at least to the extent to which it is used as literature or training in instruction or accomplishment, in the lower and middle layers of the schools and courts, a general European fame, without any specific emphasis of national traits, unless we are prepared to see—let us say—in the romances of Juan de la Cueva or Gabriel Lobo Laso de la Vega something of the peculiarly Spanish chivalrous *grandezza* as a Caesar-gesture. They treat individual incidents of Caesar's history in order to show their delicate eloquence, both in a concise report of incident as well as in the epigram of antithesis: Caesar renounces the adulterous wife and protects the adulterer—his party associate Clodius—an episode from Plutarch, reduced to verse in order to polish and adorn the proverbial pronouncement: Caesar's wife is above suspicion. More popular still were scenes which had already been prepared for posterity by the Roman-Spaniard Lucan in his grandiloquent and dramatic oratorical product: the crossing of the Rubicon, with the hero's hesitations, with the gloomy apparition trumpeting him on to the ominous step, and the words of destiny: "The die is cast:" so we find it in Juan de la Cueva. Lobo Laso de la Vega prefers to describe the soul-struggles in Caesar's breast and the conflict between ambition and love of country rather than the actual event. Both writers have also transformed the nocturnal scene from Lucan, the contrast between the peaceful calm of the skipper Amyclas and the sleeplessness of the master of the world: Juan de la Cueva inclines more to a contrast of decorations, Lobo Laso de la Vega rather to psychical antitheses, but both are inspired by the winged words: "Thou bearest Caesar and his fortunes." They vie with each other in the narration of Pompey's death: Cueva depicts the fright and murder of the

defeated hero, the delivery of Pompey's head and ring and the funeral; Vega narrates the feelings of the victor as well as those of the author in the presence of such a fate. Here again, Cueva is a picturesque scene painter, the other an elegiac orator. In addition, Cueva also selects certain individual instances to enable his half scenical, half ballad-form phantasy to reveal their resources: the suicide of a veteran who, being a soldier of Caesar, is accustomed to grant life and liberty, not to receive them; or a struggle between Caesar and the brother of Labienus, whom Caesar finally slays. Vega selects the great events in connection with which he may eloquently discuss the fickleness of fortune: the battle of Pharsalus or Caesar's death. Common to both, and to all their Caesar-romances, whether they incline more to the ballad or to the elegy (the type of the romance permits both), is a highly decorative elaboration of some famous pronouncement or incident into magnificent gestures and moods, which are expressive rather of social dignity than of psychic passion. This is their specific Spanish element, which is found also in their Caesar-poems proper. It is the farthest possible remove from the German complacency which begins to indulge itself at this time and finds its most convenient spokesman in Hans Sachs. These two opposite deviations from the general European lineaments of the hero and ruler-image are therefore properly to be considered together. Yet the Caesar of Hans Sachs and the Caesar of Juan de la Cueva are the outgrowth less of an opposite evaluation or view of Caesar than of an opposite soul-gesture and language which have nothing in common, to begin with, with a judgment of the hero himself. For even where both writers are following the same Latin or Greek authority, without any contribution of their own, they deviate farther from each other, not only in style but also in mind, than do Caesar's protagonists from Caesar's admirers in other countries. In fact, Poggio is far closer to Guarini; though separated by centuries and national barriers, Petrarch is far closer to Bacon, and Alfonso of Naples far closer to Henry IV of France, in atmosphere and feeling, than are contemporary

Spanish and German readers of Plutarch in the Sixteenth Century, though both are subjects of Charles V.

We must distinguish in principle, throughout the period following Petrarch, between the products which mention or represent Caesar in passing only,—because of rhetorical, educational, decorative tendencies or habits of a general nature, without any specific vision of their own—and such products as are based on an independent pondering of this figure, as in Montaigne, or on a superpersonal vision, as in Shakespeare, or on an exalted station in life, as in Henry IV. It is not necessary—in fact, the increasing accumulation of the literary output since the Sixteenth Century makes it impossible—to trace the motifs now already familiar to us, as to their origin, tendency, judgment, through an unending succession of orators, poets, teachers, painters. The later humanistic school and court-dramas of neo-Latin or vernacular speech also are distinguished—with few exceptions—more by their literary technique than by their evaluation or independent vision of Caesar, which are the things that concern us in this book. Literary types and resources of style concern us only as an eventual expression of an independent Caesar-appreciation. Caesar's fame has also produced dramas or novels, but they concern us not as dramas or novels but only as Caesar-images and Caesar-judgments; their authors touch us only as interpreters and users of the Caesar content or the Caesar substance, not by reason of their specific professional achievement. Here, as in all other instances, the types, insights, judgments, that were founded by leaders and discoverers show a tendency to grow shallow, empty and glib, to congeal or to be reduced to mannerisms, to become a storehouse or a factory, until some new original spirit seizes them or transforms them by his own personal content—a fresh experience, illumination, or tremor which in such persons renews God and man, nature and history, down to the most insignificant details. We must know the conventions of the masses and of the daily life in order to grasp the creative transformation; we

must know their habits in order to do justice to the workers of new truth.

After Petrarch—at least after Mantegna—Montaigne, Bacon and Shakespeare are the first to behold and picture Caesar with new eyes, following a great host of knowers, namers, imitators and users of his fame. All three again made themselves masters of the things and formulas which the human spirit in its search for reality had for two centuries been accumulating around it or distilled out of itself, first as nutrition and resource, finally as burden and play. They had no longer to put soul into the Kingdom of God as did Dante, or to wrest humanity from celestial compulsion as did Petrarch, but rather to reanimate a world of substances and devices. They were less discoverers than awakeners.

Montaigne again absorbs the learned antiquarian knowledge of Caesar in a perfectly alert soul and no longer seeks his pattern in a bygone age of heroes, no longer seeks the conditions or physical substances of Rome and Hellas, as did the humanistic science of antiquities; no longer the science of the state and war as such; but in all these things he detects the human urge, the human quality. He avoids philosophical systems, because they petrify thought into a concrete record of past thoughts; he avoids the austere scientific method which would immure the spirit behind objects or techniques. He has a veritable thirst for personal freedom of thought, notation, narration, such as was unknown to the humanistic world of images, knowledge, and speech. Montaigne completed the work of Petrarch, insofar as the latter was an emergence of the personality from supermundane ties; he injured it, insofar as it established a new human piety for form and word. He harks back to Petrarch in his feeling for all human qualities; he points forward to Voltaire, in his need for mental liberty at any price, even at the price of dignity. For Petrarch, liberty was not an end in itself, but only the necessary means toward a classically large, beautiful, wise humanity; for Montaigne, freedom of choice and observation was the truest happiness and the finest value; all the world served only this

primitive urge of the independent spirit. This may prevent Montaigne from regarding the world as a storehouse or a factory, but it also paves the way for Montaigne's share in the defection of the spirit and of the senses from humanity as a whole, the enlightened worldliness of the modern ego, though his happy era and his happy vein still protect him from the later disintegration and attenuation. He still had more faith than he himself believed and his vigorous health always led him back, again and again, to the joys of love and of pious respect which are natural and proper to a right man. His doubt is not yet the expression of a weakened and uncertain will, a tepid and cowardly spirit, which can never believe because "the power of blood, the power of fair life" is running dry, but a rational—somewhat incoherent—protective mechanism of a rich spirit which in the midst of the tumult of religious passions, of narrow-minded monkishness and conceited school pedantry, aims to maintain its own place and keep its view clear in all directions. Montaigne's doubt presupposes the diseases of Calvinism, the counter-reformation, the Huguenot wars—he is only the medicament by which an aristocratic and refined Renaissance man may secure or salvage his menaced reason.

When Montaigne says that if we cannot attain greatness we can at least indemnify ourselves by scoffing at it, he betrays that he is still humanist enough to long for it, that is, worship it, and his scorn for greatness is not so much a belittling of greatness as an appeasing of himself. To be sure, he no longer desired man to be the center, bearer, and expression of an historical macrocosm, but as a psychical microcosm. Petrarch detaches classical history from the scholastic sanction; Montaigne detaches the empirical psychology from humanistic science. As we still find traces in Petrarch's hero-worship of the pious needs of the medieval faithful, so we still find in Montaigne's critique and skepticism traces of the joy in outlines, the love of learning and the sense of form of humanism. He knows the classics and loves them, particularly his Plutarch and his Caesar, and precisely by means of the strug-

gle between his fresh personality and his humanistic tendency to worship fine narrations and great deeds, he becomes more attentive and more intent—for was not Petrarch also spurred on to his fiery course most of all by the goad of the old faith in his new flesh? Where there is no tension, there will be no illumination. Montaigne is one of the most tensely strung of men: he hangs suspended between the French junkerism and the Jews, between ambition and a love of peace, between action and meditation, piety and doubt, enthusiasm and awe, naïveté and wisdom. He is more vacillating and more backboneless than Petrarch, without Petrarch's prophetic sweep; akin to Petrarch by his receptive alertness and flexibility, by his spiritual emancipation, combined with a natural nobility of soul, and in the rich eloquence of an aggressive self-esteem. Montaigne's modesty is rather courtesy than humility—Petrarch's pride is rather an astonishment at the discovery of new forces than mere arrogance. Both belong to the race of Cicero, like Voltaire at a later epoch: geniuses of culture, but with an insufficient aggressive impulse, who therefore fulfill their destinies by grasping and narrating events; in Petrarch and Voltaire, the outcome is satisfactory to the artist; in Cicero, it fills him with an increasing sense of angry impatience; in Montaigne there is a blithe and unresentful resignation.

Like Petrarch, Montaigne also took over from antiquity the Ciceronian cleavage between an esthetic approval and a moral disapproval of Caesar. Petrarch maintained this tension more easily by means of his unconditional veneration for a greatness and fame which was just rising before him with fresh vigor, and to oppose which the modern thought of liberty was only beginning to stir immaturely. Furthermore, the history of Rome, as embodied in his hero, was really Petrarch's discovery; Petrarch was neither a moral teacher nor a weigher of souls, but a seeker of images, and Caesar, though he might appear to him as a person, appeared more as an historical person, still inseparable from the world-rank which he had acquired by his deeds. Montaigne, however, found ready to hand, on the one side, a fully developed

humanistic republican doctrine of the state and morality, which had existed since Machiavelli, and, on the other, an independent antiquarian lore which was no longer associated with the heroes themselves. The heroes, in turn, had since been made both more objective and more private; their private persons had been freed, as it were, from their history. Montaigne is the man who sought and found, with zeal and a fine sense of orientation, precisely the extra-historical psychic value of the heroes in their history, as Petrarch had discovered the historical values. He was no longer entranced with the hero and ruler Caesar, but with the character that was Caesar, which united and developed such a fullness of mental and spiritual gifts that the realm necessarily fell to his lot, that Fortuna necessarily became his slave. Petrarch had discovered Caesar together with the rest of Roman history, and the nimbus of this history illuminated for him its most magnificent figure. Montaigne, though erudite and capable of admiration, is the first to prefer Plutarch to Livy, the biographer to the annalist, and to seek in history not human embodiments of imperial destinies, but independent personalities to whom history, at best, assigned more vigorous outlines and made more tangible their fame. For Montaigne, the monumental quality was no longer an end in itself, but a sort of magnifying glass; fame, which for Petrarch was an attribute of heroic substance, is for Montaigne a highly questionable accident. He wrote an interesting essay on fame which is as far removed from the Christian abnegation as it is from the pagan and humanistic affirmation, in which he evaluates fame as an earthly possession in all its accidental, fickle and profitable attributes; fame for him is a possession, not a quality, as it had been for the classical humanism; and he once goes so far as to enumerate a trinity of the most illustrious men, in which he attempts to secure a better balance between personal worth, illustriousness of name and historical after-effect than has been attained by the judgment of the many: after mature consideration, and after rejecting Virgil and Caesar,

Montaigne sets up Homer, Alexander, and Epaminondas as his Trinity of Fame—and he puts Epaminondas first.

Equipped with this new measure of values, which was independent of history, but not ignorant of it, Montaigne now approaches Julius Caesar, while his own sense of liberty—rather a personal need of independence than an abstract republicanism—borrows its formulas, for lack of any true grasp of history, from the Ciceronian and Machiavellian anti-tyrannical political literature. Had he had even as good an historical sense as Petrarch, he would prabably have found more of the freedom to which he aspired in Caesar than in his murderers. And it is certainly impossible to expect from him a critique of the sources hostile to Caesar, and thus the political freedom and virtue of the optimates became for him a metaphor for personal freedom, his highest aspiration, and Caesar, being the destroyer of this virtue, was regarded as an enemy, precisely as Cicero regarded him.

Yet it was Caesar who delighted Montaigne's alert judgment of character, which could not be blunted or disturbed even by the principles of liberty; Caesar was "the richest nature that ever appeared on earth", by reason of an aptitude for any task, unique in compass, grasp, sublimity; by reason of miraculous acts in war and peace; by reason of the charm and energy of his person; by reason of his magnanimous and simple cheerfulness of spirit. Like none before him, Montaigne had an ear for Caesar's style, had the fine French sense in which intonations counted as gestures, gestures as character, and he intoxicated himself not only with the deeds reported in the Commentaries or with their rhetorical art, but precisely with the character expressing itself in them, with this pride, power, high spirit, with this solid, firm and mighty—yet delicate and harmonious—soul. Montaigne is probably the first to harken with such delicate ear to Caesar's writings, to regard them not as documents of fame, as military prescriptions, as models of rhetoric, but as expressions of a human soul. He returns to them again and again and admits that he respects them with more than human awe; he fills his desk-copy with

pages of admiring comment; he thinks they should be the breviary of all military men; he himself chats about this passage or that, seeking to elucidate Caesar's talent as a general, his union of boldness and caution, his army discipline, on the basis of the Commentaries, and no longer from the point of view of military science but from that of psychology, with the addition, to be sure, of a knowledge of facts which has been considerably enhanced since Petrarch. The Commentaries are Montaigne's source for his admiration of Caesar, although he also used Plutarch; Suetonius he used very little. In this way again he approaches Caesar's person somewhat more closely than does Petrarch; in fact, he is probably the first man to utilize the Commentaries as studies of character.

The reader will now understand his tension between this person-cult and the sense of liberty; no one else has ever again felt it more keenly. In Cicero, hatred after all outweighed marveling; in Petrarch, admiration far exceeded a literary republicanism; Voltaire took such contrasts more lightly and was inclined to praise and blame in a single breath. Only Lord Byron vacillated in the presence of Caesar, in Montaigne's fashion, and fed his own disgust with life from this vacillation, as Montaigne did his gay skepticism of life. Montaigne expressed this cleavage frankly: he admits that when he considers the magical greatness of this man, he must pardon Fortune for having aided him even in his ruthless undertaking of overthrowing the Roman free state. It grieves him that just Caesar should have accomplished this monstrous act; but neither morality nor politics obscures his clear grasp of the independent historical figure. In fact, it was precisely this cleavage perhaps that made him so clear-eyed for the values of a personality which transcends the common values. He strives for justice beyond the bounds of his love, as Dante the judge does on a higher level, for Dante also assigns his revered heroes and teachers to the infernal regions whenever his reason finds them guilty before the law. Caesar is the historical personage which most preoccupies Montaigne, which attracts

him most strongly, more even than Alexander—he mentions Caesar much more frequently. But he assigns the primacy to Alexander—of course reluctantly and with misgivings—because Alexander's boundless fame is not sullied by the moral defects that disfigure Caesar. They are equal in the celebrity of their deeds; Caesar is perhaps superior in gifts—but in the total pictrue it is impossible to wipe out Caesar's crime, and just as Alexander is excelled by Epaminondas in nobility of soul, so Caesar is excelled by Alexander in purity of the will. In Montaigne's eyes morality is not a rigid law and a supreme criterion, but it remains the finest and decisive value of the soul. Montaigne is not a drillmaster, but almost an amateur, of virtue, as he is an amateur of greatness and charm—but of all of these values, virtue pleases his palate best.

Petrarch discovered Caesar's historical greatness, Montaigne Caesar's personal charm. When Eberhard Gothein once termed Caesar "the most fascinating personality of world history", he stated in this formula precisely the quality perceived by Montaigne and first expressed by him in repeatedly varied terms of his enthusiasm, which was guided but not obstructed by his sense of liberty, and which is no longer an outflow of hero-worship, but of the appreciation of men.

About the time when Montaigne fixed his new vision on Caesar, Jean Bodin (1530-1596) drew maxims of political experience from Caesar's life, and Francis Bacon (1561-1626) again outlined his historical image, not by means of deeds, as in Petrarch, but by means of qualities and attitudes, as in Montaigne (without Montaigne's sympathy of soul, however, and rather with the point of view of the world than with that of the person). All three still live on Petrarch's patrimony and accept Caesar as the Roman of the most glorious deeds, the all-gifted master of the sword and the world, the gentle ruler—but all three are no longer hero-worshipers but hero-observers. For them Caesar is not a pattern or model, but a subject. Even Montaigne's dilettantism differs from Bodin's scholarship and Bacon's critical

spirit only in temperature, while it is essentially different from Petrarch's veneration. All three have a sharp eye for the "personal" nature of the man and detach themselves from the classicistic piety for antiquity (which was almost more a new faith than a new knowledge), without falling into the mere antiquarianism of the scholars.

Of all these three, Bodin has the least independence of human judgment—he is preëminently an acute, incisive reasoner and places his extensive knowledge of history and his profound philosophy of the state—being a methodical successor and expander of Machiavelli—in the service of the new temporal will to rule; he takes the spiritual sum of the actions of a Francis I, a Henry VIII, a Charles V, and paves the way in principle for Henry IV, Richelieu, and Louis XIV, but with some close connection still with the broader and more animate historical masses of the Renaissance. His doctrine of the state is amoral, like Machiavelli's doctrine of the prince, seeking merely to determine the natural history of legitimate authority, not the propriety of political action. In this connection, Caesar was for him a welcome example, not a rhetorical flourish, not a pattern for emulation or a deterrent, not an erudite gloss, but a reagent, as it were, for the elucidation of certain political processes: the manner of achieving, consolidating, undermining rulership; the appropriate times for displaying generosity or severity, precaution or daring. He may censure Caesar's arrogance in the Senate, but it is not as a moral defect, but as a political indiscretion; or he may praise Caesar's diplomacy in utilizing the discords among the Gauls. It goes without saying that he utilizes the Commentaries as a political textbook. He is free from any republican or moralistic hatred of tyrants, as displayed in the Ciceronians; he is merely a physician exposing the weaknesses and dangers of tyrannical rule as well as of democracy and aristocracy. Caesar here is exactly his impressive and monumental illustration: the most human, the most delicate, the most magnificent, most brilliant, most magnanimous of rulers was unable to defend himself against the successful con-

spiracy; nor does Caesar's admirer become indignant at his murderers, though he esteems them little; he lauds not even Cato, merely praising one of his actions as intelligent, but not as virtuous. In Bodin we already find a promise of an almost scientific method in history—but it is not yet the method of natural science, which recognizes no figures or persons but merely calculates impacts and substances. Montaigne's method of procedure is the utilization of new epistemological resources; the natural science method merely marks a new distance between man and his world, the ungoding of his universe. For Montaigne's reflective love of observation is already far removed from Petrarch's pious meditation of the observer. His enthusiasm, is, as it were, a by-product of his reason-guided life, while Petrarch's view is kindled precisely by his awe and longing.

The true master of this type, which aspires neither to a permeation by the soul nor to a slavish accumulation of universal material, but to its reasoned domination, is Lord Bacon; Bacon first applied this method successfully to Julius Caesar. Compared with Montaigne, who strolls through history like a nonchalant tourist, with much time and money on his hands, stopping to observe now here now there, Bacon may be regarded as a field-marshal—without any excessive enthusiasm—covering whole nations in order to find the decisive boundaries, roads and points, with a will to understand the mundane world of space and time, in order to utilize it without veneration, yet capable of admiration when faced with great energies, and constantly minded to determine, evaluate, and describe energies only as a natural scientist, even in the consideration of historical phenomena. It is his love of definite ascertainment for the sake of the general grasp which makes his language so clear, so manfully sure, and it is his will for the whole and for the goal which gives him his dashing verve and protects him from the expatiating expansiveness of the collecting and self-edifying investigators. With the exception of Napoleon's, no style has approached the reportorial style of Caesar so closely as the surveyor's style of Bacon (keeping in mind, however, their

different tasks and centuries), a result of Bacon's imitation of his highly admired model, or perhaps of his imperial understanding, unfortunely not complemented by an imperial soul.

Bacon wrote an outline of Caesar, after the fashion of his essays, with the purpose of fixing this great human figure in words as tangibly and possibly as usefully as he was able, of transferring it into as definite and reviewable a realm of actual (that is, effective) knowledge, as he had already selected from his environment the various phenomena of the spirit, morality or nature for purposes of classification, determination, description: love or labor; state forms, garden planning or festivals; glory, power, or extravagance, and a thousand others. By instinct Bacon was a collector of experiences like Aristotle, yet without an intellectual system; a philosopher for occasions, like Montaigne, but with a sure will and means. The new element in his image of Caesar is the effort to replace the successive chain of events or the simultaneous grouping of qualities (with more or less moralistic judgments of values) with a clear presentation of the alternation of destiny and character in the existence of the great man. One feels the proximity of Shakespeare, but Bacon—even aside from his complete lack of poetic sweep and grasp—is still enmeshed in a mechanical causality (the vigorous new truth of his day); yet, unable to attain the view of a unified whole, he cannot advance beyond a pragmatic psychology which leaves Caesar's outlines, in spite of Bacon's concise and brusque formulation, more vague than Dante's prophetic vision of events, than Petrarch's trumpeting of his deeds, than Montaigne's appreciation of qualities. Bacon unites individual traits of character with the operations of destiny, without seeking a central power and without an all-enhancing judgment of values, so that his character-description has neither a living core nor a clarifying setting, in other words it is not truly an image but merely the material for an image. It is difficult to attain a general view of the individual traits of character—earlier writers, who conventionalize Caesar into a type of ambition or magnanimity, of field-marshal or tyrant, of world-conqueror or founder of the

imperium, and proceeded from this central view in the understanding of him, were dealing more with a whole than was the more definite and precise Bacon. His Caesar is a great, noble spirit, but intent only on his own advantage, without a sense for permanence, the beyond, the totality, even for fame; only desirous of power, a mighty man of selfishness, successful for the very reason that he is not deterred by considerations of goal, feeling or value. The hard training of his youth bridles his pride and spurs his zeal. Though endowed with strong passions and restless longings, he is wise and lucid. He attains rulership as a force of nature, not through a noble aspiration; and as he desires rather power than dignity, he is loved by the people, for they have no dignities to lose, and hated by the nobility that clings to its own dignity. His audacity is tempered by a pleasant and frank manner; though a master of dissimulation, his bearing is open and natural; he scorns low intrigues and devices because he has full control of himself and others. He desires power, not pomp, and thus escapes envy. He aspires to rulership from early youth, after the pattern of Sulla, as the nephew of Marius, competing with Pompey and utilizing the general demoralization of the age—and attains it, first by misleading the people, later by the use of arms. His principal gift is the art of war, not only the conduct of armies but the building of armies. Furthermore, he is faithful, generous and considerate to his friends, whom he chooses with an eye to their utility, not as the first among great men but as the ruler among little men, with the necessary historical and oratorical training of a statesman, with a knowledge of astronomy based on a faith in the stars, pleasure-seeking without weakness, sober, voluptuous and splendor-loving, merciful to his enemies because eager for popular favor—so that he is finally overthrown by his own pedestal.

In rough outline this is the first conscious characterization of Caesar, an evidence of the study of human nature that had not matured until the days of an objectified and disillusioned Later Humanism; it is one of the most independent and thorough

studies ever made of Caesar. Bacon is less influenced even than Montaigne and Bodin by the current monarchical or republican values, and even less, of course, by the Petrarchian hero-worship. He describes Caesar as Buffon might describe a lion, without any apparent favor or disfavor, without political purpose, in fact without even a psychological curiosity and without the Ciceronian cleavage—merely as a noteworthy and important phenomenon of the cosmos in space and time which should be grasped and dominated by man. The very point of view is new: the characterization itself diverges from the previous favorable or unfavorable depictions by its interpretation of the lust for power as a force of nature, its emphasis of Caesar's cunning in attaining his goal, as well as his preoccupation with the moment. Bacon follows only Plutarch, intentionally or through oversight forgetting Suetonius, when he denies that Caesar is to be credited with laws, permanent structures and far-reaching plans; this is doing violence to history, not out of political hatred, but out of poor memory or a mistaken direction of the attention. Plutarch's picture was before him: in his peculiar way, Bacon has viewed this picture independently, not copied or adorned it with humanistic enthusiasm, not annotated it with moralistic commonplaces. It is not so much the content of his statements on Caesar that is new, as the tone and the style with which he makes them, the sober will for reality at any price, for the *nature* of things and men, though they be far-famed heroes. Plutarch for him is no longer a literary authority or model, but merely an aggregation of materials from which he selects facts in his peculiar fashion, in order to relate them anew, according to the political and psychical experiences of his own times. The most important of these experiences was the individualization of man as opposed to the objectivization of the universe. History was now interpreted out of the rational relations of men to the world and out of the causal relations of the world to men. This is new when contrasted with the antique humanization of the universe, still operative in early humanism, as well as when contrasted with the medieval deification of the universe,

from which Protestanism took at least its values. Bacon is the founder of this realism in approximately the same manner in which Petrarch is the founder of humanism, and Bacon's sketch of Caesar is the first evidence of this attitude, though it is by no means so important as Petrarch's book in the perpetuation of Caesar's fame, because the hero of history means far less in general to realism than to humanism, which honors him as an ideal, a divine image.

Bacon discovered a new mental world whose conquest and construction were to occupy the philosophers and investigators of subsequent ages—men concerned more with nature than with history. Humanism continued to exist subject to an increasing solidification in the form of an antiquarianism of things and words, and reduced to decorative and oratorical formulas. But at about the turn of the last preëminently humanistic and of the first preeminently scientific century, there lived a genius who embodied the entire rich humanity and the entire mass of data in both the Petrarchian and Baconian epochs, fusing them into a world of visions, of animate grasp, capable of clear formulation, once more dissolving all tensions between man and the universe, between ego and object, as Dante had once dissolved the tensions between god and soul. Once more it was a poet who transformed and infused with magic the entire known universe, not with a new doctrine or theory, but with an original beholding, not by teachings but by pictures, not by correct knowledge but by the real word, making each ancient detail appear young, giving even to the commonplaces an unprecedented unique ring of truth. The creator Shakespeare needs to be preceded by the thinker and observer, let us say by Bacon and Montaigne, in about the same manner as Dante was preceded by Thomas Aquinas or Brunetto Latini, and his necessary technical precursors included among other things the humanistic school and court drama, approximately as Dante's percursors were the minnesingers and the allegory. Shakespeare found ready to hand more motley, more expressive, more plastic substances, more flexible, varied and dependable techniques than

Dante; he found a firmer and more pregnant earth, a paler, remoter, more impotent heaven, more versatile and individual humans, while nature and history were realms of things and characters already following their own laws. All this he imbued—as Dante had imbued his more austere, more narrow and more exalted universe—with the same susceptibility of mind for the current doctrines, judgments, data of his age, with the same creative freshness of vision and grasp. His motifs and techniques may perhaps be met with in many other writers: they do not attain outline or force but through him; it is as if they had not existed before him.

Shakespeare's Caesar may not be read as a dramatized judgment on a hero or event of antiquity, as may the scenes in Muret, Grévin, Frischlin, Pescetti, Virdung, Chapman, Brülow, and others, who reduce to dialogue the data drawn by the average humanist from antique sources, particularly Plutarch and Lucan, and make Caesar and Brutus, Pompey and Cato, the mouthpieces of their erudition or aspiration, moralizing in the republican or the monarchical vein, either following the book closely or adorning it with decorative pomp, more as schoolmen, or rather more as stage-carpenters. Shakespeare's Caesar is a vision such as may have beset the master on reading his Plutarch, a vision that can be explained as little as can a dream or a birth from any intentions to reproduce, not to mention evaluate, but which forced itself upon him independently of purposes and judgments, from the secret springs of life. As a dream may indeed elaborate the substances of consciousness, as a birth may presuppose an act of will, so Shakespeare's Julius Caesar would not have come into being had it not been for his reading of Plutarch and his wish to portray a great human destiny—but we shall not understand the figure in his drama by making any comparison between Shakespeare and Plutarch, or by considering Shakespeare's other expressions concerning Caesar. Shakespeare's man Caesar has as little in common with Plutarch's Caesar as his Hamlet has with Saxo Grammaticus; it has as much or as little to do with his opinion of Caesar as his

Richard III has to do with his faith in Holinshed's truthfulness, as much and as little relation to the humanism or realism of his time as his ghosts have with the fear of apparitions, or his witches with the hysterical witch-burnings. No doubt all these pre-Shakespearian elements furnished the stimulus, substance and atmosphere of his creation, but the creation itself springs from origins belonging only to him, origins that we can as little detach and derive as we can explain a new human on the basis of his parents and ancestors, his environment, or the stars, or the purposes of his begetting. Since Shakespeare, however, is, like Dante, not only the most creative but also the most real, the most extensive, the most mature and receptive intellect of his time and—even aside from the new image of the universe—since he utilizes the current techniques most fruitfully and expresses the ready-made popular judgments most emphatically, let us review briefly the theatrical Caesar formulas which were current in his day and also Shakespeare's private opinion of Caesar, his opinion as a private citizen, not as a demiurgos gravid with a new hero. As Mantegna conceived his painting of Caesar only in an atmosphere of Caesar-reminiscenes and triumphal festive processions, yet with an inspiration of his own, so Shakespeare is already surrounded by a humanistic stage convention which was already familiar with the figure and legend of Caesar as an erudite or decorative accomplishment. And we are here concerned not with the stage-technique of the Caesar-dramas or with the literary history of the dramatists, but only with their view of Caesar.

Antonius Muretus (Marc Antoine Muret), one of the most celebrated of the later humanists, first treated the death of Caesar about 1550 in a Latin play, an imitation of Seneca, and thus made the story a subject of stage rhetoric and stage manipulation; it is a skillful exercise by a rhetorician, trying his hand also in the tragoedia discipline, without poetic content, but dignified by a cultural emulation of heroic antiquity and classical forms of speech, which had become the duty of the humanistic school after Petrarch. Caesar appears as a world-ruler, proud of his illus-

trious deeds, but tired of life, having achieved enough for himself and his country, and welcoming death. He scorns all caution. This fatigue with life, based on a suggestion in Cicero's Marcellus speech, is the sole attempt at a tragical mood of the spirit; but it remains a learned quotation, never rising to real gesture or effect. The murder is shown on the stage: the author is more concerned with rendering the pregnant scene as a dialogue, less with the depiction of historical characters. The choruses utter orations of mood or comment which invariably agree with the last speaker. There is a skillful antiquarian utilization of individual facts from Plutarch and Suetonius, even a reference to Caesar's lusts, colored not by censoriousness, however, but only by erudition. The learned stage-rhetorician shows no partisanship either for or against the murder of tyrants; Muretus was then a young man; he simply constructs a model treatment, within the three unities, of an event arousing fear and compassion, in spotless dialogue-verses and chorus-strophes, in order in this way to exercise and display his classical erudition and eloquence. Caesar's fame and greatness, as well as the hatred the republicans bore him, are self-evident presuppositions; they afford the atmosphere without which this school-tragedy would have been impossible; the tragical pathos is here not fed from psychic tensions, passions, destinies, but simply from the Petrarchian mood of celebration, no doubt a little more learned and dusty than in its first period. Muret's school-drama remained the model "Caesar-drama" down to Shakespeare's time, not a model of dramatic technique, nor of political tendency, but as interpretation of the general mood, and of the utilization of learned facts and rhetorical skill in the dramatization of a personal or historical renown.

Muret's pupil, Jaques Grévin, translated his teacher's work into French Alexandrine verses, and from the aula of the school to the stage of the court, exaggerated the affects and effects of the rhetoric, with no alteration of action or characters. Robert Garnier further expanded this type and placed the humanistic Roman pomp in the theatrical service of the new French gallantry.

Plutarch, Appian, Dio Cassius afforded him both sentimental female destinies and outstanding pedestals of fame; Lucan supplied the sentimental discourse for commenting monstrous events. Grévin is as yet incapable of expressing psychic tensions in dramatic gesture; but he can put heroic magniloquence on the stage. His tragedy dealing with Pompey's widow introduces Caesar as a pompous world-conqueror and earth-despoiler of Lucanic type, who enumerates his own glories, somewhat like Muret's Caesar; speeches concerning his own greatness are ever on his lips. Cassius and Cornelia denounce his crimes with flourishes borrowed from Lucan; like Muret's drama, the whole play is a humanistic rhetorical exercise in the French language. The purpose and achievement of the work is not historical, poetic, or dramatic, but stylistic, somewhat like the labors of the German writer Andreas Gryphius.

Michael Virdung wrote a sequel to Muretus, exceeding Muretus in horrible detail, in his Brutus; Caesar, the avenging spirit emerging from the Acheron, regards with complacent horror the bloody interludes of the *orbis terrarum* following upon his murder and prophesies his deification and the destruction of his murderers. Virdung glorifies the hero of liberty and his school-drama is the first outspoken Brutus-drama, without belittling Caesar's greatness as a world-conqueror. In the prologue, spoken by the Caesar-daimon, there are already suggestions of the prophecies pronounced by Shakespeare's Antonius over Caesar's corpse.

The Italian writer Pescetti also had before him the Caesar-figure and the Caesar-judgment of Muretus; he performed approximately the same task for the court-stage of Ferrara as Grévin did for that of France, but he is somewhat more independent of Muretus in his construction of the scenes (with which we are not here concerned), remaining his disciple in his general attitude. Here again the essential bearer of the mood of the play is Caesar's exclamation (from the Marcellus speech): "I have lived enough for fame and nature."

Kaspar Brülow's Latin play, which appeared in the year of Shakespeare's death, is an impressive scholarly compilation of all the ancient Caesar-sources: Plutarch, Appian, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, etc., a compendium in dialogue of all the erudite specialized knowledge on Caesar, with the addition of moralistic-burgher doctrines. Brülow is a faithful admirer of Caesar, whose world fame and heroic greatness he emphasizes not without pleonasm. Caesar's murder appears as a base act deserving of grave punishment. But this Caesar-worship is less based on the Petrarchian admiration for the hero than on the humility felt by a German burgher for the higher authorities. Caesar is the predecessor of the Kaiser and is given his due meed of praise also for the office founded by him. Brülow's Caesar is simultaneously a reproach to subversion and insurrection: Caesar's civil war is just, because successful; his murder is a crime, because unsuccessful and disastrous.

In England on the other hand, a contemporary and rival of Shakespeare, George Chapman (1559-1634), dramatized the civil war between Caesar and Pompey (following Lucan and also Lucan's spirit), favoring Pompey, glorifying Cato. Chapman's Caesar is the all-wise criminal and mob ruler, of high ambition, of no scruple, mighty in war and peace; Pompey is the worthy defender of the endangered free state; Cato an embodiment of virtue. Thus the European Caesar-dramas existing before or at the time of Shakespeare—most of them more or less skillfully dramatized excerpts from the classical writers—already afford expression for all the ancient party strife, no longer with the original political passion, but with a subdued learned zeal.

Frischlin's *Julius redivivius* and *Helvetiogermani* need hardly to be mentioned here. The former is not a Caesar-drama but a patriotic festival farce in which Caesar serves as an allegorical figure to grace the German glory; the latter is a literal dramatization of the initial chapter of Caesar's Commentaries, hardly intended for rhetroical or antiquarian purposes, but rather for those of style. All these works, be they friendly or hostile to Caesar, are based

on Caesar's world-fame, and annex his person, his death, his story, without any creative force, as unquestioned tokens of Roman greatness and high destiny. Shakespeare shared these popular notions: he too mentions no other man in history more frequently or more eulogistically than Caesar. When a victory is to be lauded in *Henry IV*, the messenger recalls Caesar; the hero-king Henry V is declared Caesar's equal in starry fame; in *Henry VI* Suffolk consoles himself for his own ruin with the precedent of the Roman hero; the young prince in *Richard III* becomes inspired with the immortal fame of the victor whom death itself could not conquer because his mind immortalized his power. In *Hamlet* he appears as "the mightiest Julius in the most high and palmy state of Rome", and, together with Alexander, the all-ruler, the most glorious sacrifice of ephemeral destiny. Britons and Romans in *Cymbeline* honor the man "whose remembrance yet lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues be theme and hearing ever", though "his ambition swelled so much that it did almost stretch the sides o' the world". In *Julius Caesar* itself, both friend and foe look up to him, Cassius to the Colossus under whose huge legs petty men walk and peep about, Antonius to the most gorgeous man that ever lived, Brutus to the first man in all the world.

Shakespeare's opinion of Caesar is perfectly clear: he was no aloof brooder and never departs from the *communis opinio* of his period or his nation concerning history, and this *opinio* unanimously regarded Caesar as a great hero and ruler, regardless of any political or moral approval of his actions. In fact, the quality most absent in Shakespeare is any trace of republicanism or moral opposition, of Catonic severity or even of Ciceronian vacillation in the presence of the hero. Whenever he mentions Brutus' deed elsewhere than in his Roman dramas, it is done jocosely, as in Hamlet's reply to Polonius, or with abhorrence, as in *Henry VI* (where, to be sure, the medieval attitude which dominates Dante's judgment of Caesar's murderers still leaves its trace). Even Cato receives no words of approval elsewhere. In fact, Macbeth once

speaks contemptuously of the "Roman fool". Shakespeare no doubt knew Cicero as a great orator, but at least in his Caesar-drama he finds no occasion to take him seriously. Even if Shakespeare's *Caesar* should express a general aversion, this aversion would not be the product of a hatred of tyrants and a cult of liberty: Shakespeare was, of course, a monarchist and for the rest more concerned with energies than principles. But it would be erroneous even as an hypothesis to assume that Shakespeare had any intention to dramatize his private views on history, as did the school-dramatists of his period, and if those persons are mistaken on Shakespeare's judgment who regard his *Julius Caesar* as an anti-Caesar demonstration, those also are mistaken—now, as to the creative freedom of his spirit—who pretend that his Caesar is an unambiguous formulation of his opinions elsewhere expressed on this character. His Caesar no doubt is not a hostile or uncomprehending caricature, nor is it a correct reproduction of the historical Caesar whom Shakespeare knew and honored, but it is again a true native image, born from a primeval awe in the face of life itself. The poet's soul, shaken perhaps by some personal experience, encountered Plutarch in a fruitful hour and from him conceived a new birth, with which the poet's will and knowledge could have had but little to do.

All critics have felt that the origin and therefore the center of the tragedy is the destiny of Brutus and not the figure of Caesar, and so late a writer as Nietzsche has read his own combat about and with Wagner, his struggle for the independence of the soul, into this Brutus, who made the most dreadful sacrifice to the soul, namely, his closest friend, "the most splendid of men, the world's adornment, the genius without peer". But these pangs of friendship are not the most audible element in Shakespeare's work: Brutus' love for Caesar is barely mentioned—he esteems and admires him, but the act of murder is rendered more difficult for him, not so much by reason of his personal feelings for Caesar (gratitude, affection, respect), as by his own sense of justice, his goodness, his conscience in general. After the hero's death he

only once feels the sting of the great figure sacrificed in vain, never that of friendship betrayed. It was not, therefore, the Brutus-tension between friend and freedom, and still less the Brutus-highmindedness or virtue, but the Brutus-mood that created and matured this tragedy—the abysmal gloom of a fearful futility and the fair dignity of a sublime compulsion. Whatever may have been the personal content in Shakespeare's life corresponding to this futility and this compulsion, which we know also from *Henry IV* and *Macbeth*, from *Hamlet*, and from *The Tempest*, in various shades and hues; and why it was that Brutus was suggested to him as a parallel—we have not to investigate this question here: the contrast achieves itself in *Julius Caesar* by means of a situation in which a nobleman, believing that he will serve his country and the general weal, impelled by ardent friends and adherents, murders his revered master and thus shakes his country to its foundations, retaining on the ruins of his illusion only his independent human dignity of heart, transcending destiny and deed, illusion and death.

This mood of Brutus is the inner form of his destiny: the external form is Caesar's appearance, and it is with this that we are most concerned. Shakespeare viewed Brutus (as he viewed all his other figures) together with a world from which his will or his faith or his feeling (or whatever one may call the fundamental force of a character) first draws strength and then destruction, that is, in which it must become both truth and fiction. This world appears in the form of a ruler who pervades its entire atmosphere with his glory and his omnipotence, occupying for weal or woe the imagination of all, rabble and nobility, and not only commanding as an individual, but dominating as an idea, a destiny, an element. This super-personal, atmospheric, world-effect of Caesar is the first thing Shakespeare perceived together with his perception of Brutus: the stifling radiation of a mortal being, in which the dignity, honor, liberty of independent men must breathe with difficulty. The inert masses find delight in this Caesar-atmosphere, which is murderously oppressive to the

proud, impetuous nobility, depressing to the high, calm, gentle Brutus, while it inflates and disguises the ruler himself. Caesar cannot but feel the omnipotence which emanates from him and his tone of gorgeous arrogance and majestic pomp is not the presumption of a private person but rather the ceremonial language—and we might add, the stage language—of the Renaissance, for the master of the world, as little immodest or conceited as are the grandiloquent formulas of state-letters and decrees.

In the first place, Shakespeare's Caesar is the realm, is fame, is glory—it was necessary to embody in a dramatic, even a theatrical manner, not the characteristics which made Caesar what he was, but the product himself, in order to bring out the Brutus-destiny. Caesar is not the *hero* of a Caesar-tragedy but the incarnate *world* of destiny in a Brutus-tragedy. But Shakespeare was not composing allegories, and even when he beheld universal forces, he saw them in human forms with personal traits. Since his view of Caesar is only from the standpoint of Brutus, he was able to grasp not only the atmospheric ruler-nimbus, conventionalized in the national pomp that was erroneously interpreted as arrogance, but also the individual which still stirred in mortal fashion within the nimbus. In Plutarch himself, he discovered a trait which, while he did not use it specifically, nevertheless considerably influenced his gravid imagination: Caesar, when warned against Brutus, says that Brutus can afford to wait for this frail body. It was precisely this failure of the flesh, in this world-spirit incarnate, that impressed the poet so powerfully as to hold him in its grip, though he does not emphasize it by intention, but expresses it involuntarily: Caesar's falling-sickness, his deafness, and a certain nervous irritability, which is displayed not only in a swift alternation of decisions, but also in vehement outbursts. Shakespeare did not gather individual traits, but beheld a universal structure of gestures: the mortal man from whom there has gone forth a world that already overwhelms his person, but a world that has *gone* forth; he is still its center and its symbol, but no longer its entire aspect.

Shakespeare was not concerned with depicting the victor, conqueror, and doer Caesar, but a few of his properties still flash through the lines, assuming now the form of heroic pomp, now his weaknesses, in fact, like so many Shakespearian characters, an organic, natural profusion of many human traits. There is a genuine Caesar greatness in the austere simplicity:

> "What touches us ourself shall last be serv'd;"

the imperial glance with which he scrutinizes the soothsayer and looks through Cassius, his calmly audacious fatalism:

> ". . . death, a necessary end,
> Will come when it will come."

And there is still true Caesar-generosity in the simple benevolence with which he welcomed his visitors. Shakespeare no doubt perceived the traits of Caesar which had become celebrated in history, but he did not give them full illumination in a work that was to treat the already finished world-ruler from the Brutus point of view, the decrepit, dangerous and endangered bearer of this burden—a burden to himself and others. We may thus explain the two qualities that gave offense, as well as occasion for surmising an intentional belittling of the hero. Caesar's boastful arrogance is a proper, even a necessary imperial discourse, conventionalized in the baroque manner, in a personal vanity—his bodily defects, even down to his weakness in decisions, are the fleshly traits of an idea incarnate, a necessary part of its tragedy. And the incidents which are censured as superstition and ascribed to Shakespeare's hostile intent were taken from Plutarch: the respect of the national ruler for the customs of the cult can belittle the historical Caesar or the Caesar of Shakespeare only in the eyes of wise didactic pedants. Shakespeare himself shared and respected such piety.

Quite regardless of the virtues or vices to which the reader's

attention was mostly directed, Shakespeare felt and portrayed the innate measure of Caesar, which is independent of Caesar's qualities and achievements: he is not a better or more gifted person than Brutus and Cassius, but a creature of more gigantic compass. No one ever realized this pre-moral and super-psychological sense of measure more emphatically than Shakespeare. He has a sharper eye for big and little, for high and low, than for good and evil, and his Richard III and Macbeth are great characters to begin with, though they be evil. Caesar, also, with all his defects, is truly that which Cassius—by reason of his envy and ambition, Caesar's most sensitive enemy—terms him with venomous clairvoyance: a colossus, a god, perhaps a haughty or sick god, but yet a god, and wherever he treads he bears with him the crushing omnipotence which is no longer a part of his merits but of his dispensation, his inborn rank.

The conspirators think to destroy the super-personal authority of Caesar—the world embodied *in* him, and making *him* a world—by eliminating his vulnerable person: this is the illusion which destroys them, but also the force of their deed. This simultaneously menacing and frail man cannot fail to entice them to murder; being men and Romans they have a right to break so disgraceful a sovereignty if they can, and they must conceive it as breakable when they regard Caesar in his corporeal presence. They forget that Caesar's new power has already issued forth from him and permeated their entire world. Their tragedy flows from delusion and their worth, like the worth of their deed, will stand not as the achieving of the freedom of their people, but as a rescuing of their own spiritual dignity. Here again, Shakespeare has not borrowed Plutarch's opinions, but created countenances out of Plutarch, viewing Brutus, the political fool, as a sacrificial offering and prototype of human dignity, though Shakespeare has no favor for the murderer of tyrants. Shakespeare is united to Brutus not by faith in moral virtue or in political freedom, but by his faith in spiritual dignity. Nietzsche has gone far deeper in this connection than any other interpreter of Shake-

speare, grasping even the fact that Caesar's greatness is necessary in order to elevate Brutus, less perhaps owing to the greatness of the victim than to the greatness of the illusion and the expiation. Caesar's continuing to exist after his death, more mighty and sublime than before, purified of error and frailty, now fame and glory unalloyed—this is Brutus' frightful burden, his gradual admission of his illusion, harder to bear for the unselfish servant of his country than the will to murder. This noble character may not survive his illusion and he takes his own life not through remorse for his guilt or for a crime committed in vain, but through a sense of dignity, having felt the valuelessness of that in which he had had faith and for which he had labored. And the poet here has merely reflected the truth of history: when Brutus said, at the end of his life, that virtue was only an empty name, this sentiment, felt but not used by Shakespeare, is precisely the Brutus-tragedy that dominates Shakespeare's entire play: Brutus has lived for an illusion. This is no disgrace for him who retains his dignity and pays for it with his own destruction. That is Shakespeare's view of Brutus: Brutus against Caesar: that is, honor against greatness, spirit against world, in the framework of a drama of Roman history. And it is precisely in his revelation of this cosmic sense of the historical situation that Shakespeare is incomparable. His Brutus remains unique in dignity, his Caesar in greatness, and this means not merely in gifts, works, effectiveness, but in original primitive proportion. Shakespeare's drama, to be sure, is not an historical copy but an original world-image of historical substance, and therefore less important for the knowledge of Caesar than many mere copyists have been. His Caesar stands beyond the bounds of fact, being an independent conjuration of the greatest ruler by the greatest poet.

Shakespeare's tragedy continued to influence the history of the theater, but in the history of the Caesar-image it remains an isolated block of granite. The English and continental poets who have continued to make use of the dramatic merits of Shakespeare's Caesar, down into the Nineteenth Century, including Voltaire,

Herder, Alfieri, returned to the humanistic school-drama precisely in their depiction of Caesar, to the magnanimous tyrant, to the struggle between domination and freedom. Only the tension of Brutus received more definite attention after Shakespeare; before Shakespeare the murder had simply been an act of hostility, evaluated now as a crime, now as a heroic deed, not an act of sacrifice. For the first time, Shakespeare here presents the tragedy of a soul, while his successors have dramatized the situation as a touching cleavage between friendship and liberty, sometimes even between son and father. The historical event, sufficient, as such, for humanism, molded by Shakespeare into a symbol of struggling world forces, then became a pretext for the play of feeling or for tendential theses. Voltaire's drama must be considered as a part of the historical thought of the Period of Enlightenment. Shakespeare's fame, as Voltaire had rediscovered him for Europe, and Lessing, Herder, Goethe and the romanticists had glorified him, made his Caesar almost a popular figure. The great mass of readers and listeners naïvely borrowed from it an image of a proud world-ruler, thus coming closer to the poet's intention than the erudite interpreters who emphasize his identity with the Caesar of the Commentaries, of Plutarch, or of Mommsen, or who assign political, esthetic and psychological causes for deviations in treatment. Shakespeare's Caesar grew in the mental atmosphere of Montaigne and Bacon, a creation of his own, fed by the vibrant sense of persons of the former, as well as by the factual world-knowledge of the latter, by absorbing and enhancing the forces of the epoch into a cosmic fantasy transcending mere culture: it is one of the eternal images. Now again, we shall trace the course of the thoughts on Caesar—which was interrupted but not influenced by Shakespeare's independent vision—seeking, as far as possible through the history of the times, for such persons as have transformed him or emphasized him by reason of his own traits, and paying little attention to the almost industrial use of the knowledge and formulas of speech current since Petrarch, or to

any curious freaks such as the translation of the Commentaries into the Greek, made by a Marshal of France.

After Montaigne, the guidance of European taste becomes more and more the function of the French—the guidance, but not the domination! This delicate, rich, free and yet proud amateur, critic, skeptic, is merely the intellectual predecessor of the king who was to establish the primacy of France and simultaneously to lead the yet hovering and expanding Renaissance spirit into the more rigid, narrow, more transparent and concise structure of rulership—of rational monarchy. Henry IV is the last Renaissance monarch in the same sense that Emperor Maximilian was the last knight, less overshadowed by the struggles of the faith than any other ruler of his time, a man of a noble all-human susceptibility, together with a strong, tenacious national will, neither entirely politicized nor yet a mere private dilettante, prevented by his genius from petrifying in his royalty or from frittering himself away as did most of his predecessors and successors. Henry IV was superior to Francis I, whom he resembled in culture, dilettantism and temperament, in his seriousness, his gifts and his heart; to Louis XIV, who excelled him in dignity, discipline and pride, in pure royal spirit, because Henry IV possessed mental and spiritual freedom and a rich humanity; he is akin to Montaigne, particularly in his commingling of "blood and judgment". The understanding has already become the guide of his forces of life, yet everywhere in him the senses and the feelings play their blithe game. Still far removed from a rigid rational union of all forces about a single center of will and faith—which makes Richelieu appear so imperious and Louis XIV so kingly—Henry is a dazzling man, a genius on the throne, but not a majestic ruler; the heir of a disorganized, weakened and disturbed society, the beginner of a domination that bethinks itself, collects itself, and aims high, seeking far-flung dominions; at once the gifted bearer and the tragic sacrifice of the transition; knight, genius, and rational statesman in the same person; seeking a form of authority that may be more appropriate for his bold spirit and

his more mighty national means, after the disappearance of the Spanish monarchy, than the yet restricted French kingship.

It was his privilege to plan to attain successorship to the Caesars of Hapsburg, and it was not an accident that just he, pervaded with the Renaissance culture and even with the new susceptibility of Montaigne, at once a man of mind, of politics and of enjoyment, should be a special admirer of the hero who had perpetuated this unity in the most illustrous and monumental way. His faithful and trusted assistant, Sully, informs us of Henry's special love of Caesar. Henry translated the first two books of the Gallic Wars into French. The king's opinion of Caesar has not been handed down in any original form; we may only sense it from the reflection of his environment. From Charles V to Frederick the Great of Prussia no ruler has so often been compared with Caesar as Henry IV, and here again it was not so much the flattery of the court which draped all rulers with flourishes of fame borrowed from Alexander and Caesar, but rather a similarity of being, of situation or of ambition, of which the rulers loved to be reminded. Sully himself spoke to the king of models whose virtues he should attain, or whose vices or blemishes he should shun. Together with Ninus, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Augustus, Trajan, Constantine, Charlemagne, Charles V, and a few other—particularly French—rulers, Sully glorifies for Henry IV Caesar's wars, victories, conquests, virtues, and warns him against Caesar's falling-sickness, pederasty, drunkenness and bloody end. There is no political idea in this mirror of princes; it rather contains edifying commonplaces for young clergymen than suggestions for a great ruler; yet it may be considered as a semi-serious, semi-entertaining table-talk, a gay display of historical trifling by gentlemen of rank, emanating from Montaigne's joy in qualities and destinies, but without his freshness and keen eye, approximately in the style of Montaigne's clerical disciple Charron: the new knowledge of character distilled and applied in moral maxims.

When Henry IV, after long civil wars, was murdered in the

midst of far-reaching plans, before achieving an adjustment of oppositions and a crowning of his work, the comparison with Caesar, a victim of magnanimity and irreconcilable party strife, was forced upon the minds of men, and the manner of his death caused him more than ever to be conventionalized after the fashion of his Roman prototype. Even Ranke still felt this: "It was Caesar's destiny, but without the largeness of the forms which the history of antiquity shows even in crime." Among the comparisons made between Henry and Caesar after Henry's death there is one that is worthy of note by reason of its almost passionate precision as well as for the character of its author: the poem composed by Henry's closest friend and ablest helper, the Duc de Sully. The poet composed these lines as a consolation and distraction for himself, to glorify his beloved king as well as to write his eulogy and apotheosis, without literary art; a composition by a serious, somewhat awkward man who wishes to put his learning to the task of transfiguring a painful present and perpetuating his friend. With far more inadequate means, but with more heartfelt impulse, Sully attempts in poetic, rhetorical form approximately the same task performed by Rubens in his gorgeous paintings to glorify Henry IV. He enumerates many details of the lives of the two heroes (in about five hundred and sixty Alexandrine verses), common to both, in his opinion the greatest men of history, comparable only with each other—after the manner of the Plutarch parallels, but far more detailed, far more sophomoric and verbose—an incoherent recapitulation of almost everything he knows of the history of each, particularly their military history. Sully makes exhaustive use of his erudition in Caesar's Commentaries, as well as in Suetonius and Plutarch, and also of his meticulous memory of his own companion-in-arms. His learned paraphernalia outweigh his unified glimpse of personality. He does not achieve a Caesar-image of his own, merely a geographical-historical outline of his historical contents, somewhat after the fashion of Pedro Mexia, embedded in a passionate

eulogy of that monarch who was Henry IV's prototype as the strongest, the wisest and kindest of rulers.

The emphasis with which Sully lauds Caesar's great plans for legislation, his popular welfare institutions, things for the most part overlooked by reason of Caesar's military prowess and personal qualities, betray rather a conscientious statesman than a learned eulogist. In fact, this panegyric contains the true materials for a Caesar-image that would transcend Montaigne, not only in its necessary knowledge of facts, but also because of an understanding of his motives by reason of the author's political and human status. But there is a lack of creative concentration: as in Montaigne and Bacon, the perfectly correct observations and data do not serve as a clear expression for a fundamental view; they merely suggest its feeling and its attitude. In Montaigne and Bacon, however, either the feeling or the observation is new—they are awakeners, which is more than can be said of Sully; Sully is an admirer of that Caesar who was first preserved by Montaigne, but with a pronounced hatred for his murderers, whom he places on par with Ravaillac, and with a clear conception of the utility and necessity of Caesar's overthrow. Had Sully been capable of formulating his Caesar ideas with the freshness and brightness of Montaigne, with Bacon's emphasis, and with any stylistic mastery of his own, he might have become—at his early day—the man to dissipate prejudice against the usurper. But he had no suggestive power; and knowledge without form, fullness without strength, do not determine men's minds as much as a concise reason dominated uniformly by a practical will.

The greatness and strength of the following century, which bears the name of Henry's grandson, consists of the fact that it everywhere recapitulated, simplified and crystallized about a firm axis of intellect or will, all the treasures of observation and knowledge that had been accumulated since the Renaissance, not without some constriction of their wealth, not without the elimination of many a fruitful active tendency. The era of Louis XIV hardly afforded any new materials or opened hitherto unsuspected

vistas; but it contributed a firmer form to the material available, a more concise recapitulation, a clearer outline, frequently nothing more than a convenient formula or arbitrary line. The age of humanism, of a generally human activity, the rise of things, the era of realism, was followed by a development of the resources of reason: that is, rationalism; in fact, the century whose temporal ruler was Louis XIV, whose spiritual guide was Descartes, might also be called the century of order. It was a French century, in which the most order-loving, reason-worshiping and form-accepting nation found exemplary solutions for its specific troubles and made them dominant for all of Europe. The personal character of the nation's rulers here as everywhere is simultaneously the expression and formulation of an incipient tendency. Richelieu and Louis XIV neither created their epoch nor are they its creatures, but are the plastic will in which this epoch appears to itself and recognizes itself and its function in the passive and active sense of the word: mission and destiny.

It follows from the character of this century that it would not achieve a new Caesar-image beyond that of Petrarch, Montaigne, Bacon, but would merely devise more telling formulas for existing conceptions: as far as a history of Caesar's fame is concerned, the period intervening between Descartes and Montesquieu is characterized only by stylistic versions, not by visions, materials, new senses. Neither Caesar's place nor his validity nor his figure was changed: but the style of the writings which mentioned him became more dignified, more lucid, more unadorned and restrained.

Five of the leading spirits of the century devoted specific formulas of their own to Caesar: Corneille, Bossuet, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, La Fontaine. In other writers, Caesar is for the most part a current metaphor—together with Alexander—for fame, greatness and victory, with which to adorn rulers: Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis XIV, Condé and Turenne.

Of the rulers themselves, who then commanded taste more than any other court at any time, we have only the scantiest ex-

pressions concerning Caesar. In his memoirs (perhaps unauthentic) Richelieu once mentions Alexander and Caesar as examples of military princes; he says they made themselves masters of the world and attained immortal glory worth more than their realms, not only by means of their courage and effort, but also by their presence in the army—a political-military lesson of history of the type which had been popularized among political writers by Machiavelli.

Richelieu's able and high-minded opponent, the Huguenot leader, the Duc de Rohan, deduced the rules of warfare, on the basis of his own rich knowledge, from Caesar's Commentaries and compiled them in a handbook, *The Perfect General.* As Brancaccio exploited Caesar militarily in accordance with the conditions of the condottieri bands and feuds of the Sixteenth Century, so De Rohan tried to learn and to teach with the aid of Caesar the art of war which had advanced considerably since Gustavus Adolphus. His book is inspired by zeal of workmanship and an admiration for the greatest master of his craft: in every way a technical monograph.

We have Bossuet's word for it that the great Condé also occupied himself with Caesar's campaigns, to learn from them. It is to the patronage of this "new Alexander" that Perrot d' Ablancourt commends his translation of the Commentaries, which is the first to satisfy the more severe demands of style of the classicism of the court, and which, with its somewhat loquacious ceremonious felicity continued to communicate Caesar's personal reminiscences to refined readers up to Napoleon's time with undiminished prestige. Only the panegyric on Caesar in the introduction, which heaped upon Caesar—a parallel for the patron Condé—all the virtues, including the Christian virtues, later aroused the righteous contempt of Voltaire for the untruthfulness of dedications in general.

With the aid of his preceptor, Louis XIV, when a boy, translated the First Book of the Commentaries and it was a subtle piece of flattery to publish this school-work in a luxurious edition

as an example of his ability or of his early sense of rulership, together with a similar exercise from the pen of his illustrious grandfather. He differed from his grandfather somewhat as Augustus differed from Caesar, and perhaps viewed himself in that same light; he played the part of the sublime completer, the Augustus of the French kingdom. The sense of royal dignity was Louis XIV's true impelling force: it was for him a necessary virtue and a necessary possession simultaneously, and he shunned no effort, no violence, no sacrifice, to enhance or preserve it. He was possessed neither by a restlessly creative or destructive spirit of performance, nor by a primitive lust for power, only by a personal wish for the validity of majesty, and it was for its sake that he sought power, fame, glory, as means and adornments of this, to him, supreme value. Benevolent by nature, but so far removed by rank from the host of men as to be unable to feel with them; pious, but owing to his pride erect and dazzled; sensible, but with no penetrating or free spirit; with good taste, but without solid culture—he was and would be nothing but king in the full sense of this sanction, rather by gesture and appearance than by action, rather by impression and essence than by creation. A placid omnipresent pervasion of a sublime existence, illuminated, empowered and sanctified by God himself, radiating its light far around and stimulating and favoring all activities by this function alone: this was the demand he imposed upon himself and others and which he retained though his faith was shaken, together with the arrogance of weakness and secret care, and the humility of the service of God and the burden of God—not a great man, hero and ruler, but a born king, the last full king who was nothing but a king. For Frederick the Great was more and less than a king: he was a genius, a hero, statesman, soldier, belletrist on the throne. In fact, beginning with Napoleon, kingship was shaken to the foundations of its faith.

It was Louis XIV who imparted to the matter-of-course feeling, the undisputed faith in this legitimacy, which unites in-

dissolubly in a single higher unit: sanction, power, right—its favorite visible form in the age of reason. By his majestic appearance, he made the legitimacy of kings credible once more to a mankind already disillusioned—and this in spite of his outrageous abuse of power. It was not his genius and his resources that were marveled at, but his legitimate altitude, independent of such considerations. In fact, Louis himself emphasizes precisely this kingship by the grace of God and derives his claims from it with a simple-minded unscrupulousness. This may explain why Louis XIV is less inclined to favor a comparison with Caesar, the overthrower and initiator, than that with the legitimate hero Alexander and the undisputed Augustus, who ruled the earth peacefully for many years. No doubt, in his political testament, he sets the Dauphin the example of the greatness of the Caesar-name, in order to remind him of the fact that the successors of the Frankish king Charlemagne—and not the Hapsburgs—are Caesar's true heirs, though Hapsburg may still bask in this illicit glory. Louis XIV was less concerned with celebrating his genius than his type, and we therefore find more references to Alexander in his youth, and to Augustus in his old age, than to Caesar. Under Louis XIV, Alexander's reputation is more prevalent, as Caesar's was under Henry IV, the eyes of their contemporaries being governed in each case by the inclination or the impression of the ruler. Louis XIV ascended the throne as a young prince, and the customary formula of renown for all youthful kings at that time was Alexander and not the adult imperator. Furthermore, the young Louis even physically resembled the Alexander-images as seen by his contemporaries. If even Bernini, who was not a flatterer, marvels over this resemblance to himself, we may surmise to what extent the courtiers of the Hôtel Rambouillet utilized this physiognomic suggestion. When Louis promised thereupon to fulfill the prophecy of homage in his later plans and successes, his own French glory threw a posthumous light on the Macedonian who served as his counterpart.

Racine's early work was not only written to rival Corneille's *Pompée*, but was, besides, a homage to the new Alexander, and Bossuet's Alexander-flourishes were at least partly determined by his service of the king. The most obvious testimony for the fusion of the two royal victors is found in Le Brun's paintings of Alexander, which were ordered by Louis XIV himself and which, unlike Caesar's Triumph by Mantegna, do not begin with the antique model but with the modern parallel—they are a masquerade of Louis XIV.

But while Alexander may have absorbed new glory from Louis XIV in the eyes of the latter's servants, the republican and moralistic censure of Caesar, on the other hand, which Pierre Bayle still reflects from Montaigne, and which still struggled in Corneille's dramas of Pompey and Augustus with the courtly hero-worship, disappears entirely at this time. Caesar was also a great and glorious ruler, and under Louis XIV ideas of greatness and fame were far more important than those of burgher rights and private morality; they provided the successful ruler with an additional legitimacy, although, other gifts remaining equal, the king by right of birth continued to be a more welcome parallel. The only limit to the unconditional glorification of fame was set by the Christian religion. The king accepted from his court preacher an oratorical admonition that in the eyes of God all mundane glory is vain and that even Alexander and Caesar must die. Such commonplaces did not belittle him, in fact, they made him feel the glory of the moment by their contrasting it artistically with the grave, and this was Bossuet's particular ability. Bossuet depicted the kingdom of this world with all the eloquence of his majestic periods, in order thus to exalt to the sky a creating and destroying divinity: he drew this kingdom in entrancing colors; its nothingness was merely a doctrine.

For Pascal, on the other hand, the futility of earth was not a commonplace of the imagination or of thought, but a consuming conviction, and when he treats Alexander and Caesar with

scorn, he does so not for oratorical effect, but because of a true ascetic tradition: one may forgive Alexander the undertaking of the conquest of the world as a youthful excess, but Caesar was old enough to know better. This is his clever paradox; but it is based on a more honest aversion than that shown in the funereal droning of Bossuet and the fine phrases of Boileau reviling the madness of Alexander and the crime of Caesar; the latter are drawn from Lucan and Seneca, and are an oratorical adornment for the author's delight in his own clever contradiction, and not an expression of true faith. Boileau admired the contemned heroes and was fond of comparing them frequently with his king.

Might, state and kingdom were never taken more seriously than under the Most Christian King; nor history either. It is no accident that the most eloquent advocate of the Kingdom of Heaven in Louis XIV's court should also be the most eloquent proclaimer of the kingdoms of this earth. Bossuet's *Universal History*, written as a textbook for the heir of Louis XIV, presents for the first time since the Middle Ages a vivid historical picture of the entire life of nations, rulers and heroes, not only names and dates and anecdotes. It is the first readable universal history in the new Europe, for even the compendium of Sleidanus barely offered more than a rather vigorous outline of events, and Sebastian Franck's *Weltbuch* was an unwieldy compilation of quite varied raw materials, with a theosophic superstructure. All other efforts in this direction were skeletons without flesh or accumulations of material without a uniform plan, not to speak of the history-writing art of demonstration and new construction—even Walter Raleigh's incomplete attempt, which excelled the others in its mental outlook and its lofty purpose, does not dominate and shape his material. Bossuet's guiding thought is theological; he wishes to demonstrate divine providence in the change of empire: peoples and rulers are the willing or unwilling tools of the plan of salvation in its often obvious, often inscrutable, purposes. Bossuet follows his model, St. Augustine,

even in the division of the material; but he stands at an opposite point of time: world, man, reason, have again become realities since the Renaissance, accepted even by ecclesiastical Christianity, and Bossuet reads history in a far more worldly and human manner than did St. Augustine, possessed by God and seeking the beyond. For Bossuet the Kingdom of Heaven is an old habit and the history of man a new present; for St. Augustine the case was reversed.

Bossuet draws his sustenance in equal measure from the Bible and the Latin classics, and the fusion of the two imparts to his simple, straight-thinking and large-proportioned reason the majesty of expression admired by his fellow-countrymen; it is the Bible that wings his mental flight; the Romans perfect his lapidary conciseness. He is an expression simultaneously of both French tastes: the love of clarity and the love of pomp. The quality found in Cicero by Ranke is perhaps even more true of Bossuet: in Bossuet common sense expresses itself in majestic terms. The mysteries of the faith and the ideas of God stated by Bossuet never become properties and tasks of the soul with him as they do with Pascal, and never prevent him from making a mental evaluation, explanation and application of his rich knowledge: for him they are not abysses in which he descends with awe, but transcendental bounds, giving him pious pause, which he calmly reveres as inscrutable, thus turning his attention the more surely to the accessible and comprehensible. His understanding was strong and simple, and concerned itself—if ever understanding did—with finished things "that he might use them". To discover or create new things, to ponder, to pry or even to question: neither his biblical faith nor his Roman predilection favored such a course; the task of his understanding and expression was that of delimiting, ordering and ascertaining within the limits of the accepted and valid, and, like the whole age of which he was the most splendid orator, he energetically prefers to unite familiar things rather than to blaze new trails for the mind.

Even his habit of viewing from above—with the eyes of God

as it were—the boundless spaces of the realms of earth and its glories, imposed a certain gorgeous simplicity upon him, and being saturated with learning, his simplified visions were not empty but included—without anecdotic or moralistic chatting, without sentimental glosses and private details—the essential things, those qualities and events whereby nations and princes have made universal history, that is, which God utilized for his plan—presupposing as correct the Catholic world-system, with its personal God. No doubt Bossuet's God was made in the image of his king.

Bossuet never bridges the gap between historian and theologian, between dogmatism and the love of creating forms. The temporal favorites of the historian Bossuet are the founders of empires, particularly Alexander, who is for him the embodiment of fame; and the ruling Roman nation, for him the embodiment of power. The theologian Bossuet treats Judaism with most detail as a symbolical carrier of reprobation and salvation—but the historian in him takes more delight in worldly tools and workers. He condenses the history of Rome into a single event, barely entering into its various chapters, since he wishes merely to determine its total contribution to the divine plan of salvation, the founding of the monarchy in which the Redeemer is to come and the Church to grow. Caesar has his place as the pathmaker for Augustus. Bossuet characterizes Caesar's importance in world history in two words: energy and understanding: "*actif et prévoyant*", and his world-historical appearance in a single comprehensive hyperbole: "In an instant he was present over all the earth." We see here something of the Caesar-image in Dante's *Paradiso*, and it is not impossible for us to believe Napoleon's words when he says that it was such expressions in Bossuet that rended for him the curtain of the temple and revealed the course of the gods. Viewed from this height, the dispute as to the legitimacy of Caesar's murder has no longer any significance: Bossuet merely reports that Caesar, "in spite of his

clemency", was murdered as a tyrant by the friends of the old free state.

Bossuet's *Universal History* does not include a picture of Caesar comparable with his picture of Alexander; his Caesar-picture is buried in his total characterization of Rome, of which Caesar is only a member. In his letter to Pope Innocent concerning the education of the Dauphin, he tells of the way in which he describes to the future ruler "the admired master of action and writing" from his Commentaries: his generalship in marches, camps and battles, in an invigorating and restraining military discipline; his policy toward friends, enemies, allies, subjects; clement or severe according to circumstances, but always understanding and firm; in short, Caesar as the model of action, as we find him repeatedly recommended and applied in Italy after the origin of the modern state. The temporal political thinker contained in the spiritual admonisher Bossuet here makes himself felt, and we may understand why precisely Napoleon (even disregarding the welcome preliminary work rendered for him by the Gallican author of these four articles) should feel a special veneration for him: Napoleon was attracted by Bossuet's simple grandiose gesture together with his political sense. Bossuet's power lies here and not in his preaching sentiments opposing Alexander and Caesar, ambitious world-destroyers, who purchase their worthless fame at the cost of eternal damnation, though his commonplaces may have become more current than his visions and insights. His *Universal History* still has influence to-day, aside from its organ-tones of language, owing to the intelligence of this political Prince of the Church: it is one of the few sovereign manuals that treat of great things in a great way, not dry, not verbose, not without proportion. It also pictures with clarity Caesar in a far-flung space, a fresco figure in the general panorama.

This monumental sense raises his perhaps more simple pictures above the petty work of refinement carried on by the students of manners and characters who grazed the pasture of universal

history after Montaigne. Montaigne's vigorous power of observation continued to operate in the era of Louis XIV in two directions: in Pierre Bayle as criticism, in La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère as psychology. All three paid some attention to Caesar. The same cleavage between the traditional maxims of faith and the unambiguous facts of experience or impressions of the senses which impelled Descartes to seek a wider basis of explanation, a more fruitful "working hypothesis", made of Bayle an impassioned questioner and skeptic of all traditions. Bayle was not a thetic or a synthetic intellect but a gatherer of details. To compare general teachings with the countless things that contravene them, or to compare things conjectured with things observed—this was his delight, the outgrowth of a scholastic who has run away from the torments of a theological school, who has lost the faith in his old *universalia* and now eggs on the *res* against them. Bayle was prevented from seeking new universalia, as Descartes did, by his lack of profundity of thought and his contenting himself with the materials of knowledge. It was necessary for some one to take the step out of the empty framework of philosophy into the teeming fields of real things, and it is the historical achievement of Bayle to have taken this step: the things themselves he merely fumbled and handled, pushed to and fro, without building or shaping any of them. He stuck closely to details. Even in the Caesar annotations of his great *Dictionnaire*, he affords no characterization or history, but merely discusses a few specific statements of the ancients concerning Caesar's art of war, his murder, authorship, and apotheosis—with irritation against the despoiler of liberty, with recognition of his military genius, but without any ardor for him or against him, after the fashion of philological annotations to a classical text. In fact, Bayle's morose erudition makes him more a successor of Scaliger than of Montaigne. He particularly delighted in making stylistic objections to Caesar's Commentaries, in which he follows Lipsius, but such objections also emanate from his own love of contradiction, which becomes almost an end in itself owing

to his lack of any creative idea. Voltaire, who later far exceeded Bayle's skepticism, was impelled rather by the exalting consciousness of an almost blessed lucidity of understanding, the vigor of a fanatical faith in reason, than by the morose pedantic caviling of a dominie who has lost his faith.

La Rochefoucauld was a nobleman of high degree whose ambitions had not been satisfied and whose activity was impeded by despotism. He indemnified himself by belittling all motives for activity: as Machiavelli became an historian through a suppressed genius for activity, so La Rochefoucauld becomes a psychologist for the same reason. But being a superior and aristocratic spirit, not a parasite or climber like Saint-Simon, who is more embittered by the withholding of worldly goods than by the withholding of an active life, he has a full understanding of the greatness which is inaccessible to him. His psychology of selfishness is only an appeasing of his desire for life in the grand style. Therefore Caesar, who attained fulfillment, who could not be restrained by any morality, any external compulsion, any weakness, any mischance, in the working out of his many-sided individuality, is for him the greatest man. La Rochefoucauld esteems not the origins of greatness but its yield, and the human, all too human, origins appease only the bursting envy of his audacious heart. His disciple Vauvenargues, more pious, more pure, more delicate, and exempt from this hard earthly ambition, but with a like thirst for fame, revered Caesar with a kindred love, but, obedient to his own nature, he beheld in Caesar less of the monstrous urge to power and the ruthless universal understanding than of the magnanimous soul which must expand and which becomes a crime and a disaster only by reason of the world's resistance. He sought no narrow motives for wide deeds but a great heart in great enterprises. Catherine II of Russia once defended Caesar in the same spirit against a petty interpretation of his motives.

Beginning with Montaigne, men no longer desired to know only the deeds of heroes and their qualities, but also to read their

souls. Montaigne contented himself with an experimental and descriptive psychology; so did Bacon. In La Rochefoucauld, however, we have the beginnings of a sympathetic psychology: La Rochefoucauld no longer starts with objections, but with conditions, and he is less inclined to explain forces from properties than properties from forces; in this respect he is a forerunner of his admirer Nietzsche.

While La Rochefoucauld seeks to find himself everywhere, La Bruyère, the other understander and psychologist of his age, seeks to transcend himself in order to read many souls—for La Bruyère had also been made clear-sighted by a wounded spirit, not, however, with a masculine resentment, but rather with a feminine long-suffering.

La Bruyère is the classical ancestor of Sainte-Beuve. He felt impelled to make a precise study of the human beings among whom his delicate soul suffered, and his knowledge, his view, his understanding of them afforded him the sort of voluptuousness that others may find in domination or vengeance. A son of the classical spirit, he sought tangible types, not personalities; or rather, the motley host of personalities fell into several classes, all of itself, constructing his own types for him—furthermore, he had the assistance of his literary precursor Theophrastus. La Bruyère conventionalized Louis XIV's two famous generals, Condé and Turenne, concerning whose relative merits there was disagreement at court, into types for which he supplied the historical names: the hero and the great man, Alexander and Caesar, the former young and bold, effective rather by reason of the urge of his spirit; the latter far-seeing, firm, broad and of comprehensive knowledge, dominating men by his mind. La Bruyère is one of the few men in the era of Louis XIV who give preference to Caesar. He even engages in a veiled polemic against Pascal: he considers that the conquest of the world was a task more befitting the mature man than the impetuous youth. La Bruyère's distinction between *héros* and *grand-hommes,* as exemplified in Alexander and Caesar, is only a repetition of the old

rhetorical scholastic essay as to the precedence of the two most famous of men, with the sole addition of the resources of a post-Montaigne study of human qualities. In La Bruyère also —who lacked the impersonal eye of Bossuet and La Rochefoucauld, and who had a finer appreciation for the social properties than for historical characters—this essay degenerates into a clever but more or less pointless exercise.

The company of French observers of characters and customs who were the successors of Montaigne and of the social environment of Louis XIV includes also a Spaniard, the Jesuit Baltasar Gracián y Morales (1601-1658), their peer in mental acumen, austere polish of style and classic culture. His writings found a wider circle of European readers than the purer and more delicate work of either La Rochefoucauld or La Bruyère, because they were more artfully, more gayly and more pointedly calculated for the general use, and with a more exotic flavor—in all this dangerously clever, alert and constricted era they are the handbooks of social life, particularly that of the court (they are books of specimens of good fortune and energy) which are richest in experience and intentionally fullest of *esprit*. Gracián was also introduced into France and read almost as much as a native author. He combines the worldly flexibility of a Jesuit with the restrained fire of a Spanish believer, the pride of a grandee with the circumspection of a courtier, a humanistic erudition and eloquence with a statesman's hardness. All his writings are marked by an awe—not servile but priestly—for that which has, or acquires, or maintains, or magnifies or creates greatness. Quite naturally Caesar and Alexander are for him the miracles of might and fame, the masters and patterns of successful action and incisive word. He is concerned not with petty honors and gains: he aims to show how the greatest men have acted and worked for the sake of true earthly glory, which he regards as the grace and wish of God. He takes the kingdom of this world seriously. He depicts Caesar and Alexander as its exemplary achievers and administrators.

After Vaugelas translated Curtius' *Alexander* and Perrot d'Ablancourt translated Caesar's Commentaries, the two heroes (as we learn from Saint-Evremont) had again become a subject of conversation with every one and the habit of comparing them was fashionable at court. Montaigne had blazed the trail for these dialectic exercises of wit; they were not the result of an historical or a political sense, like Bossuet's or Montesquieu's reflections on the Greeks and Romans, but of a psychological and more still of a stylistic tendency. The great men of history serve merely as pegs on which to hang a study and formulation of properties, a drill in a concise repartee of praise and blame, usually accompanied by ambiguous references to those in power at the time. We may therefore not expect this preoccupation to yield any historical revelations and prospects. They differ from the kindred rhetorical occupation of antiquity, the parallels of Plutarch or Appian, as the courtly salon with its conversation, *médisance*, and flattery differs from the municipal agora with its political emulation, or from the academies and lycea with their intellectual combats—for even the later Roman speeches come from the agon. Instead of deeds and destinies, the court observers preferred to point out motives and gestures. Plutarch, as well as Montaigne and his successors, is characterized by a sense for properties. On the other hand, in Plutarch's eyes, history is the accepted theater of existence, even of private existence, while for the Frenchman of the court this theater is society. Even the king is only a social personage, that is, a private personage—for private life is an attribute of all stations, not a level of social altitude but a mode of experience—expanded, however, to gigantic proportions. This may be observed particularly in the novel or the drama: even struggles of universal compass are treated only as private court-intrigues and court-feelings with a more or less rhetorical treatment. It remained for Frederick the Great and Napoleon to expand these private limitations with the content of world and destiny.

Saint-Evremont treats Roman things—as opposed to Bossuet,

for whom they are divine history; to Montesquieu, for whom they are national history; to Voltaire, for whom they are the history of civilization—as the actions of mighty private individuals, with more elegance than the scholars and with no less erudition. He elucidates transactions on the basis of personal circumstances and predilections, and the motives of the soul are as important for him in history as the whims and aims of the ruler are to the parasites. He does not know nations and gods, atmospheres, destinies; he knows no universe beyond the rational, explainable, and subvertible individuality. Minds of his type are always concerned consciously or unconsciously with a powerful but not inscrutable and unmanageable lord, and in his image they interpret all of history.

Saint-Evremont also wrote a comparative judgment of Alexander and Caesar. For him Alexander is the born king, more marvelous, more impetuous, more immense, more radiant. Caesar is the field-marshal and statesman of versatile endowment, who must achieve rule by means of effort, crime and cunning; he is wiser, firmer, more rational, more steady. Both are unquestionably the greatest men of history: Alexander a demigod predestined to rule the world; Caesar the achiever of the greatest deeds, the first of all the Romans. Saint-Evremont does not desire to decide the question of primacy, but his predilection for Alexander is obvious. The feeling of aversion for the usurper, which dictates Montaigne's decision against Caesar, is here barely felt. But the romantic halo which Saint-Evremont's chief authority—Curtius—casts about Alexander is lacking in the Commentaries, whose lapidary sobriety had a tendency to make their author appear more meager and narrow in the eyes of unpolitical, splendor-loving readers. The Commentaries lacked the *merveilleux,* the sense of distance which Alexander satisfied like no other, especially to cultured persons. The Italian Renaissance, which was particularly concerned with sloughing off the marvelous, the miraculous, and with achieving a monumental clarity and definiteness, therefore favors Caesar almost

without exception, and has a better eye for the measure than for the color of heroes. Montaigne is still of this age; he favors Alexander not by reason of his mood, but by reason of his convictions, not because he loves miracles, but because he loves virtue.

Montaigne's attitude is still reflected in the completions of Plutarch written by Dacier and others, whose essays of comparison decidedly declare Caesar's military accomplishment to be greater, but his character to be worse and his work more harmful than those of Alexander. In his parallel between Condé, Alexander, and Caesar, La Fontaine repeats approximately the same general attitude of feeling found in Saint-Evremont and the application of principles found in Montaigne; but—with more affectation, with more digressions—he arrives at a conclusion more favorable to Caesar by reason of his deeds of generalship and his clemency: Caesar has fewer defects and more virtues than Alexander. The object of the comparison is to ascribe to Prince Condé all the virtues of both—a courtier's flattery conceived in the form of a pseudo-historical study. All these comparisons have not altered Caesar's fame but perfected it and solidified the thought that he and Alexander—with the addition of the idols of the time—were the greatest figures in history, thus making this thought a common formula of Franco-European classicism, more definitely fixed and formal than in the more varied formations of the Renaissance.

The Caesar formulated by Saint-Evremont or La Fontaine is made a living gesture by the dramatist Corneille, in his *Death of Pompey*, who thus completes the process begun by Robert Garnier in his *Cornélie*. Even though Corneille wrote before Louis XIV had attained the zenith of his reign, he nevertheless affords a formulation for the conceptions of heroic and monarchic greatness in a court which no longer felt any super-social enthusiasm but traced the course of destiny to the private feelings and wishes of mighty men and women—more even than did Racine, the purest dramatic expression of this age. Corneille fixed the

language of high principle and lofty bearing down to Voltaire, covering the entire field of activity of French classicism. Corneille's Caesar was not only the source of the many operas written on Caesar and Cleopatra in French, Italian, German and English, but also for the Caesar in Addison's *Cato* and Gottsched's *Cato* as well as for the Caesar in Alfieri's *Bruto Secondo*. The literary offspring of Corneille's courtly Caesar-puppet is more numerous than that of Shakespeare's cosmical Caesar-man. Corneille's figure is based more directly than Shakespeare's original vision on the humanistic desire to reanimate correctly the illustrious destinies and characters of Rome. But, though animated by a more rigid desire for historical fidelity, Corneille was more susceptible than the all penetrating British seer to the history-falsifying demands of his specific society, also to its esthetic theories. By transforming the humanistic school-drama for Richelieu's more close-knit and fastidious court on the model of Muret, Garnier, and Grévin, enriched by Spanish tensions, but with a stronger dramatic and poetic genius, Corneille thus removed himself—in this creative act—from the more indolent culture of the Petrarchists and Ronsardists (who were, however, more faithful to history) and escaped from the stormy atmosphere of freedom, and political and religious agitation which prevailed from Francis I to Henry IV, into the enclosure of a protected court and an exclusive monarchic will. Corneille was still close enough to the last Renaissance king and to the civil wars to rescue for his drama a faint breath of the national sense which, under his successors, had already yielded entirely to social ambitions and which his dramatic predecessors could fail to immortalize only for the reason that they lacked poetic talent, being pedants and literati. It was Richelieu's new firmness and severity that imparted a stronger and a higher style to Corneille; Corneille therefore stands at the turning point between the culture of the Renaissance and the taste of the Baroque, between a political pathos and a social ethos; a poet of heroes when viewed from

Racine's place in history; a poet of the court when viewed from that of Rabelais or Montaigne.

Corneille thought to dramatize Lucan by putting on the stage Caesar's Egyptian hours, and yet he does nothing more—though his tastes are more mature, and his thought more lofty—than the authors of the court-novels who abused the celebrated names as an adornment, a cloak, a stimulus to the love intrigues of the court that surrounded them. Thus Scudéry, in his *Cleopatra,* also represents Caesar as a wooing, charmingly high-minded prince, using his historical laurels only as a court-perruque, his world fame as a dazzling jewel, to enhance the tension of the romance. The parasites preferred to read of celebrated world-rulers, as servant-girls of this day prefer to read of earls and millionaires. The plot itself serves only as a drapery for love-affairs. Again, in another court-novel, Caesar appears as a gay knight, the rescuer or slave of a persecuted princess: it is in Desfontaine's *L'Illustre Amalazonthe* (1645); and here Caesar by his exaggerated nobility of heart touches the daughter of a defeated and slain Gallic prince, as he touches Pompey's widow in Corneille's tragedy—but Desfontaine's Oriane is more easily won than the tragic Cornelia.

The heroes of history do not become private individuals by the mere fact of being represented in love—love may appear as a world-force, as in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra;* and world-conquest may become a private affair, as in Marlowe's *Tamurlaine.* It is not the volume of a process, but its type; not the objective things but the conditions of a character; not the consequences but the origins of a mood that determine its weight and its content. Shakespeare's heroes, whether they be kissing or ruling, issue directly from the same soil of life as universal history itself: Shakespeare's Caesar is as direct a creation of nature as the Roman Caesar himself, a primitive pattern of super-personal power like Othello and Macbeth. Corneille's Caesar is taken from the conceptions of Roman history common to cultured readers of Lucan, from the reflections of a reader of

Scaliger on the rules of tragedy and from the experiences of the ambitious, dignified and frivolous French court-nobility: all these things already presuppose that rational differentiation between the separate ego and the world substance which makes mere private matters of even the greatest of subjects. Shakespeare abolished this difference; antiquity and the Middle Ages knew nothing of it; it matters little whether the ego be rooted in universal nature or fettered to the universal mind. Beginning with the Renaissance, individual genius again and again renewed this union, approaching it in various ways; and for the rest, ever-varied associations have played nature or fate or God to the individual: the state, society, economy. The epoch of Louis XIV made the court a destiny extending far into policy, while in the Renaissance it was still policy that determined society, while Frederick and Napoleon again permeated the rational state with their creative genius.

Corneille extracted from Roman history for dramatic use whatever elements were accessible to a courtly, unnational society: the noble, lofty pomp, the tension between feeling and office. Almost all his heroes are sensitive private individuals whose love or hatred or ambition violates the demands of their station or position. Rank, family, custom here operate for destiny and nature, imposing painful barriers on the loving or hating ego: even Polyeucte's Christianity is not a matter of honor but of faith. Chivalry, royalty, world dominion are not here—as in Shakespeare—soul-forces or passions, active counter-forces or co-forces of love or hatred, but permanent frontiers, objective impediments, principles serving as brakes to desire. Corneille's Caesar, being Pompey's opponent, bears the same relation to Cornelia that the Cid does to Chimène, whose father he has slain—both are magnanimous heroes in love whose happiness of heart is destroyed by a fatal guilt imposed upon them by station or position, depriving them of the love or favor of a noble woman. Cornelia bears the same relation to Caesar as Cinna to Augustus: she is obliged to hate—where she would admire

through a sense of gratitude—by reason of a duty imposed by clan or station. The battle of Pharsalus and the death of Pompey, the world-war, is merely a pedestal calculated to elevate these private woes into world-view and make them acceptable to the court. Caesar, although taken from Lucan, is intended as a sublime soul; a transgressor only by reason of his act, which is the civil war; equipped, however, with every virtue as far as his private person is concerned; the transgression happened to be necessary in order to raise a tragic conflict between him and Cornelia. Pride and magnanimity: such is his character; a violation of liberty and an affection for a woman in the hostile camp is his pathetic fate; and world-rule his calling, his resonance-chamber. From Lucan, Corneille took only the mood of the world-war, not as an essential content of souls and destinies, but as decorative pomp, as a theater of action, as Garnier had done before him. The Ciceronian conflict between an admiration of the Caesarean qualities and an abhorrence of the Caesarean deeds here finds its first dramatic embodiment, for Cornelia's soul presents precisely this Ciceronian tension as a tragic impact. The discovery and utilization of this struggle of principles is Corneille's contribution to the history of Caesar on the stage. Shakespeare's tragedy presents a struggle between world-forces embodied in persons, between office and power, not between two opposing principles in a single breast; all the dramas dealing with Caesar or Brutus before Corneille are either Caesaristic or republican or oratorical flourishes. At least the Ciceronian cleavage—though it may have been felt by the minds of the authors —was not made a motif of their works; Corneille was the first to do this.

After Corneille, this cleavage never again disappeared from the dramatic Caesar-literature, and from our point of view it is a matter of indifference whether the bearer of this cleavage be Pompey's widow or Cato's daughter, or Cato himself, or Brutus—*that* would concern only the history of the drama, not the history of Caesar's fame. Caesar's outline was given: the magnanimous

and glorious victor by wrongful means, loving unrequited or loved by them he loved not; and judged severely in spite of his greatness and his fortune, by the victims of his crime and the beneficiaries of his magnanimity, who are the representatives simultaneously of right and virtue. Right and virtue are emphasized in Addison's *Cato* and even in Gottsched's *Cato*, both of which would have been impossible before Corneille, who did not insist so emphatically on these qualities. At least Gottsched, going beyond his forerunner Addison, conventionalized Caesar as a sort of "vice triumphant" and opposes Caesar's greatness, an ungenuine gift of fortune, to a true Stoic virtue superior to destiny. Yet the magnanimity of the victor, even in these republican dramas, remains unsullied as the true source of moving and sublime antitheses of principle. We may desist from a detailed discussion of the many dramas on Caesar, Brutus, and Cato which continued to ring changes on the dramatic Caesar-type as devised by Corneille without showing any original poetic or historic vision; it is sufficient for us to have ascertained the type.

We may regard the numerous Cleopatra-dramas and operas which transform Corneille's heroicized love-story or effeminized hero-story into a decorative play for the senses as a sort of waste-product of Corneille's tragedy. Far more even than in the court-dramas, Caesar here is merely the pretext for unhistorical charms, for imperial pomp and tender cooing: his glorious name and world-fame serve merely as an added effect of light and sound, and Cleopatra (or whatever may have been the name of his paramour for the moment, sometimes an Italian or British princess) is merely the typical eager or reluctant concubine, while Caesar is the typical young languishing hero, supplied however with the highest cothurnus, that of Roman world-conquest. These scenic performances have nothing in common with historical reality: their object is merely to exploit even heroic fame as a theatrical device. These theatrical plays, with or without songs, in which Caesar appears as a private lover in the imperator-costume, again

remind us of the history-less and visionless centuries when Caesar was a magic name: here again he is merely the illustrious name embodying any random social motifs to which he may be attached, without any regard for historic truth. The hero was obliged to be dazzling, noble and tender, and all that was known of Caesar corresponded to this general demand of romance, theater and opera; it was therefore possible to utilize his name also for the scheme of literary gallantry. But these pageants were not constructed for Caesar's sake.

This trifling use of the famous name for stage purposes was carried farthest perhaps in a Spanish comedy by Antonio de Solis y Ribadeneira, in the second half of the Seventeenth Century, which even exceeds the arbitrary treatment by the medieval fabulists: *The greatest triumph of Julius Caesar, and the Battle of Pharsalus.* The Neapolitans offer the royal crown to Caesar, who must lead them against Rome; Caesar remains faithful to Rome and is incarcerated by them for this obstinacy. He writes to his daughter Julia, the lover of his friend Carisius, asking her to induce the Senate to work for his liberation. Julia's attempts are frustrated by the resistance of the hostile Pompey. Thereupon Caesar, who has in the meantime been condemned to death, accepts the crown and leads Naples in a victorious attack on Rome, where he is made consul and marries his daughter to Pompey as a pledge of their reconciliation, in spite of the fact that she had been betrothed to his faithful helper Carisius. Carisius fights Pompey; Caesar separates them and secretly begs Carisius' help in attaining the kingly crown of Rome. In a wild session of the Senate, in which Pompey opposes Caesar's claims, there is a duel between Carisius and Pompey, in which Pompey is wounded. Julia thinks he is dead and falls in a swoon. Pompey's adherents spread the report that Caesar has murdered his own daughter. Caesar is obliged to flee to Naples from the rage of the Romans. Julia attempts in vain to prevent the war between her father and husband, for Pompey must do his duty as a Roman, although he loves Caesar in secret; he challenges Caesar to a duel outside

his camp. Carisius also wishes to fight Pompey, but finally allows Caesar to take precedence. Even before the duel, the Gallic auxiliaries of Carisius attack Pompey's camp. Finally, Caesar and Pompey meet on the field of battle. Julia, dressed as a man, seeks in vain to separate them. Caesar implores Pompey to flee, not desiring to kill him. Marc Antony and Brutus (Caesar's illegitimate son) pay homage to the victor Caesar. Pompey throws himself from a cliff but is not killed, thereupon fleeing to Ptolemy. In response to Julia's prayers, and the grief of Carisius, Caesar is about to order Pompey's honorable return to Rome, when the latter's severed head is brought in. Julia falls dead to the ground. Caesar is crowned king in the presence of his enemy's head and his daughter's corpse, beset by evil premonitions; he calls upon the Romans for vengeance on Ptolemy. Here the famous name serves only as a cement to piece together a most fantastic confusion of adventures and conflicts, just as in the Middle Ages. The other dramas and operas of the period may not go as far as this product of disintegration, but the difference is one of degree, not of kind. Here again, Spain has preserved the medieval spirit more tenaciously, up to the Period of Enlightenment, while it wears the costumes and formulas of the Enlightenment with grace and dignity.

In general, however, the Caesar-formulas remain of general European validity, following the precedent of France, until the moment when Herder formulated his peculiarly German vision of history. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries England, Germany and Italy, despite numerous deviations in taste and particularly in expression, continued to be vassals of France. Even Cromwell's Puritan Caesarism did not produce a new Caesar-fashion, as had the kingship of Henri Quatre, or a new Caesar-vision, as did Napoleon's domination. Cromwell's humanistically trained adherents did not regard him as a usurper, but as an overthrower of tyrants, and John Milton defends the maligned regicides to Salmasius by adducing the example of Brutus and Cassius. His attitude towards Caesar is approximately

ıat of Montaigne, with less distinctness of expression: vener-:ion for the greatness of soul and the glory in deeds of "great ılius whom now all the world admires" (as it is put in *Paradise egained*), and condemnation for his *coup d'état.* Milton's iceronian culture was so profound that it could not be subverted ven in the presence of Cromwell. His humanism is still stamped ith the mark of Italy; even Shakespeare, insofar as he belongs ı the European Renaissance and not to a timeless sphere of crea-on, drapes his native stature rather with Italian than with French : Spanish colors; his relation to Montaigne is due rather to ersonal than to national traits: a mental freedom and a love f observation.

The Restoration after Cromwell's death made England subject ɔt only to the political but also to the intellectual hegemony of rance, a suzerainty that could not be broken even by the glorious :volution of William of Orange. The dramatic evidences of ıis vassalage, as expressed in the history of Caesar's fame, are .ddison's *Cato,* which imitates the stage technique of the French ɔurt-tragedy, adding thereto an English morality; and Colley ibber's *Caesar in Egypt,* which elaborates in a somewhat Shake-ɔearean looseness the substance and motifs of Corneille's *Mort e Pompée,* but with a specific rejection of the clownish buffoon-:y and a desire for the new dignified style.

In the age of French predominance, a predominance also of iscriminating and evaluating reason, critical philosophy also lays ıe foundations for its European rule. Its contribution to 'aesar's memory are the editions of the Commentaries by Joseph caliger in France in 1606, Samuel Clarke in England in 1712, nd Franz Oudendorp in Holland in 1737. These are concerned rith Caesar's letter, not his spirit and person, yet the first of ıese editions is an honor to Caesar by reason of its great circu-ıtion and as a model of painstaking philological work on Caesar's ext, while the other two are uncommonly magnificent works of ook-making. Particularly the English edition, dedicated to the)uke of Marlborough, adorned with huge copper-engravings

after Mantegna's pictures of the triumph, as well as with numerous plans, is probably the most splendid typographical monument ever erected to a classic of antiquity. This work was intended to celebrate the fame of the great English general by fusing it with that of the Roman imperator, and thus to serve not only as an adornment to learning, but also to the British name.

But we must not seek to trace the changes in Caesar's effect on men's minds only in decorative adornments and philological toils, which always retain a certain stationary attitude in spite of all their varying resources and materials, but rather in the leaders of the social will or the awakeners of the latent forces of life. In the century that follows the extinguishing of the *roi soleil* in France, Caesar's prestige is determined or proclaimed by three French thinkers and one German king, to be succeeded by three German thinkers and one antique hero of the Latin race; Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Frederick the Great of Prussia; Herder, Goethe, Johannes von Müller, Napoleon. Of course, these are not the only ones: but among all the recognized figures of their time, only these eight express themselves frequently or preeminently on Caesar, and only their expressions have been productive or stimulative of new thought. Common to all of them is a question that formerly lay dormant, whose answer illustrated not the vision, perhaps, but the weight of Caesar: what is the relative weight of personality and humanity? Not all of them definitely formulated this question, but their evaluations and perspectives are based on it. Antiquity could not have put the question thus, being unfamiliar as yet with the right of a self-sufficient ego; the hero was the very basis or the expression of the totality; mere power of the individual was an unambiguous sacrilege until the individual should legitimize himself as god, that is, as the bearer of a general sanction. In the Middle Ages, the ego of even the ruler disappeared in the divine sanction. Humanism liberated the personality and thereby lost, not the conception, but the idea and the feeling for an autonomous totality of right: humanity, nation, society became limitations,

obstacles, objects or fields of action for the ego, but by no means bearers or originators of an individual value, remaining substrata of God or of nature. The state, in the period of absolutism, was not a form of autonomous communion, but the weapon and order of justice for individual rulers by the grace of God; or by the grace of nature, that is, of personal power and merit, as in the Italian condottieri-states. By the side of these there still endured from the Middle Ages, as a godsent sanction, the municipal communities and city alliances, in which again personality might attain power, without, however, becoming a law. The selected authors in this case again represent either the will of God or the will of those in power, not the will of a people. A right of the totality is first developed in England, beginning with the Tudors, not as a spiritual problem of values however, but as a practical practice. So long as God and the kingship by the grace of God were accepted as self-evident laws and personal or collective energies as independent natural values, there might indeed be struggles for power between one and the many, between the minority and majority, but there could be no struggles of values between the ego and the totality: this contradiction was first born in the form of a struggle between king and nation, under the unbearable oppression of the new national kingship by the grace of God, particularly in France, when the resistance and skepticism of the human reason was aroused against the unconditional authority of the absolute king, after his divine sanctions and natural values had disappeared. Then the brightest and most delicate spirits, first of France—where the kingship had stretched its bow most tautly, where society was most mature and the dismal masses most cruelly burdened—turned their attention to the boundaries existing between rulers and subjects and first began to read eternal claims of the people from a misunderstood history of the Greeks and Romans and from the practices of the Britons. Fénelon first ventured a gentle but firm opposition under Louis XIV. The English had never gone beyond their immediate practical needs: Montesquieu first placed a philosophy of principles in the service

not of God or the ruler or the state, but in that of human society. Hereby the justification of man, particularly of the mighty man, was first rendered subject to the forum of reason: to the approval of society, the people, humanity: it was Montesquieu who first established this relation of values as universally valid. He and the Frenchmen, with their Prussian disciple, still strove to emphasize the rights of the totality against their individual dominator. Even Frederick the Great no longer desired to be an embodiment of the state, or a "genius" following its own laws, but a servant of his people. It was necessary for the Germans again to protect the individual as genius against the demands of society. Napoleon appears in the form of a totality evinced as an individual genius, thus uniting both spheres of values.

Montesquieu seeks to determine society's own laws as opposed to the king, as Bacon, Galileo, Newton had sought to determine nature's own laws as opposed to God—in both cases a liberation, expansion, a Copernican turn of history, all at once. Transcending the bounds of the narrow rigid court, in which the will, impulses and caprices of the king and his favorites were law, the burghers now appeared with their rights and morals, and beyond them the nation with its land and soil as the bearer and condition of the state, the laws, the constitutions—to be sure not yet energies of creative growth, as in Herder, but mechanical causes and effects, after the fashion of a rationalistic doctrine of nature. Montesquieu's doctrine of history and the state presupposes this doctrine of nature, as his science of society and morals presupposes as his empirical predecessors the French moralists and observers Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and requires the less stringent court of the Regency as an atmosphere for maturing his free, untrammeled style of social observation and depiction. Like the courtiers of Louis XIV, Montesquieu's tendency is still social, that is, private and not national. He recognizes no original God-idea or world-force or human mold of the "state" in the sense of Napoleon's adage: "Politics is destiny." Manners and customs, inclinations and needs of man and of men create Montesquieu's

states and realms for him. But the society which Montesquieu views is far broader, more manifold and more active than the field of observation of his courtly predecessors and he excels Montaigne not only in his more mature historical training, but also in his philosophical discipline, his investigating spirit, which not only beholds and discriminates, but desires also to fathom and combine. With this equipment, he investigated Roman history, later the history of nations, seeking examples and parallels for the mutual interaction of society and the state, of customs and laws, of rulers and peoples. Bossuet had striven to behold the divine will in history, regardless of the earthly well-being of the subjects through whom God was realizing his plan of salvation; for Bossuet, the rulers were the tools of God, whether they were benefactors or scourges; their properties, actions, and sufferings were the backbone of history. Saint-Evremont had treated Roman history from the point of view of the rulers, without questioning the Providence ruling over them and urging them on, and without investigating the state-values and state-effects of their virtues and visions: Bossuet also was writing history as a study of properties and motifs. Montesquieu was the first to take the rulers as an expression of a society with specific endowments, customs and conditions; to ask not only whether they were good or bad, but whether, how and whereby they were useful or harmful to their subjects.

Instead of looking for a metaphysical basis, Montesquieu looked for mundane causes, supplementing psychical motives with their natural conditions also, and found social and tribal yields instead of celestial or courtly goals: a justification for rulers not only in the counsels of divinity, but before the tribunal of human reason and well-being. In his book on Roman history, this transformation has not yet been achieved; it is not realized before the *Esprit des Lois*. Subjected to this new test of utility, Alexander first gained the ascendancy over Caesar, because Montesquieu was not concerned so much with the state-effects as with the social, *i.e.*, the economic and cultural effects, of the con-

queror. Continuing, however, to depend on the views, in fact even on the formulas of the ancient writers, his new mode of questioning did not make him skeptical of trends. Alexander stimulated world-trade, founded commercial cities, increased the wealth of nations. The mercantilistic intoxication involved in the new ideals of well-being transfigured even the Macedonian hero, causing him to be pardoned for his battles, his conquests and his tyrannic caprices, such as the murder of Clitus—his subjects loved him; he himself had shed tears of remorse. When his world-assault and his warlike deeds had ceased to be a glory, he was endowed with a new halo: that of his works of peace; he was now made the pathfinder of civilization; the patron of arts and sciences, the furtherer of trade and intercourse. Following Zeno and Eratosthenes, Plutarch had already thrown light on these merits of Alexander; Alexander had ever been a hero of culture far more than of the state, and as soon as culture, which is the aspect of society, appeared by the side of the state, which is the aspect of the godsent or god-delegated worthies, and of religion, the aspect of divinity itself, it was natural that culture's most brilliant protagonist should be celebrated.

Caesar's fame stood and fell with the evaluation of his personal genius and with the utility assigned to his accomplishment: the founding of the Roman imperium. Mere victories and conquests could no longer satisfy the prosperity-seeker, and the conquest of Gaul was accepted only as a powerful military performance, because no ancient writer had had occasion to celebrate it as a work of civilization—the very concept was lacking. The conquest of Gaul did not appear as a rescue and establishment of the "European" realm of civilization until the ancient culture had been hushed to silence. The idea of "Europe" was not an ancient idea; Caesar could not be honored as the founder of a world which did not exist in the mind's eye. Alexander was also praised in antiquity as a pacifier of barbarians, a fraternizer of men, but it was from the point of view of morality, not of *kulturgeschichte*.

Montesquieu was the first to exploit the eulogies of the scho-

lastic philosophers from this point of view. But the ancient writers afforded him no suggestion which would enable him to see more in the conquest of Gaul than an aggrandizement of the Roman empire politically. Hegel was the first to observe that this conquest opened the Western Era; Mommsen and Ranke then pointed out that it expanded and maintained world civilization. Montesquieu clung to the formulas of the ancients and merely incorporated them with a different order of values in which mere demonstrations of force no longer vouched for greatness. And, as viewed with the eyes of Cicero and Livy, the foundation of the Roman despotism must even be considered as a crime in the mind of a philosopher who was disposed to champion society against its masters and the welfare of the majority against the might of the individual. Caesar's overthrow was in the first place a state act—in other words, more indifferent to him as such than cultural goals—and furthermore, it was a state act opposed to liberty. Montesquieu did not behold Caesar's act of establishment, in which the Middle Ages had revered the divine will and the Renaissance the self-sufficient deed of the hero; he saw only the subversion of the time-honored and (he took the word of Cicero and Livy for it) righteous communal order in favor of an unlimited despotism. His sources did not reveal to him the betterment of the welfare of the masses and subjects involved in Caesar's rule. For public utility was not one of the criteria of fame in antiquity, but rather greatness, virtue, dignity, wherefore Caesar's ancient eulogists say nothing of this, while his ancient belittlers reproach him with demagogy precisely for his works in favor of the public weal.

Montesquieu is a Ciceronian and imagines therefore that he is a defender of the popular liberty against the tyrants, though he recognizes the demoralization of the republic. But Caesar himself appears to him not as the physician but as the poisoner, not as the end of a process of decay, but as its culminating point. Before the new tribunal of social utility, Caesar finds mercy neither for his bloody conquest of Gaul nor for his founding of

the imperium: in fact, Montesquieu inaugurates the democratic hostility to the usurper which is directed less against the leader of the masses, the despoiler of the law, than against the enemy of mankind, the subjugator of races, in addition to the moral and legal objections which had endured since antiquity. Liberty is now understood not only as a liberty of the person or of the state, of right, but as a liberty of society, the people, humanity. Rousseau and the Jacobins later elaborated this condemnation of Caesar to the proportions of a curse; the German bards in Klopstock's retinue reëchoed this attitude in their roars of hatred against tyrants; but Goethe's cult of genius and Napoleon's hero-pride are Rousseau's most mighty contradictions.

Montesquieu himself was, to be sure, too much the heir of Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld, too delicate an aristocrat of culture, an enjoyer of persons, and too little a zealot for principles—to overlook or eliminate completely the ancient values attached to Caesar's person, which had established his fame even among the opponents of his achievement—for sheer delight in the discovery of the new social values which found Caesar wanting when measured by the formulas borrowed from antiquity. Montesquieu was as willing and ready to recognize Caesar's personal genius as were Cicero and Montaigne, and without their cleavage of admiration and abhorrence, since Caesar's *coup d'état* did not pain him as it pained Cicero, for he took it more scientifically than Montaigne and less from the moral point of view. He says that such a man, having all the gifts of nature and fortune and not a single blemish—despite many vices—would necessarily have become victor and ruler in any community. Thus he almost justifies Caesar's crime, without moral indignation, as a sort of natural event, as the necessary effect of an innate power to rule. But this is no longer the awe of destiny, but rather the mechanics of human forces. Montesquieu's heart loved Marcus Aurelius' soul; his reason revered the achievements of Alexander and Charlemagne; his intellect admired and grasped Caesar's influence without envy or disfavor.

Voltaire's judgments on Caesar are born from the same spirit as those of Montesquieu; they also presuppose an expanded horizon, a shifting of stress, a training in natural science; yet, far more varied means of expression were at his disposal: he not only utilized, resisted and refined, as a writer, such men as Bossuet, Montaigne, and La Rochefoucauld, but also Corneille, Racine and Molière, Pascal and Fénelon, Boileau and Virgil, and exploited the modern values of society and humanity in all the types of European literature and in all the materials of universal history as then known, not with the solemn spirit of investigation and the concise steadfastness of Montesquieu, but with incomparable mental ardor, swiftness of glance, and oratorical sweep. Voltaire was more irritable and ambitious than was Montesquieu and therefore felt the defects of the kingship by the grace of God, and its human props, more keenly in his own skin. His expansive urge—but also his endowment and variety—was greater, which made his subversive force greater. Reason, which Montesquieu had meant merely to fortify in its dignity, was destined by Voltaire's impassioned zeal to universal supremacy. His immense mental energy, disseminated over boundless fields, may appear shallow by reason of its facility, lucidity and extension, and it is true that he nowhere proceeds as far as the creative depths of life, never comprehending a whole, not to mention an *all*. He lacks depth and completeness, to use Goethe's words, but his world-historic function—that of dissolution and expansion—found him equipped better than other mortals. It was his task, without any sanction or law transcending his own age, to unfetter captive reason and project it in every direction. New sources of life or living recombinations do not appear again until Rousseau and Herder.

It was particularly Voltaire's esthetic vein that flowed more richly and powerfully than that of Montesquieu. If Caesar finds more benevolent treatment at the hands of Voltaire, and not only more voluminous treatment, in spite of many humanitarian reservations, it is because Voltaire also read history with far

more taste and far less principle or reason than did the social thinker, and that Caesar attracted Voltaire's taste irresistibly, as he had attracted that of Cicero, Montaigne, and even Montesquieu. In brief, the esthetic personal values of Caesar, as opposed to the common moral-political values, again assume the foreground, and even the latter are relieved of their republican and moralistic zeal by Voltaire, being endowed now with scarcely more than the general human-welfare activity. Voltaire's objections to Caesar are directed less against his coup d'état, not to mention his moral obliquity, than against his love of conquest. It goes without saying that Voltaire is enough of a classicist and Ciceronian to make occasional use of the oratorical commonplaces of virtue and liberty, as he is also enough of an admirer of Virgil and Tasso to emphasize the charms of a simple idyllic shepherd's happiness or a state of love that languishes. Voltaire always did full justice to the stylistic demands of the literary types that he essayed, and we must not take this obedience to the artistic conventions as the expression of a moral conviction. His heart beat for Cato and Brutus as little as for Calvin or Rousseau, but it was a dictate of good taste to celebrate their classic dignity. On the other hand, he really loved the virtue of Marcus Aurelius, for this virtue was wisdom, goodness, reason, benign and without rigidity or venom; not a steep heroic deed, but a pure, mature, calm humanity. Compare with the affectionate piety with which Voltaire mentions the noble emperor, the tone of cursory and cold respect when he names the last of the Romans.

Voltaire feels kinship with Cicero, the versatile oratorical talent, and through Cicero he has a literary-mimic affection for the republic and its defenders, not from a primitive feeling and judgment—for did not Cicero himself revere Cato and Brutus more by principle than by taste? The magnification of Cicero in the *Rome Preserved* comes from Voltaire's heart. His *Death of Caesar* is not a glorification of Brutus and the republicans, but a sentimental drama with world-historic personages, like Corneille's.

Voltaire boasted much of the fact that he constructed his Roman dramas without love-affairs, in fact without female characters at all, but the same struggle between ideas, between liberty and absolutism, still preserved by Muret and Grévin in rhetorical antitheses at least, and represented by Shakespeare as a struggle of forces between world-power and human dignity, is narrowed and effeminized by Voltaire into a sentimental slaying: a son's slaying his own father unawares, through love of country. That this son should be Brutus, this father Caesar, and the theater of the deed should be Roman—these are merely stage accidentals of their psychic substance. The drama was written for the sake of this private terror and this private compassion, in emulation of Corneille, who adulterates historical truth with love-intrigues, and in emulation of Shakespeare, who seemed to Voltaire to have violated artistic dignity by naturalistic vulgarities or baroque bombast. Voltaire imagined he excelled Corneille in truth and Shakespeare in dignity, and he elaborates the family conflict into a bearer of the indispensable moving element, according to a letter of history, but contrary to all its spirit. He then borrows Caesar, in the form of the stage figure fixed by Grévin, Garnier, Muret and Corneille: the magnanimous and ambitious lord of the world. But Voltaire no longer had any use for the hero's naïvely arrogant boastfulness, which the Renaissance stage-poets still needed: it was necessary for his Caesar to speak more urbanely, more naturally, more courteously—but this is rather a difference in the form of expression, not a difference in a vision of Caesar. In this drama, Voltaire was concerned more with the touching event than with the heroic character.

Voltaire attempted to delineate the character of the young Caesar, who first gives indications of the future usurper and world conqueror, in his *Rome Preserved*, which is a free dramatization of the Catilinarian conspiracy as reported by Sallust, particularly of the opposition between Cato and Caesar. He here treats Caesar with decided benevolence, setting him off on the one hand with the foil of Cato: pure righteousness and virtue

without ambition; and on the other hand with the foil of Catiline: pure personal ambition without conscience and virtue. Caesar is the incipient hero who loves his country and would see it great, but great only for himself and by himself. He who injures his future realm and property is injuring him also, and his pride, which might even grasp at a crown, scorns the low intrigues and private crimes of the voluptuary and despoiler. In this rhetoric of the noble megalurgos there already dawns a premonition—rare at that epoch—of the essence of the true statesman who loves power masterfully as the tool from which he entices the fairest tones, and his people imperiously as the womb in which he begets. No doubt Voltaire could detect all this with his clear eye for history, but he did not reach the point of eliminating the old stereotyped idea of selfish greatness and unselfish virtue. He was prevented from doing this by the rational interpretation of the forces of life, which traced all human actions back to the motives and goals cherished and conscious in the individual.

Caesar enters also into a third drama by Voltaire; in the *Triumvirate.* A noble Roman woman puts to shame his cold, cruel, cunning and treacherous heir Octavian by conjuring the sublime shade, as Cicero in the *Second Philippic* conjures Antony. She praises to him the greatest of mortals, who had earned his power by clemency, superiority, genius and heroic mind, and had atoned for it by his bloody end.

All these dramas presuppose Caesar's fame and a dazzling world figure, and Voltaire often names Caesar in proverbial utterances together with Alexander as the incarnation of fame (in fact, in the *Dictionnaire* he even refers to Caesar when illustrating the concept of "*gloire*") and the true type of a great ruler. Nowhere does he seek to diminish Caesar's personal reputation; but the fame and greatness of rulers, particularly of conquerors, is never an unqualified virtue with Voltaire, and his skeptical doubts, as well as his humanity, frequently turn against this idolatry and particularly against the most prominent images of its cult, precisely for the sake of their own fame and his own motives.

Voltaire no longer wishes to assign validity to bloody battles and conquests, only to human virtues and bloodless benefactions. Voltaire's judgments here coincide pretty definitely with Montesquieu's; he pardons Alexander's conquests for his cities, canals, commercial highways, for the Alexandrinian civilization, and he angrily or contemptuously rebukes a Jean Baptiste Rousseau or a Boileau for their sentimental sophomoric declamations against an alleged insane world-destroyer. It was Alexander who brought civilization and prosperity to the Asiatic barbarians. Voltaire was more definitely acquainted, however, with Caesar's wars; the frightful massacres in Gaul, Thessaly, Spain, Africa, were closer to his imagination than the campaigns in distant Asia, which were surrounded with the glow of fable. He had a clearer eye for Caesar's combats, for Alexander's influence. The name of Alexandria conjured fair bright pictures in his mind; the name *Bellum Gallicum* or *Bellum Civile* or the names of the Caesars, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, conjured cruel gloomy pictures. To further his own ambition, a man had slain or enslaved a million humans! This formula could not be banished from his mind, and he derides the races on the Rhine and in France, in Flanders and in England, who continued to celebrate the oppressor of their ancestors for centuries after his death. Voltaire was as little aware of the significance of the *imperium romanum* for the welfare of nations as was Montesquieu—both observed only many evil and a few good emperors, but not the imperial order under whose protection world-civilization could mature. Aside from the monsters on the throne, Caesarism also meant for Voltaire barbarous sacrificial offerings, and the soil of the Christian Church. In his eyes, these were not services to humanity that might justify the Roman world-conqueror as the Hellenistic culture had justified the Macedonian.

Voltaire admits that Caesar is the founder of one of the four great eras: the Periclean-Alexandrinian, the Caesarean-Augustan, the Medicean, and the Siècle de Louis XIV. Though a conqueror, he was not a barbarian, and among the mighty a pattern of

culture. For the sake of his gifts of culture, for the sake of his personal genius, for the sake of his delicate acumen, Voltaire reveres the "unique man", the victor, the master of style, the organizer of the state, the language and the stars, the man for all women and the woman for all men, in spite of his huge historical crimes, and accepting even his sensual vices. In a letter to Frederick the Great, Voltaire jocosely remarks that he has no stomach for the ruler and oracle of the Romans when he massacres and oppresses innocent nations, but he is not offended in beholding him lie in youthful beauty by the side of Nicomedes—a sort of bitter-sweet homage to Voltaire's homosexual correspondent. And Caesar finds new favor in Voltaire's eyes: he was a freethinker. Any time Voltaire desires to offend the priests by adducing a sublime and celebrated example of perfect efficiency without the illusion of the beyond, without religious frenzy or uncouth worship of divinity, he mentions not only the unchristian virtue of the holy pagan Marcus Aurelius, but also the most gifted, most brilliant, most magnanimous, bravest and finest Roman, who denied the immortality of the soul in open Senate. For the intellectual king of the European Rococo, Caesar is a versatile genius who utilizes his marvelous gifts for the glorification of his person and to the injury of man, unique in mental forces, virtues of the soul, vices of the senses, and magnificent deeds, crimes, destinies: the blithe, cultured, conscienceless conqueror and ruler of the Roman world.

Add to this a gloomier seriousness of mind and a narrower zealotism, less taste and pleasure in depicting character—and the plane of thought of Montesquieu and Voltaire would drive us to a condemnation of Caesar: and such was the stage reached by Rousseau, an apocalyptic seer, the pathological successor of Calvin, the fervent, joyless, domineering and spiteful opponent of the Voltairean discipline of the mind and the senses, who nevertheless, in his hostile mastery, utilized the Voltairean modes of thought and speech. Rousseau's relation to Voltaire is approximately that of Luther to Erasmus, or Savonarola to Lorenzo de Medici: it is

the gloomy contradiction of the absolute soul to the world-conditioned, world-glad and world-familiar culture of its time. Just as the reformers mentioned above wished to impose upon the humanists, not one of the thousand possible goods and values, but only their necessary salvation, so also Rousseau. Rousseau's salvation no longer bore the name of God, but that of nature, virtue, liberty—no longer tangible, effectual, enjoyable forms of love, but fantastic ideals, attributes of God transferred to men. The absolute was now brought down from heaven to earth, without altering its relation to all finite things. Humanity was practically appointed God and denuded of all its accidentia of race, history, culture. The finite individual human was now obliged to assume more vague and universal limits in order to attain power, to grasp nature as such, an unselfish virtue, an absolute universal freedom, as it had once attained God. Rousseau's freedom is the freedom of the Christian without a Christ; Rousseau's nature is a paradise on earth, perfect happiness, without transcendental blessedness; his virtue is holiness without asceticism or self-abnegation; his humanity is the *civitas Dei* without heaven and consecration; in short, a Paulinian fury here replaces the Christian contents of the faith with Stoic Roman ideals, secularizing the Christian values, idealizing the Stoic values, that, is elevating the observed conduct of chosen heroes and sages into rules of conduct binding upon all men, or rather on the totality, in obedience to some secret, genuinely Christian longing for and certainty of the unattainability of this ideal. The religion of redemption here makes use of pagan images that could have significance and permanence only in a religion of fulfillment, that is, a religion of living figures. The Catholic Church had established God as a state: Protestantism had again separated God and state; Rousseau introduced transcendentalism into society and prepared the idolizing not of the power to rule, but of the people, of society, of humanity.

In the eyes of such a judge, Caesar as a conqueror, man of the world, and tyrant, had given offense to humanity, virtue and

liberty, while the counter-values which had served Caesar in the eyes of Montesquieu and Voltaire—genius, high culture and freedom of thought—no longer had any validity for Rousseau, the zealot of principles and the hater of civilization; even Caesar's fame, a product of a decaying civilization, was now a blemish! The reaction of the early Christians to the pagan imperial glory was felt by Rousseau; rather a Cato with dissevered entrails than a Croesus with all his wealth and a Caesar with all his fame. And Rousseau has been Christianized to the point that he is no longer capable of reading Caesar's soul: he endows him with an evil conscience, a form of vengeance that could not be taken by any of the former republican or moralistic opponents of Caesar who had even the slightest feeling for antiquity, neither Poggio, nor Machiavelli, nor Montaigne and Montesquieu. At best, Hans Sachs might have risen to this point, but Sachs was satisfied with Caesar's death by violence.

Rousseau's hatred for Caesar betrays thereby its origin in the resentment of a diseased, oppressed and ardently ambitious soul which envenoms that which is inaccessible to it: a frank, uninhibited mode of life, a high and exalted altitude of performance, mundane might—all the things embodied in Caesar. Even in Alexander, Rousseau assiduously refrained from praising anything but Alexander's faith in virtue, as shown by his confidence in the suspected physician. But Alexander had already been cleared of the worst blemishes in the days of Montesquieu, and, owing to his remorse, chastity, melancholy and romantic distance, was already far more tolerable to Rousseau's virtuous resentment than the firm resplendent grandson of Venus.

Caesar's enemies, the stern austere Cato and the earnest and profound Brutus, now attained new honors by their bearing and principle, not only by their Roman deed and moral virtue. They became images to the imagination for the morose opponent of a happy existence. Michelangelo had celebrated in Brutus the melancholia of a titanic tension; Shakespeare the dignity of a tragic destiny; Rousseau discovered in fanatics of this type the

love of "virtue", *i.e.*, the hatred of joy; the love of "humanity", *i.e.*, the hatred of man and men; the love of "liberty", *i.e.*, the hatred of splendid might. But the richest and most overflowing adolescent hearts, Goethe and Schiller, Hölderlin and Napoleon, animated his ardent emptiness with their images of love and heroes.

But it is no source for astonishment to find that Rousseau's loud, resounding voice, with its eager proselytism, should find receptive ears precisely among the petty bourgeoisie. In France he summoned the tormented middle class to a struggle of liberation against the pressure of the mighty, the maltreatment of the proud, the insolence of office. In Germany men contented themselves with his exuberant ardor and urge of principle, rejoicing in the more eloquent motives and more exalted pictures which he afforded the patient resentment of the subjects against their rulers. They found compensation in distant Roman assassinations of tyrants and in non-committal universal ideals of liberty; it was not necessary to engage in a hard and uncomfortable deed when one already possessed an inspiringly exalted and gently intoxicating word, or found one's conscience assuaged with the solid firm foundation of conscious virtue. Klopstock and his retainers, the members of the Hainbund, took the murder of Caesar as a poetic parable of the liberty to which they aspired, but for which they did not fight; and the virtue of Brutus as a constellation whose splendor delighted them without arousing their love to possess it. No doubt they do not debase Caesar as much as the more passionate, the more tormented envier, Rousseau, who demanded the act and still felt the presence of Rome more keenly. Klopstock had, at least, in addition to his youthful clerical sanctimoniousness, an indestructibly masculine sense of the dignity of every species of antique glory: "So great was Caesar that only Brutus excelled him."

And Klopstock felt more purely than did Rousseau that the nobility of Brutus was in part involved in the exalted stature of his victim. Klopstock was not a foe of culture and honored the

classical style of action and narration even in the tyrant, as did Voltaire and Montesquieu. In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, he felt the hand of destiny in the murder of Caesar, not only the values of virtue and liberty. A sentimental German, he felt not only the opposition between Caesar and Brutus, but also their relation. While Caesar therefore remains for him a bloody conqueror, a lawless oppressor, furthermore a foreign danger to the free, noble, chaste Teutons, he was also a sublime spirit; an antique hero and a solemn sacrifice of libertv: a repast of the gods, not carrion for dogs.

This attitude then struggled in Germany with the unreserved glorification of a rich individuality, with the "cult of genius", which was not invented by the youthful Goethe, but dignified and lauded by him. In Herder and in the youthful Schiller we later observe the struggle between the Rousseau-Klopstock Brutus-feelings and the Goethe vision of Caesar, which already reflects the influence of Shakespeare's tragic sense of the world and Frederick the Great's overwhelming image of royalty. These are resuscitations of the Petrarchian humanism, as Rousseau and Klopstock are reverberations of Calvin and Luther.

Nor do we fail to find a belated follower of Hans Sachs: Bodmer, in his political tragedy *Julius Caesar*, transposed the philistinism of the Lutheran rimester from the key of Luther to that of Rousseau. Caesar, an impudent, malicious, villainous Sultan, expresses in arid phrases the conceptions held by this crude schoolmaster and this tyrant-hating councilor concerning him: he swears mortal hatred for all men of merit and honor; his kindliness is a mask; he flatters Cicero, but desires his death; the lot of the Romans shall be that of beasts: a life of mere instinct, obedience, chastisement; he will tolerate only the rabble, execute the lovers of liberty or send them craftily as conscripted soldiers to their destruction; he requires his horse to be worshiped and all women to be at his will: in brief, a monster of a tyrant, as in a marionette-play, equipped with all the atrocities of despotism in general. of Caesarism, of the Turkish seraglio,

and of the corrupted court of France. Bodmer's play is a caricature of the German-Philistine, Protestant-sanctimonious and literary-sentimental hatred of tyrants according to Rousseau's prescription.

Those who mentioned Caesar in the days of Voltaire and Rousseau, regardless of their attitude toward him, did so for the most part with some reference to the amazing king who was the despair of Europe; for after the lapse of twenty centuries, Frederick the Great again recalled the ancient Roman, as had no other since Caesar's time, by his unique combination of generalship, rulership and literary genius; for all the persons of his type had lacked either his European sophistication or his proportions and influence, or the charm of a simultaneously uncanny, sympathetic and dreadful person. The only ruler since the days of Caesar who attained his level—not in specific talents but in versatility of genius and magic—in fact even excelled it, was his Hohenstaufen namesake, Emperor Frederick II, who was no longer a living name in the Age of Enlightenment. Lacking Caesar's purity of style, joyous sweep and cosmic richness—also lacking the Roman energy and the objective density, as well as the ancient harmony of word, work and being—Frederick nevertheless again brought back a heroic prowess into the enervated, fatigued Later Rococo, as well as the awe of destiny which it had lost by reason of its preoccupation with a moralized society and a virtuous or cultivated spirit.

In his state ambitions the Prussian conqueror extends down into the strata from which Romanism originates and draws his strength from origins as foreign to his consciousness and his feelings as the rest of the Rococo Period. His quality as a monumental figure suffers, when compared to Caesar and Napoleon, by the incommensurate domains from which his energies and his culture, his blood and his spirit are drawn. As a writer, he is a disciple of Voltaire; as a field-marshal and statesman, a brother of Caesar; and though his experiences of rule may impart specific contents and substances to him, though his royal understanding be

unable to conceal itself even in its faded verses: yet his words and thoughts are too shallow and too smooth to express his individuality: he does not write a style of his own; the style of his pen is not that of his action, his suffering, or of his power to again draw Europe and Germany into the atlas of nations and world-destiny. His literary work, unlike that of Caesar, is not a function of his activity but (like his music) an excresence, a special amateur talent cultivated by one who was essentially rather a field-marshal and statesman. Those who would place Frederick's writings above Caesar's by reason of their vast compass and their lofty plane—for Caesar's war-reports were only "a small section of a celebrated career" serving only political ends—overlook their great defect when compared with their ancient prototype: Caesar was a man of the world in his Commentaries as well as in his policy, everywhere expressing his whole being and his whole world; Frederick was a private individual in his writings, a man of the world in his actions, and fully himself only in his actions—a profound will to function; in his writings he is at times a mediocre rimer of sentiment and wisdom, of the type of Lamothe or Jean Baptiste Rousseau, at times a "philosopher" of the Encyclopedist stamp, sometimes a writer of memoirs like the Cardinal de Retz and La Rochefoucauld, dealing with larger materials however; now a teacher of military art like the Duc de Rohan or Folard, but with a richer experience; always adroit and clever, never original, and governed even in the narrating of his own experience both by Voltaire's doctrines and forms, even when he contradicts Voltaire. Even if we should have no remnant of Caesar but his Commentaries, we might lack thereby a complete conception of his greatness; but we should not have a wrong conception of it, and the same is true of Napoleon, even of Prince Eugene and Bismarck. If nothing of Frederick should have been handed down but his writings, if we knew nothing else of his history, we should find ourselves facing a man of versatile stimulus and endowment, an experienced and sophisticated, witty and sentimental, sometimes vain

and verbose, often cynical and skeptical disciple of Voltaire, who had knowledge of many things, including even the art of war, but not a passionate heroic daimon—and the latter was the true, the real Frederick. His literary product was, to be sure, not a small section of his total career, but still it was merely his thin veneer. It is only in certain letters, most of them written in the most disastrous weeks of the Seven Years' War, that the true Frederick breaks forth. His accurate replies to petitions reveal either the hard despot or the witty cynic, rarely the governmental genius who rescued and elevated a petty state from the pressure of a vastly outnumbering opponent.

When his contemporaries, led by Voltaire, compare him with Caesar, they are less impressed by the type than by the compass and energy of this genius, less by the rift between his talent of rulership and his literature than by their alleged fusion, less by the style of his deeds than by his successes, less by the form of his writings than by their thought. He was a conqueror and sage, heroic and enlightened, dreadful and human; a doer and reporter of his story: this sufficed for the superficial eye for him to approach Caesar. From early youth, Frederick was fond of this comparison, viewing himself persistently as an imitator of Caesar, though he once did raise an objection, stating that he was only a schoolboy compared to Alexander, and unworthy to loose the latchet of Caesar's shoes. This is merely a polite man's courtesy, whether he recognized the difference at bottom or not. Even as a king, he was far too much an enlightened member of society to set himself up as a counterpart to the demigods of myth as Napoleon did with imperious pride, feeling himself of mythic import, or to claim the divine sanction as did the medieval and Catholic kings.

The occasional outbursts of Frederick against the handicraft and celebrity of conquerors and his preference for the peaceful muses are a concession to the enlightenment of Montesquieu and Voltaire, a soft complacent flirting with modern ideals, in his later years the cynical contempt of the much tormented despiser

even of greatness. Even Caesar himself once flatters Cicero by lauding the expansion of the mind above the aggrandizement of the empire, and even Napoleon similarly pays homage to the Academy. In his *Anti-Machiavelli,* the young crown prince may still have been sacrificing his hero-worship in good faith, without affectation, to the welfare-ideas of Montesquieu. He censures Caesar's *coup d'état*—later also we occasionally find a note borrowed from Cicero, or a humanitarian indictment of ambitious conquerors. But the later Frederick was too much a specialist in government and war to be able to follow his admired literary model to the end; and, however much he pretended to be the servant of his people, he remained too much a man of action, a creator. If Voltaire's taste already drew him to Caesar, and if Voltaire's free thought attached him to the obnoxious conqueror, we have in Frederick, in addition, the kinship of the hero and the understanding of the trade of government and war, which will suffice to invalidate the objections of the advocates of humanity, not to mention the enthusiasts of liberty and virtue. None of the mighty, not even a legitimate king, ever truly denied Caesar's will and achievement as a whole, although they may have picked many flaws on its surface. For Frederick also, Caesar remained a pattern of the art of war, to be studied again and again, the incarnation of fame, as well as of a mundane glory sought and venerated by Frederick in spite of all its burdens and fatigues, the peerless conqueror and ruler, superior to all others, even to Alexander, by his uniform clemency, his perfect training and his unfettered mind. Frederick had greater affection only for Marcus Aurelius, the true ruler-sage, but he loves him as a philosophical ideal, not as an historical master. Caesar's lonely bust adorns his workroom at Sans Souci and to his dying day no other human occupies his mind so frequently.

As in the case of the youthful Louis XIV, who wished to represent Alexander in his own person, we find that even the physical lineaments of the stern Brandenburg king, the Gallic wit and German thinker of the Rococo Era assumed the impress

of the classical artisan of the Roman-Hellenic world. They have in common a fusion of delicate intellect and mighty will. No doubt Frederick already reflects a Christian tension and unrest, never an adamant simplicity; but no imperial visage since antiquity reveals more force, fire, perception, breadth, and delicacy than his. An appreciation ascending from a forgotten, oft invoked, much pondered, barely believed and never seen heroic antiquity—the aged king confronted his less vigorous era, which marveled, worshiped, cursed and found him foreign to it; yet endowed with many sympathetic traits, a Caesar with a queue and invalid's cane, Alexandrine verses and flute-playing, lackeys and greyhounds, a figure of destiny and natural force bathed in the atmosphere of Watteau and Voltaire, the visibly great man, not only the good, wise, intelligent man, not only a genius. More than any books or aspirations he awakened the sense for Caesar and his type.

The new ideas and events of the Eighteenth Century, like those of other epochs, are enveloped in a maze of monographs written by their advocates and adversaries. Two loquacious biographies by subordinate advocates of the monarchy defended Caesar against Montesquieu's attacks, not with outspoken polemic spirit, but with the intention perfectly clear. In France, the Sieur de Bury dedicated his two-volume work, a treatise on liberty, to Madame Pompadour: in Italy, Giuseppe Maria Secondo dedicated his three thick volumes to the Bourbon king of Naples. Both works are written with much circumstance and, without new points of view or facts, are destined to prove that monarchy is the most beneficent form of government and that Caesar in every individual case did the necessary and proper thing, being an embodiment of all a ruler's virtues. Bury's book was little read and treated contemptuously in Melchior Grimm's correspondence, because his tendency was unsympathetic to the Encyclopedists and made no impression on them as a literary achievement. The unwieldy Italian work seems to have gone by without leaving behind a trace, being soon forgotten. Both stand far below the

demands of style and cleverness to which Montesquieu and Voltaire had accustomed their European circle of readers.

On the other hand, the Reverend Conyers Middleton's biography of Cicero (1741) met with general European acclaim, partly because of its virtuous and liberty-loving principles. Middleton (1683-1750) is an unconditional adherent, almost worshiper, of his hero, absorbing all the latter's opinions. He, too, beholds Caesar with Cicero's eyes: a marvel of mental and spiritual gifts and the worst of all criminals, despoilers and devastators. Of course, Middleton expresses his view more sanctimoniously and pedantically than Cicero did.

The campaigns of Frederick the Great gave a new impulse to the science of war and the history of warfare, adding fame even to the grand-master of the art esteemed by Frederick himself. Inspired admirers like Turpin de Crissé, cautious critics like Quintus Icilius or Puységur, industrious carpers like Pécis, applied the experiences of the Seven Years' War to the reports communicated by Caesar, mostly in the form of annotated translations. These technical essays exceed all former attempts in compass and precision. Their military analyses have added nothing to the historical or human fame of Caesar, as little as have the efforts of the philologists to attain a more and more correct text of the Commentaries.

Frederick's beams radiated far beyond a mere knowledge of the technique of his trade, as well as beyond a mere parlor or academic discussion, carrying with them Caesar's emanation also, and shining upon the finest nobleman of his time, the Prince de Ligne, who, without creative genius or any other strikingly special gifts, stands—in his pure, free, light nature—as a wondrous balance between the overpolished good manners of the old society, the Voltairean culture, and the new humanity, without fanaticism or fuss; not a great man, but a perfectly sound man, good and strong, tender and firm, bright and solid. It is not an accident that this fortunate and fortune-bestowing straggler and favorite of the era whose swan-song is Mozart should again have honored

Julius Caesar as none other perhaps ever honored him before; not as a master or leader or myth or miracle, but rather as a monumental prototype of himself, a pattern less of action than of involuntary growth. Caesar perpetuated, as a world-historic hero, the quality which the Prince de Ligne felt to be his own—in kind though not in degree. Caesar was the divinity corresponding to Ligne's humanity, as every human impulse finds a divine model precreated in myth or history.

Humanity and personality were the two demands of the age: the former was proclaimed most loudly by Rousseau, the latter embodied most visibly in Frederick the Great. The German race, less subject from time immemorial than their neighbors to the bond that unites the ego with humanity—the feeling of race—seeking from time immemorial now the absolute point now the infinite *all* or universe, more individualistic and more universalistic than other nations—at this time again became the theater of war between both demands, suffering the tension between them most deeply, more susceptible than the more practical Frenchmen to the entire breadth of Rousseau's demand, and simultaneously bearing the direct impact of Frederick's acts of force. It was not Frederick who first awakened reflection concerning the value of the personality: Protestantism had already trained each individual to regard his specific soul's salvation as a matter of immense importance, but it remained for Frederick to cast into this ego-complacent or even ego-incomplacent conditions an ineluctable historic mass, to give to the Germans—in Goethe's words—a national content: or, "air that we may breathe can be brought by the living only." Not from books could the Germans learn how history is made, unless they were able to physically see a creator at work; and whether their thoughts accepted him or evaded him, the breath of his destiny, his historic gust, swept into even the lonely study-rooms of Kant and Herder, although there be no evidence of its individual impacts. Kant was right to thank the king; Goethe was right to ascribe to his deeds the elevation of the German spirit, in spite of the

King's cold indifference: he was not a gardener but a thunder-shower.

The prophet of the awakened historical sense in Germany is Herder. Herder did not begin his studies, like the French, with social questions, but with questions of divinity. But both arrived at their reflections on humanity from opposing sides. The French wished to determine—under historical pressure—the rights of the people. For this process they found weapons and props in history. The German (Herder) wished to investigate the purpose of man according to the will of God and studied, after transcending the bounds of a now too narrow biblical scholarship, God's ways in all the creation of time and space; the macrocosm illuminated for him the microcosm, the history of mankind illuminated the nature of man. We need not pursue Herder's performance of his task—it is enough to say that Herder proceeded from the individual man, who seemed to him at the outset an infinitely richer value and a far more mysterious content than he did to the socialized Frenchman, even to the hermit Rousseau whose loneliness was not an original loneliness but a forced opposition to society, as Rousseau's nature itself was not a vigorous new creation, but a palisade erected to ward off opposition. Rousseau's thoughts on humanity—in spite of their great proselytizing power—did not devaluate in the German seer of humanity the specific human quality—particularly of creative tendency—in which he perceived God and humanity most clearly. Herder united a service of humanity with a creative individuality, a social prosperity and a personal culture, nature and civilization, oppositions which Rousseau considered irreconcilable.

Herder was the first to experience the history of humanity itself as an internal process of becoming, that is, as nature, no longer as the willful product of a creator, following which latter precedent men also created the state, civilization and religion by acts of will. This alone enabled him to behold nature and civilization in their connection, to perceive the unity of life as it grows, from the starry sky to a household utensil, from the faith in God

to a business transaction, from the works of Shakespeare to the babbling of children—a unity which dissolved Rousseau's contradictions. This developing entity: history-nature, a pantheistic experience of God by virtue of an inner urge to growth, is the new thought in Herder, amplified from Hamann's suggestions into the most comprehensive view of the universe hitherto attained in Europe. Rousseau supplied Herder with no original stimulus, at most with a few humanitarian feelings and goals, not with metaphysics but with metapolitics; Herder permitted the French stylist to formulate for him the rights of man, not the history of man—his picture of humanity is his own; his sense for the history of humanity is conditioned by the German destinies. Before the activity of Frederick the Great, an historical construction might have been possible in Germany in an original historical sense of the Herder type—or, it would have assumed the forms of the spacial images of Spinoza or Leibnitz, not the dynamic time-view of a Herder. While Herder sensed the *all* from its core and traced its transformations to its individual forms, he simultaneously transcended the limits of utility and morality and discovered a new legal bond of phenomena. Not being himself a living intellect that transforms the old forms, but only a ponderer conditioned by time, space and body, he retained his own instinctive inclinations and aversions. Instead of judging and sifting, he at least attempts to explain. Where unable to love and admire, he was nevertheless capable of honoring the spirit of evolution with the question as to the origin of these defects, or of those blemishes, or of how they could arise, instead of offending the process of evolution by questioning their utility or asking why they were so futile. Like no other man before him, he beholds phenomena together with their specific considerations of being and their specific act of appearance, not only their general law—a moral or natural law—and the immutable space in which they lived and from which they stand out. He thereby entirely frees history for the first time from any heteronomy either of morality of metaphysics or of politics, rather making all these

orders of value themselves—at least in principle—into historical phenomena. The process begun by Petrarch when he liberated history from its serfdom to theology and made it an accessory to right action and fair discourse was completed by Herder who set history on the throne once occupied by theology and comprehended the entire universe as history: he made history the queen and head of the sciences, the straightest road to an understanding of the world.

Yet Herder retained the sentimental feelings, averse to exertions of the will, of his environment. Though he observed all things, he preferred to view peaceful growth rather than stormy incident, rather a patient process than a gigantic creation, rather a rounded outline than a creative act. He feels more at home among the Greeks, the race of art, than among the Romans, the race of politics, but he honors both as organisms growing from different natural soils and realms of destiny. He has an instinctive aversion for the conqueror, which he shares with his humanitarian contemporaries, but without any censorious or intellectual diatribes; he feels the natural necessity of such beasts of prey as earthquakes and tempests, and being a soft man he merely regrets that evolution should need to make use of them. He seeks compensation in a voluptuously melancholy view of the entire swelling sea of the *all*, in which Caesar and Alexander are merely incidental white caps or gusts of spray—by reason of a Spinoza-like calm in the presence of the accidentia of his substance.

But it is precisely Herder who often has a keen glance for these accidentia, for individualities, for single outstanding incidents. He characterizes even Caesar, at whose bloody battles his gentle heart shudders, as it does at the entire "daimonic history" of Rome, with three pregnant words, concise and true as those of hardly another previous admirer of Caesar, not to mention his haters. Caesar's bearing: indestructible cheerfulness in the midst of the stress of action; his soul: magnanimity and a free mind; his rank: the right to world-rule. Kindly, joyous, comprehensive —these are the words he uses of Caesar's spirit, the qualities, along

with Caesar's name, he would have inhere in the highest throne of earth, thus designating just those three gifts of Caesar which made him precious to the age of humanism.

Herder considers Caesar's murder a tragic misfortune which prevented more good than evil. He steers clear of the narrow hatred of tyrants professed by the protagonists of liberty and virtue; he is too well aware of the forces of history to sacrifice them to general principles or empty ideals. The serious figure of Brutus, his faith in liberty and his suffering for a high illusion, and his mood of destiny, attracted the historic seer and the poetic psychologist, the melancholy sentimentalist Herder as much as it had once attracted Michelangelo and Shakespeare and was later to attract Goethe and Nietzsche. For these men, Brutus was not the representative—or indeed the allegory—of a universal value, but the bearer and expression of a specific state familiar to them. For Herder also it was not necessary to hate Caesar in order to love Brutus, on the contrary: only Caesar's greatness enhances the sacrifice, the suffering, the nobility of the Brutus he loved. Therefore he understands Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* with his unerring sense for poetic vibrations and tensions, and constructs from it the libretto of an opera. Herder, with Shakespeare's suggestions, aimed to bring out the spirit and fate of Brutus who slays his friend, that magnificent man, in vain, not, to be sure, as a world historic hero-tragedy but as a melodrama of sentiment, which at the same time is as an elegiac poem of the woes of earth.

To ward off celestial or physical, pragmatic or sentimental demands on history, to do justice to history's own innate forces, this had been Herder's chief task: only, in order to have sensed the actual heroes, "the business managers of the world spirit," the active transformers as genuinely as the passive organisms and working forces, he lacked the imperious creative mind, the powerful soul. Only such a soul could feel within itself, proceeding from a given point, *what it means* to force, to impress, to shape a reluctant environment by the impact of an unconditioned ego. This soul was realized in Herder's disciple.

When the youthful Goethe met Herder in Strassburg, his impatient sense of individuality had already been awakened, without having achieved an appropriate scene of action and form. Herder was the first to supply him with a field, a means of expression, a language of tokens—in the form of history. For by nature Goethe was indifferent, almost hostile to history; a fashioner who felt the fullness of life rather in nature and in the soul than in the deeds and sufferings of nations, rather in the becoming than in the achieved. But in his most active period of emergence, eager for any disclosure and expansion, oppressed by the narrowness of the philistine life in society, art and learning, in need of sensual images capable of matching his bursting creative energy, he gratefully followed the lead of his inspired guide through the realms of earth. No one before Herder explained nature and civilization to Goethe, or had shown history to be compatible with his own mode of vision: first the growth and interaction of his native culture: the fruitful past of the German people, from which he sucked life-giving juices with his awkward roots; beyond this, the works in which universal history appeared as a poet's word: Homer, the Bible, Shakespeare. History now became less forbidding to Goethe. Thereupon, however, the young Titan swiftly sought in this fresh, wide field that which concerned him most immediately and concerned his teacher less: the great man, not exactly the heroic or political man whom history most celebrates, but the creative man, the basic outline of greatness before it achieves means and substances. Goethe felt his kinship for this man, sensed him everywhere as his own poetic parable as with a divining rod: in art, religion, legend, history. The creator at war with a world too narrow, weak and stuffy for him: such is his poetic vision, his poetic problem from Strassburg to Weimar. His fruitful symbols for this type were not only the Titan Prometheus, the Prophet Mohammed, the Savior Jesus, the magician Faust, but also the Roman hero Caesar: all are giants and creators, adversaries and victims of the valid established powers.

It is not our task here to recapitulate the story of these projects,

but to grasp the mood in which they grew. This mood is the extreme reaction to Rousseau's attitude, but it has absorbed both Rousseau's mood and questioning. The mood—that of the breath of distance; the dash and flight far above social spaces and diversions; the nakedness, seriousness and energy of decisions; the zeal for humanity—is a perfect Rousseau mood as then current in Europe, as translated into German by Herder and transmitted by him to Goethe. The Goethe of Leipzig still breathes in Voltaire's climate; the Goethe of Strassburg and Wetzlar draws the air of Rousseau. Not before Rousseau had the question "mankind, or the individual", which Montesquieu and Voltaire had already touched, been formulated so loudly, so inevitably, that none could fail to answer it. The joyous German artist decided it differently than did the gloomy preacher of Geneva: that is, for his own creative self. He owned, he felt, he worked with this self; to the artist, to the man of the senses, humanity was an empty word and he saw no further than the circle of friends who reflected his own work. Goethe's decision in favor of an autonomous creative spirit was not due to misanthropy but to a joyous fullness of the heart, rich enough to suffuse an alien milieu with his own ego. Rousseau's decision in favor of humanity resulted simply from disgust and the thirst of fever, from a suffering ego that sought healing in spaces that were as broad, as high, as far, as different as possible. *"Le moi est toujours haïssable"*: like the sick Pascal, who sought salvation and healing in divinity, so the sick Rousseau also felt, when he scaled the heights or sounded the depths of "humanity". Rousseau revered the farthest goal, Goethe the firmest ground; the former ordered the world according to his lacks; the latter, according to his gifts.

And when the young Goethe found Caesar, whether it was in Shakespeare or in Plutarch or in the Commentaries, he was charmed not so much by Caesar's difference as by Caesar's kinship: not the Roman might, the Roman pride, least of all the Roman state, *senatus populusque romanus*, consuls and emperors with the pomp of purple, laurel, swords and axes, not battles and

triumphs with the tumult of bloody ascent and fall, but only the man and more still the soul of a rich, free, strong man who feels within him the natural energy that may venture everything, overcome any destiny, rule any people, conquer and remold a world. In a contribution written for Lavater's work on physiognomies, Goethe delivers an unsurpassably concise and lucid picture of this his Caesar, an enhanced parallel and wish-image of himself: "truly great, pure and good, mighty and powerful without truculence, immovable and irresistible, wise, active, sublime above everything, knowing himself a son of fortune, deliberate, swift—the incarnation of all human greatness." But this is simply human greatness, not the greatness of the Roman, not the great hero, not the world-ruler—not Petrarch's Caesar but Montaigne's Caesar (if we may recall the discoverers of the various Caesar traits). But in Goethe's case, the social or moral countervalues which had spoiled Montaigne's unalloyed joy in Caesar as a natural phenomenon, never had any validity, and his delight in such a creature was enhanced in the first place by his pure love of creation, appreciative of the created form as it develops in its own life, blessed with the obvious expression of original individuality; in the second place, by his new historic sense, obtained from Herder, which understood the heroes as conditioned by their own soil; and finally, by his rebellious youthful heart which beat with love especially for the bold transgressor, even the criminal. It was not Caesar's esthetic charm, to which Montaigne succumbed almost reluctantly, not his political acumen, admired by the monarchists, not his historical value, which edified the humanists, not his practical mastership which trained masters and heroes, but his natural strength of soul that Goethe felt so deeply. Goethe was the first to feel this fully, without moralistic, political or sentimental humanitarian considerations.

It is true that Goethe, owing to the lack of any political sense, which was precisely that element which enabled him to grasp Caesar's character so naturally, and to view the hero without the world of which he is a part, without the environment that

makes a figure of history out of a human creature. The mythical distance of a Prometheus, perhaps even the remoteness of a god-seer like Mohammed, the absolutizing of the unconditioned soul—these are not fruitful in the image of the doer. When Goethe proceeded to give dramatic form to the Caesar whom he had rhapsodically praised, his creative interest was not strong enough to infuse into it also the Roman world as whose carrier, master and transformer the unique Julius only begins to be a Caesar. Therefore the plan remained unfulfilled; we merely behold the ardent and gay, blessed and endangered youth flash by as he passes the shade of the bright-visioned master Sulla. But even this non-political eye for nature enabled Goethe to be just to Caesar's murderer, without any hatred of tyrants or worship of authority, without tears for the sacrifice or the sacrificer. Brutus too is for him not a hero of Roman virtue and liberty, but a powerful, independent spirit, a tender, noble man bearing a dismal burden, a tense, persistent, firm will with a sharp urge to achieve the sublimely difficult deed. It matters not against whom the blow is dealt: in Brutus, Goethe is interested only in the condition, as in Caesar he is interested only in the man; in neither is he concerned with their world or its tendencies, only in the nature-idea embodied in each, not in the state-ideas which they held or represented.

The political act or the political motives and principles of Caesar's murderers were repulsive to the seer of men and senser of forces, even in his youth, as any other type of rigid fidelity to principle would be; and they continued to remain so all his life. Only in the period of his most exuberant fullness of heart was he capable of a fraternal grasp of even the Brutus-character as a manful urge and doom, and at that period he sought the evidence of God in every creature, ascending to the heights of Caesar and Mohammed, descending to the depths of the whore. Even in those days, narrow-minded doctrinaires and stuffy schoolmasters like Bodmer angered Goethe by deriding his Caesar and praising his murderers for the sake of liberty and virtue, moving

him to outbursts against cowardly treachery and base ingratitude. Even at an advanced old age, Goethe denounced the brainless idiocy of eliminating the ruler for lack of knowledge how to rule. He considered Caesar's murder the silliest act ever performed. Goethe's natural impulse was in favor of those who are strong, rich, and prosperous in spirit, not in favor of uncreative zealots and favorites, priests or climbers, who act rather by their emptiness than their fullness. "It pleases me to discourse with men of mind, with tyrants." "I can tolerate injustice better than disorder." He was a man of the senses, and accepted an obvious truth, not a goal imposed from the outside.

Caesar always remained a precious thought to Goethe, even after he had made his peace with society and no longer needed the subverter of the republic as a symbol of his own titanic spirit of insurrection. Later, Caesar in his eyes was rather the founder of the monarchy, that is, of the appropriate order for the world empire. To be sure, Goethe retains and even extends his aversion for the political purposes of heroes, his dislike of history in general unless it is capable of rousing enthusiasm and presenting characters serving merely to record the ups and downs of nations and states, or—better still—the "fabric of error and violence," since art and nature had become the scenes of his activity and observation, beginning with his stay in Italy. He mentions heroes only as persons, never as state-figures; thus, the famed Alexander and Caesar and Henry and Frederick are depicted as unsuccessful enviers of his couch of love. Essentially, Alexander is for him the furtherer of art: Alexander's view of the universe concerns him not. He turns his glance away from the strife between tyranny and slavery in disgust. Once only, as a single great example of this eternal struggle, he conjures an after-image of the night of Pharsalus, filled with dread and care, a mythical pattern of the ruin of freedom and the usurper's taking possession of the rigid laurels of his legitimate ruler. But here there is no longer a vibration of enthusiastic sympathy as in the youthful Caesar rhapsody. The mature sage accepts these historical

catastrophes calmly, somewhat irritably, ironically, as he accepts the actions of the seismos. His affection and respect are now concerned with outlines and their molders, with laws and their interpreters, and of course, also, with the daimonic powers confronting him directly, such as Napoleon and Byron. Only from this point of view would he still glimpse the traditional heroes: Alexander or Timur as poetic parallels for an omnipresent world conqueror, Caesar as his prototype, whose testimony was not again redeemed from the curse of the schools until Napoleon performed the task. For love of the visible Napoleon, Goethe consented to accept the triumphs of the Caesar who lived only in books, and for whom he felt his time was already too humane. Napoleon, too, appeared to him not against the background of history, but against that of nature, not as emperor of the French and the conqueror of Germany, not as the concluder of the revolution and the founder of a new empire and throne, but as an extra-moral supernatural primitive force, a world-creating energy, a daimon.

This tremendous man, when he met Goethe face to face, commanded him to write a "Caesar", a glorification of Caesarism. Personality and state were not as easily separated in Napoleon's mind as in Goethe's: for Napoleon the hero was one with the historical world which he bore and created; for him, politics was not an accidental means for exercising personal gifts, but the destiny of the world, and he recognized himself to be destiny incarnate, the spirit of the nation made flesh, the "world-soul" of an era, made a state, as was his predecessor Caesar. Goethe did not feel himself equal to carrying out this political demand on his art: he might perhaps have been able to write a personal Caesar-drama in his youth, but he could not have written—and certainly not in his old age—a political drama as the emperor desired. Napoleon once more brought back to his mind's eye the man Caesar as an original phenomenon; he had once felt it from within outward, by virtue of his titanic creative impulse; now he was reminded of this wish-image of his youthful days from

without inward, by the heroic and daimonic world-ruler. It is not a mere accident that the wisest and the strongest renewers of the ancient reality of persons should happen to think of just Caesar when they met face to face.

Herder had viewed natural history and humanity as one: Goethe had grasped the *all* under the image or after the metaphor of a law-abiding and form-producing nature; though he knew history, he did not believe it. Historical humanity, for Herder both a unified organism and an ideal, appeared to Goethe only in the natural man and in human individuals. Two other great Germans administered the human heritage and the historical heritage of Herder: Friedrich Schiller and Johannes von Müller; all the paths of the German mind since the later Eighteenth Century seem to pass through Herder, although Herder himself never attains the end of any path: the evolutionary doctrines of Goethe, Schelling and Hegel; the historical sense of the romantic school and of the post-romantic intellectual disciplines of Ranke, Jacob Grimm, Savigny; the poetic appreciation and esthetic criticism of the two Schlegels, with all their immense translation output; the individualism on historical foundations; the nationalism on historical foundations; the cosmopolitanism on historical foundations—all these still draw nourishment from Herder's soil or still vibrate under Herder's touch.

Fresh from contact with Kant and Rousseau, imbued with an ideal of moral liberty and a claim of political freedom, Friedrich Schiller enters the creative movement stimulated by Herder and realized by Goethe. Like the youthful Goethe, Schiller also suffered from the resistance offered by a stuffy world to his free, bold, creative art, but like Rousseau and Herder he affirmed humanity and its eternal rights. The form in which Schiller felt and defended his genius was not a fashioning, natural, creative ego, but his inalienable participation in the general values of freedom and virtue, his humane dignity directly over the sensuous crowd, his moral flight directly over nature. His questions are the result of a conflict between the earthiness of earth and the soar of ideas,

and a part of this earthiness was the pressure of society, the state or the senses, while the ideas included the untrammeled ego and an untrammeled mankind. The rift that brought suffering to this genius did not pass—as in the case of Goethe—between the real creator and a real hostile world, but between reality and ideal as such. And the genius, the creative here and now, becoming a specific value only because of the lives of Herder and Goethe, is weighed by Schiller against the unconditioned values of the above and the beyond, for which Goethe had no eye, which Herder sought in the phenomena themselves, which Rousseau demanded as the political laws of mankind, and which Kant demonstrated as the moral commandments of the ego. Even Schiller's appreciation of history as the scene of battle between reality and the ideal, between necessity and liberty, between mundane men and sublime humanity, is a reflection of Herder's light. Herder and Goethe imparted to Schiller a new sense of values for the great man, the hero, a thing lacking in Rousseau and Kant; from Rousseau, Schiller took a veneration for mankind which was foreign to Goethe; from Kant, a zealotism and a moral ego-transcendence that went far beyond Herder and Rousseau.

In the midst of the ideals and feelings of his time, Schiller experiences that tension between mundane greatness and dignity of soul which Shakespeare had realized in his *Julius Caesar* as the struggle between world-powers incarnate in men. Herder took from this tragedy a melodrama of the spirit, Schiller an elegy of thoughts. Even Klopstock's verse: "So great was Caesar that only Brutus excelled him," and Voltaire's sentimental father-and-son atrocity were here in the mind's eye of the young poet. His Dialogue in Hades was after all based less on the aspect of two individuals or the reverberation of two soul-states than on his emotion over two ideas, each attracting him with equal strength in opposite directions: the sublime quality of the great ruler, of an energy that oppresses men, represented in Caesar—and the sublime quality of moral dignity, of liberty ennobling

them, represented in Brutus; here also there is not a political hatred of tyrants, but rather a sentimental cult of heroes in both cases. But since Schiller is really less concerned, in either case, with the phenomenon of Caesar or Brutus than with their ideal, it was Brutus who had more to gain in this struggle, since he pursued an unattainable ideal, *liberty as such, virtue as such* instead of an attainable ideal: to serve as a perfect embodiment of power, happiness, fame. Like Shakespeare's Brutus, Schiller did not love the image of Caesar less, but the idea of humanity more.

Fortune, one of the daimons celebrated by Goethe in his Orphic maxims, was beheld by Schiller together with Caesar; Caesar is for Schiller the proverbial bearer of this idea, the typical favorite of fortune. Wallenstein, Schiller's man of destiny and adept in astrology, recalls Caesar's spirit on the eve of his great venture, and he feels he has the same spirit; he also recalls, conjures and challenges Caesar's fortune. It is fortune that holds the scales even between the necessity of the senses and the liberty of morality, and Schiller has placed his tragic hero at the point where the two values tremble in the balance—and here also he sought Caesar.

In a small community in which politics were not only borne but made by the citizens themselves and where ancient traditions were still a visible force, and in the alcoves of German courts, there matured a historian who combined with the far-sighted historic vision of his friend and guide Herder the precise and detailed knowledge and bookishness of a systematic German archivist, the enthusiastic inspiration of a noble youth, a tremendous memory, an inexhaustible diligence, the patient keenness of the trained investigator, the active balance and practical experience of the man of the world, the self-sufficient German love of learning, the French desire for a life of activity, a comprehensive erudition and a faculty of speech reminding one of the ancients, particularly of Tacitus, and awakened to life by Rousseau. Johannes von Müller, being Swiss, still had a keen feeling for the significance of a national life, an active sense of the state,

which German citizens could hardly feel, and European princes only if they were geniuses. This quality was now to be found only in England, and, curiously enough, a kindred historian was created only in that country, under similar circumstances: Edward Gibbon. Being the son of a bilingual country, Müller obtained not only the stimulus of the German spiritual life, but also that of the enlightened French social thought: Herder's all-embracing, vibrating flexibility and Montesquieu's discriminating attention. He developed himself by means of the firm, pure, sharp-eyed style of the ancients, by Thucydides and Tacitus, who still showed original things and deeds with simple guiding thoughts, without becoming confused over their material or misled by theories.

Müller approached the problem of history not from the point of view of a religious tension or a philosophical question, nor from that of social pressure, but from that of a pure love of knowing what had taken place, first in his own country, then in the rest of the world, and dominated by the desire for the memorable events of the past. In this comprehensive love of actual happenings the only man that could reach his level was his heir and completer Ranke. In his longing for a past which he considered sublime, he is a true successor of Petrarch and a brother of German classicism—but he was less eager for the beautiful, in the sense of Winckelmann, Goethe, Schiller, Humboldt, than for the powerful, masculine, great—in all its phases and hues. He was therefore limited not to the Greeks and Romans only, although these two nations, particularly the Romans, afforded eternal patterns for him, too. But it is he who first presented to the eyes of the Age of Enlightenment the discipline, the drill, the gay fullness of life of the medieval burgherdom and the historical, not only religious, forces of the Church. What Herder had felt as a seer and Goethe transfigured as a poet was first depicted with exactness and in attractively bright breadth and massive compactness by the scholar and historian Müller: the entire Middle Ages, as a unique field imbued with warmth, marrow and nobility,

and inexhaustible life. Johannes von Müller is the discoverer of the Middle Ages as Winckelmann is that of ancient art. Without him the Romanticists, with their boundless irradiations into all fields, would have been as inconceivable as our classics would have been inconceivable without Winckelmann.

Although Ranke exceeds him in philosophical power and philological acumen, in his more delicate resources and more extended historical horizon, although not in genuine historic sympathy and certainly not in large-mindedness and power of depiction, Müller, in spite of his impetuous ardor, is rooted in a narrow but exacting community. He wished to relate the legend of his country and his people; this made him a historian and from this firm point of departure the susceptible and receptive youth (in his soul he remained a youth always), eager for materials but capable of controlling them, penetrated into all the fields around him until he had acquainted himself with all the historical materials that had been handed down anywhere. Besides, he ascribed a stimulating or deterring effect to examples, a power of admonition to experiences. He himself drew the morals from everything and fixed them in definite maxims as Tacitus, Machiavelli, Montesquieu had done. But he kept aloof from a narrow-minded sensuousness as from a sentimental reveling—these were not in accord with his feeling for the dignity of history, which, as sublime as nature, divinity, fate, sits enthroned over nations and princes, applying its eternal laws, without private emotion, serious and solemn. Even liberty is for him not an enjoyment of the imagination or a moral idea but a possession assured by historical experience, whose neglect will bring its own revenge like a poor system of agriculture. The hybris is not a private vice but a misfortune; crimes and vices are violations of an eternal proportion which history has ciphered in the rise and fall of centuries: it is the historian's duty to decipher it. History is not subject to morality and religions, it is itself a system of morality, a theodicy, as autonomous as the art of government, which may learn from it but must not guide it.

It was Herder who secured this prestige for history and Müller who first wrote definite history with this dignified sense, who, by the side of Winckelmann, was the first German to combine an investigation of facts, a grasp of epochs and the art of writing, the first European universal historian who did not proceed from a divine doctrine or a theory of society, but from a delight in events and a love of great figures, the first German composer of a popular history of documented solidity and sound mental structure, and of a masterly, true-to-the-soil world history which already incorporated the social achievements of the Enlightenment, without pursuing the latter's ends. No other approached so closely to the ideal of an independently investigating, impartially judging, seriously narrating historian, represented in antiquity by Thucydides, in the Nineteenth Century by Ranke, as did Johannes von Müller, and the honors heaped upon him as *the* great historian of the Germans in their classic age, by Goethe and Schiller, Herder and Jean Paul, Fichte and Schelling, the Schlegels and the Humboldts, even by Napoleon and all of cultured Europe, including Rousseau, were justly deserved. Though the softness of his soul and his somewhat vacillating sympathetic grasp make him a poor statesman, he shares this quality with all the historians who were ambitious or benevolent enough to desire to create state-destinies rather than picture them. No true historian can be a true statesman, although every true historian must feel the pressure of politics. Müller's works were not sullied by this weakness of will, his spirit is wide and free, his view just and lofty, and his heart remains pure and sound. Perhaps no other man of his rank, except Ranke and Jacob Burckhardt, possessed in greater measure so delicate and broad an understanding for every type of historical greatness as did Müller, who was impeded neither by party spirit or confessional zeal nor by artistic dreams or decided tastes, nor by learned aridity or tepidity, nor yet by the imperious urge of a creative will in the service of an exclusive task. Petrarch and Montaigne had not yet attained this compass of the historical horizon; the objective specialists

of the Nineteenth Century rarely again reached the energy of his universal interests.

Since Julius Caesar, whatever may be one's judgment of his tendency or performance, realizes the most varied types of historical greatness, or at least the most versatile application of a great nature, he necessarily became Müller's favorite hero. From his earliest days, Müller returns to Caesar again and again, inspired as a child by Caesar's mere fame; enraptured as a learned Latinist and diligent student of historical eloquence by the majestic purity of his style and by the prowess of relating great deeds simply, in their naked outlines; overwhelmed, as a historic seer by the mass and energy of the deeds themselves, and by the forcefulness and intelligence of Caesar's actions as a philosopher of state, and as a student of military history, by his versatile art of war; touched, being a sympathetic spirit, by the nobility of soul and clemency of Caesar; elevated, as an esthetic observer, by the monumental structure and course of his career; enchanted, as an enlightened man of culture, by Caesar's free spirit and delicate charm; receptive, as a Swiss neighbor of Voltaire and Rousseau, to Caesar's mundane glory and mundane consequences; receptive also, being a German contemporary of Herder and Goethe, to the creative life-vigor in Caesar. All the motifs of the Caesar-world from Petrarch to Goethe—even that of the doers, among whom he wrongly counted himself for a time, when he vacillated between affairs and history—are found united in Müller, without the counter-motifs of the censors, fanatics for freedom, humanitarian sentimentalists, and all unite in producing a most unique sense for history as a drama. Müller's memory is densely packed with reminiscences of Caesar, like the memories of Petrarch and Montaigne, and bubbles over with them on all occasions. His extensive correspondence is shot through with references to Caesar's glorious deeds, writings; his speeches conjure Caesar's fame, now as a pompous adornment, now as an uplifting example; and when he faces the two masters of Europe, namely, Frederick and Napoleon, whose conversation is for him

the pinnacle of his life, his mind travels back through the centuries to Caesar, in fact, he involves the great Emperor himself in a conversation concerning his favorite. When King Louis of Bavaria discusses with him his plan for a German Hall of Fame, and touches on Frederick the Great's place in this assembly, Müller declares that Frederick does not belong with the Prussian rulers but by the side of the dictator Caesar, an evidence that a German has equaled "the greatest man of antiquity".

In two passages of his principal works, he has depicted Caesar in great detail: in the *History of Switzerland,* when he recounts the Helvetian war; and in the *Universal History,* when he concisely summarizes his life and essence. The chapter of his *History of Switzerland* translates Caesar's report from the smooth Latin into a pregnant earthy German—somewhat burdened by the addition of occasional geographical annotations, and somewhat involved by the alien syntax—plainly showing an effort to imitate the matter-of-fact simplicity and lofty clearness of Caesar. Müller also succeeds in this: no German translation, in fact, no other piece of German prose at all, gives so definite a conception of Caesar's style as this section from Müller. He has not attained Caesar's blithe esprit, but precisely those things which are lacking—and not only in German versions—the weighty tone, the pithy dignity, the compact ease with swift emphasis: only Müller can render these qualities, as well as the neat diction, yet unstilted and uninflated; most translators resort to an already polished everyday language, while Caesar's Latin is at the same time choice and simple, never trite or careless.

In his *Twenty-four Books of General Histories* Müller holds his breath for a moment when he comes to Caesar: in a swift flight recalling Dante's verses in the *Paradiso* or Bossuet's words on the *Bellum Civile* he reviews the space and time of Caesar's deeds, the uncompassable accomplishment of his world-historic fourteen years; with the formula of Pliny he encompasses his essential traits: mental force, ardor, fullness of life, greatness of soul; and then enumerates his individual gifts: bearing, prin-

ciple, resources, self-control in spite of great passion and vigor, a rich variety of ideas and a conclusive simplicity of thought, speech, writing, action. Müller prefers to characterize by means of objective facts, not by mere adjectives and least of all by psychological motives or metaphysical guiding thoughts, which began to permeate history after the days of Kant, particularly owing to Friedrich Schlegel. Caesar's man-managing military rule he characterizes by means of four or five anecdotal examples taken from Plutarch. He assigns to Caesar a place above his competitors for fame of the same type: Alexander's work was easier, Charlemagne's age darker; Caesar is the mightiest and brightest of conquerors. Then he narrates concisely, but more thoroughly than in any other passage of his *Universal History*, the deeds and the end of Caesar, drawing the morals for domination and freedom. In the struggle between Caesar and the republic his aim is an impartial consideration. Receptive for every type of virtue, he admires Cato and Brutus too, deplores the murder of the gentle and wise ruler, excuses their inflexible principles and puts the blame for the subsequent disaster—civil wars, imperial atrocities, the downfall of the empire, barbarism—on the "unjust Roman lust for conquest", the source of the decline in morals which had made the ruinous monarchy a baleful necessity: a Livian commonplace.

Müller's doctrines are still a pragmatic Enlightenment of the school of Montesquieu, and are by no means on the same level with his own vision for human forms and historical events, which constitutes his real strength. He lacked the gift for interpreting in the light of a single or penetrating idea the clearly beheld individual phenomena. But since—unlike Ranke—he could not content himself with presenting mere events, but wished also to demonstrate why things could not be otherwise, in order to impel men to performances and omissions, he explained events on the basis of principles, either the eternal laws underlying happenings, or directly expressing their temporary significance, but vacillating between social experience and state morality, knowledge of

men and moral doctrines. These principles are to be assigned to the realm of an enlightened finalism or causalism which was wiped out by Kant's philosophy, which demonstrated the laws of thought inherent in the mind instead of the rules of thought capable of application to the world. This was an end of the convenient historical pragmatism and Müller not only defended himself against Kant and his successors, because they volatilized his tangible phenomena into supersublimated ("transcendental") significances, but also because they devaluated his doctrines. For history now ceased to be a collection of dramatic incidents and illustrative examples: it became a language of tokens representing eternal self-sufficient, superexpedient and inscrutable ideas. The idealistic philosophy of history impressed Müller somewhat as gnostic vagaries would impress a simple-minded believer in holy writ.

The man who first approached Caesar with the new philosophical mind was Friedrich Schlegel. Schlegel's ambition was to unite history, particularly the history of classic antiquity, with the idealistic philosophy, that is, to combine the paths of Winckelmann and those of Kant and Fichte. Gifted with greater sensual delight in phenomena than were the seekers for laws, with a greater need for abstraction than the form-seeing Winckelmann and the event-seeing Müller, even than the evolution-seeing Herder, but matching none of his predecessors in solid energy and real richness of nature, exceeding them all however in subtlety and a detached wealth of clever observations, Schlegel is the first man since the discoverer of autonomous history to attempt to grasp historical figures as the bearers of eternal ideals, not as allegories of qualities or as conscious tools of the personal God, as was the theological habit from St. Augustine to Bossuet. The tracing back of the manifold fullness of phenomena to a spiritual unity, the expansion of the absolute spirit into its thousand ramifications of objective manifestation, to behold this expiration and inspiration of the breath pervading the *all*—this was the romantic aspiration of Schlegel, who never felt quite at home either in the

absolute or in things as they are. He wished to dissolve into spirit the reality which he encountered, nature and history; he wished to make real, in state, in art, in society, in human ideals and Utopias of perfection, following the model of Rousseau—the spirit with which he was possessed. He undertook both tasks with equal impatience, with that anticipating displeasure in the actual here and now, in the reality of existence, which always reveals the lack of creative life. The real present for Plato was ideas, for Jesus the kingdom of Heaven, for Hölderlin Hellas; but for the romanticists the real present was the distant, the different, the not yet or the no longer.

This fundamenal position will enable us to understand the new —romantic—rejection of Caesar by Friedrich Schlegel. This rejection is no longer based, like its predecessors, or even Rousseau's, on morality or politics, but on metaphysics; or better, Friedrich Schlegel is the first man to afford a metaphysical or rather metahistorical motive for the resentment felt by him who longs for redemption, against him who fulfills destiny, a resentment still expressed in moral terms up to Rousseau. He conducts the great case for intellectual culture or the culturally beautiful (for beauty to him means the transcending of the finite into the infinite, an absorption of the world of the senses into the spirit), against that which is great by nature, politically real, in the form of a comparison of the greatest Roman with the greatest Greek. Romans and Greeks themselves are merely the historical pedestal for the metaphysical entities of nature and spirit; Caesar and Alexander in turn are merely symbols of Romanism and Hellenism. For Schlegel, Caesar embodies the self-contained natural greatness characteristic of the Romans and bound up entirely with earthy matters, appearing here in the most gigantic stature and the purest proportions, far-reaching, permanent, clear, strong, ardent as none other, the greatest of all rulers in strength, the born dominator with the imperatorial reason and the imperatorial ability, marked by a perfect unison of all his gifts and a joyous feeling of his own fullness. He is therefore the only joyous world-conqueror and

he himself felt the joy of his internal equilibrium. Yet he lacked all subtler morality, by which Schlegel means that he lacked that infinite desire for self-perfection, an insufficiency of the soul, a soaring of the heart and a kinetic energy of emotion, even the creative political genius of the lawgiver and founder, in short, he lacked all transcendence of being. Caesar may be victorious and rule like none other by virtue of his nature, but the sanction of the infinite and infinite-aspiring spirit which transfigures the imperfect heroic youth Alexander is lacking in the mature Roman, who is full of life, fed up with it.

If we ignore this blindness for Caesar's political genius, which was not demonstrated on the basis of his total legislative performances until Mommsen performed the task, and the distortion of his psychic traits in favor of the philological contrast between nature and mind, we many well regard Friedrich Schlegel's Caesar depiction as an expansion of our horizon beyond a merely enumerative scale of properties, an attempt to grasp Caesar as an expression of a unified force which is simultaneously an eternal world force. No doubt even the earlier Caesar-images were based on unified visions, but Schlegel is the first to attempt to subordinate the various properties to the central core of Caesar's being. In this process, Schlegel is Mommsen's methodological forerunner; for Mommsen's characterization of Caesar, the most penetrating and impressive in all historical literature, also proceeds from the fundamental trait of "divine sobriety"—even in its content, which approximately coincides with the "unison of imperatorial strength and imperatorial understanding" with which Schlegel interprets Caesar's greatness.

In his symbolic view of ideas, Schlegel in his turn is a forerunner of Hegel: but in Hegel Caesar is the bearer of really distilled historical ideas, while Schlegel burdens him with ethical, metaphysical and psychical values. In spite of all his forcing of the facts in detail, Hegel's world-view was more sober, more embracing, more just than that of the romantic all-enjoyer who

regarded history both from the microscopic and telescopic points of view at one and the same time.

When Friedrich Schlegel wrote his essay attacking Caesar, the French Revolution was already in full force. Schlegel himself welcomed it as the same tendency toward the infinite, the will to transcend the bounds, which he encountered in the German philosophy and poetry of his day. In reality the Revolution is Rousseau's daughter in the sense that romanticism is Herder's daughter. The differences between the German humanity-ideals and the French humanity-demands, the German "becoming" and the French "shaping," the German evolutionary process and the French revolutionary process, have often been touched by us: common to both is the aspiration for a universal compass and the struggle against the existing order, that is, against the established, standing, permanent, static, whether it be in political conditions or in mental strata. In Herder's heirs, the humanity-urge appears rather in a flight from the narrow present into distant spaces, times and dreams, in the heirs of Rousseau rather in the longing for perfect liberty, equality, fraternity; both regarded the existing, as such, as the enemy. The all-penetrating historical sense which culminates in Hegel's philosophy of history, and in the historical works of Ranke and Jacob Burckhardt, represents a gradual crystallization of the romantic escape. The many-sided national and international tensions of the Nineteenth Century, the constitutions, the wars of nations, the rights of the masses, with their great leaders since Mirabeau, are products of the revolutionary ambition.

But the first periods of the eruption were neither historically permeated nor politically fixed, but were Utopian and polemical, representing an aversion to the fixed forms, rounded outlines, mundane realization. Like early Christianity and the Lutheran Church, Rousseauism and romanticism are also hostile or at least foreign to Caesar, for the same reason, though with varying motivations: it is the Roman empire of this world which they reject in Caesar, now as an imperium, now as a pontificate, now as rule

of any kind. Caesar had become an incarnation of mundane power and the point was to destroy and devaluate mundane power. This will now assumed radical forms in Germany, being tempered by the innate German awe for all lofty traditions, by "solidity and piety" (which Goethe denied to the French). The French Revolution took Rousseau's thoughts with practical seriousness: it proceeded at once to destroy all the idols of an orderly authority in favor of the people absolute, a naked humanity. Caesar the destroyer of liberty, the despoiler of virtue, the mighty criminal, the selfish conqueror, became during the years of the Terror a name of reprobation, a foe to nations and humanity. Even Bonaparte, before his *coup d'état,* was obliged to renounce being mentioned together with him, against his own belief, and to worship Brutus, until his own form had gained glory and magic enough to renew Caesar's image. Brutus himself then grew in stature almost into the clouds of liberty, virtue, and reason.

In foreign countries, the French whirlpool was regarded with admiration, astonishment, abhorrence, without completely involving the countries themselves. A pondering over questions of rule and liberty was stimulated, however, in all places, most of all in Italy and Germany. Right before the outburst of the storm, but already sniffing its air, Alfieri had written his Brutus tragedy, in the spirit of Rousseau, but leaving to Caesar, for the sake of the tragic content—rightly appreciating the fact that Brutus rose in stature by Caesar's greatness—his lordly dignity and greatness of soul, as in Voltaire's formula. The style is of a dry solemnity, aspiring to stone-like simplicity and sublime austerity, as was the classicistic conception of the Roman spirit, once it had been denuded of the baroque flourishes by Winckelmann and of the royal courtly splendor by Rousseau. But Alfieri lacked the fullness of a poet to inspire his lofty ideas; his *Bruto Secondo* barely excels the speechifying plays of the period following Muret. It is the only Brutus-drama written by a republican in principle, who, though sharing Brutus' hatred for tyrants, yet also grasped his veneration for Caesar; Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* is a struggle

of world-forces far superior to any principles; the humanistic Caesar-dramas are not antithetical or Caesaristic for republican motives but for motives of eloquence; Voltaire's *Mort de César* is a heroic drama of sentiment; Bodmer's loose compilation is a moralistic contumely.

The discussion of questions of might which was aroused in Germany by the revolution produced two very extensive biographies of the imperator, mediocre and uninspired compilations reflecting the Wieland school in style and tendency, a moderated freethought and a careless, all-understanding and all-forgiving sobriety, but without the elegance, cleverness and culture of old Wieland. Both writers are admirers of Caesar and desire to impartially explain his rise, following the sources, by his great qualities and the conditions of the Roman republic. Meissner's two volumes, which extend to the outbreak of the Civil War and which were later completed by Haken down to the death of Caesar, are fluent and loquacious, but clear and sensible reading occasionally dotted with hints on manners and customs in the Wieland tone, or with political maxims, after Müller's fashion, but without party bias. Caesar's defects are not embellished, but his gifts as a ruler are exalted; the necessity of his monarchy in the disorganized Roman empire is demonstrated.

The same tendency dominates the more poorly written, more confused and less cultured four-volume work of Liebenroth: *Julius Cäsar oder der Sturz der Römischen Republik, ein Pendant zum Fall der Französischen Monarchie* (Magdeburg, 1797). Even the title shows that this work is intended for the use of its time; its didactic political digressions are more frequent; the historical account suffers in consequence. These two works offer no independent views or more subtle grasp of the known material; they afford entertainment for the "cultured and thinking reader" of the German middle stratum which owed its social polish and its sensual-moral concepts to Wieland.

Wieland himself, being the German Voltaire, affected Voltaire's versatile world-knowledge and affable lightness, but in a

more burgher spirit, gentler, more portly, more just. He saw Caesar with almost the same eyes as Voltaire, with perhaps even a more individualistic readiness to accept Caesar's personal magic, and with less severity of principle, as applied to the conqueror or tyrant. When the revolution came, he predicted the dictator who would bring about its end.

The man of prophecy, of fear, of longing—Napoleon Bonaparte—who was to gather the harvest of the revolution, which was a nation shaken to the depths, a humanity accustomed to the monstrous and ready for the absolute, was in his person a different being from all the world as he found it and used it: in his own mind a rock in the torrent of his age; he is beheld by Nietzsche, the alertest tracer of forces, as an antiquity imbedded in the body of a Christian society. Frederick the Great also had deeper roots in classic soil than did the Europe which he fought and the Rococo in which his spirit felt at home; but it was his delight and will to be a contemporary of Voltaire and Montesquieu, and he accepted their ideas in spite of many specific objections; his deeds and his spirit belong to different strata; none of the expressions of his consciousness illuminates the foundations of his being, although he wrote more than any other ruler. The heroes of antiquity were aware of no rift between life and spirit, or rather they had the spirit of their act, which was simultaneously the spirit of their world—but they were more compact, stronger, brighter. The medieval doers were altogether only representatives and executives of a totality spirit and required no personal expression of their own. Only the Hohenstaufen emperor Frederick II permeated this spirit of totality with his personality. After the Renaissance, Frederick the Great was the first to again cherish forces which were alien to his *Zeitgeist,* which was simultaneously his personal spirit: this cleavage makes him a hermit; makes him Frederick the Unique in a tragic sense also—not in the sense of the rebirth of the ancient world, but as the last leader of the dying civilization which was not fully his.

Only once in his life did Napoleon—in the turmoil of the

revolution, and in his adolescent seeking for a commensurate space and means—surrender for a short moment to Rousseau's mighty word. In every other instance he felt his ancient world in his soul even when a boy, sought it with his mind, finding it early in life, possessing it fully in the letter before he not only demonstrated but forced it on the eyes of all Europe in his deed; Napoleon by himself is a totality of antique forces as opposed to the rest of humanity. He was no longer an individual genius making use of classicistic parables, but an incorporated power, a realm of life turned man in which the ancient words and deeds grew, as they grew around Caesar, in a climate that was natural to them. (Berthold Vallentin has revealed the difference between the European classicism and the true antiquity of Napoleon, in the book he has written on the latter.) No man of understanding will at this late date attempt to explain Napoleon out of the circumstances and influences surrounding him, and Napoleon is the true example of the energy of an original man; it is he who again afforded evidence of what one man can do; beginning with Nietzsche, the new knowledge is again kindling its light and borrowing its illumination from Napoleon: the knowledge that history is not only a fabric but a creation, not only a growth but a begetting, not only a result but also a deed.

The French Revolution was not the soil from which Napoleon grew; it was only the ground in which he laid his foundations or planted his seed; its ideas, particularly those of Rousseau, were barely used as even tools by Napoleon once he had gained power. He owes them neither his voice nor his words; they are merely his human resonance-chamber. His voice is that of a Renaissance Italian whose roots go down into the Roman strata: his words are those of a born imperator whose task it is to guide an enlightened, self-conscious "nation," drunk with glory, and to put through its will to power, born by its revolutionary demands for national and human rights in a reluctant and resisting Europe. His mind's eye beholds the world-encompassing Roman or Roman-Frankish empires as kindred space-images, the deeds

of Alexander or Caesar as kindred gesta. He is not their classical imitator but their classical successor, not the repeater of their words, but the recreator of their essence; or, if the reader is reluctant to accept such recurrences: his imagination, fructified by the *Weltgeist* was so emphatically colored by a vision of antiquity, that the deeds to which he gave birth bore the true impress of the antique. His attitude toward the antiquity of Caesar is Hölderlin's attitude toward that of Pindar and Æschylus. To be sure, he is the child of his age, not only a contemporary of his age, in that he elucidated and expressed his nature and his mission with the profundity of a thinker, and this is a rare piece of good fortune for the historian; in no other instance was any doer of his stature simultaneously the knower of his motives, that is, a reflecting Ego and an executing It of the same organism, the objective and subjective spirit of the same destiny. It is only the great poets who have succeeded in thus not only expressing but actually saying their meaning in words, not only living but grasping their lives, in not only feeling but knowing their existence. Only Napoleon has revealed to us the soul of the world-ruling doer in a direct confession. Charlemagne and Alexander are mute; Caesar's words announce his person without confessing or proclaiming his ego; the confessions of Frederick the Great conceal rather than disclose him; Bismarck, Prince Eugene, Richelieu, are creatures on other planes. Only Napoleon united personal genius, the awakened ego-consciousness of the new time, with the ancient world-consciousness in such manner that his action may not hide him nor his stylistic facility assume an independent function as mere literature or private conversation. Even in his battles he remains not only a matter-of-fact achiever of destiny but, as it were, a lyricist, a world-moved and world-cherishing ego vibrating in its deeds; even in his judgments and dreams he remains the will that holds destiny in its grasp. All the words, even where they are not conscious acts of state, are radiant only with the immediate object of his activity; they are electrical sparks of his activity, emana-

tions of his pragma, and they should be interpreted only pragmatically; from the specific hour of his activity and workshop, not as a detached or edifying prospect; he had opinions only where he had a will; his vision, his performance, his writings are all of one piece.

In absolute power to do, Napoleon excelled all previous examples: he is not, like Alexander, an impatiently exuberant divine youth who feels the urge to set forth and whose daimonic love of distance finds its discharge in campaigns, battles, conquests; he is not, like Caesar, an overflowing and perfect totality representing all powers, whose hour of destiny imposes upon him and develops within him precisely the power of action; from the very outset, he is possessed with a daimon of action. Action is the inborn inevitable natural form of his creativeness, unparalleled in vigor and mass. He cannot live except in activity nor has he a specific and separate talent as field-marshal or statesman or writer, but his gifts are merely separate impacts of his all-pervading will to action. His warlike prowess is merely its most compact impetus. His active ardor brought forth his historical wish-images like shining clouds, and his erudition translated them into clear conceptions which lent wings to his step, adornment to his path and expansion of his space into past and future. Although he lived with all the energy of his will for the present moment, the surplus of his culture and imagination was always sufficient to beset his action with almost poetic images, for which history, particularly that of the three world conquerors, or that of the countries important to him for the moment, afforded the materials. He is poetic not only objectively but also subjectively, in which he is probably akin to Alexander who always carried about his Homer and the myths within him. This was not romanticism, not an escape from the present into a fairer future or past; nor was it an idle pastime or a pleasant avocation; it was an anticipating urge to mold deeds esthetically, in moments not needed for the deeds themselves!

Plutarch's personages and Caesar's reports of action inspired

Napoleon as a boy with premonitions of his own abilities, and his discriminating benefactor Paoli already felt the kinship between the impetuous vague ardor of the obstinate dreamer and the men of antiquity. Before Napoleon had found a firm point of application for his unbridled will, he suffered spacelessly, that is, boundlessly, and accumulated with elemental urge immense masses of knowledge, the use of which he did not yet know, or, he reveled in the expanse of space, in Rousseau-like dreams of humanity or nature. But it is directly from this period of the inactive urge to function (which petty minds always interpret as an unsatisfied "ambition") that Caesar first rises as his highest model. The Corsican friend of his youth, Nasica, later maintained that he remembered how Napoleon, when a lieutenant at Auxonne, had spent entire nights over Caesar's Commentaries, defending and glorifying Caesar in lengthy conversations: Caesar had loved his Rome more than Pompey, as much as Cato, and had seized power to serve Rome: he was simultaneously the greatest general and the greatest citizen. Brutus' dagger had frustrated this ambition but even a faint ray of his fame was compensation enough for his early death. Montesquieu, otherwise so discriminating, wrongly prefers Alexander to Caesar, a despot to the tragic subduer of his own people. The last observation is more than a mere commonplace and speaks in favor of the authenticity of the report; the rest might have been drawn from Nasica's association with the emperor later in life. But the passionate fellow-feeling for Caesar's "heartrending" distress, in leading his army against Rome—this cannot be an invention by the mediocre witness. The eye for destiny and the independence of thought are only expressions of the ardent youth who still believed in Rousseau's and Montesquieu's doctrines of liberty, who shared the revolution's hatred for kings and yet needed a hero who might simultaneously exalt and transfigure his own tragic melancholy, his imperious impetuosity, his noble glory. All these conditions were realized in Caesar.

Caesar attracted Napoleon more by his stature, quality, bearing,

posture; Alexander more by his deeds, campaigns, successes; both were merely wish-images of his specific urges and situations at the given moment. Caesar accompanies Napoleon in the great movements of political concentration and territorial distribution, his rise, domination, foundation, administration, guidance; Alexander accompanies Napoleon's distance-seeking and boundary-disrupting, space-expanding process: his aggression, aberration, aggrandizement. Only at two epochs of his life do his mentions of admiration for Alexander outweigh those of Caesar: during the Egyptian campaign and also during the Russian campaign; in the oriental atmosphere of vision and magic, faced with boundless spaces, he feels himself as Alexander, to his companion Bourienne he lauds the Macedonian's campaigns above those of the Roman; all the way to Moscow, he censures Caesar's moderation as a weakness and praises Alexander's self-deification as political wisdom, his own eyes being turned longingly toward distant lands to conquer and an immortal glory of name. But when engaged in achieving, consolidating, enhancing or magnifying his own stature, he thinks of Caesar. When a young man, he plans to write a Caesar-tragedy, stimulated perhaps by the feelings aroused in his conversations with Nasica. When preparing for his consulship, he tests public opinion by propounding a comparison with Caesar and Cromwell. Whenever, as Emperor of Europe, he faces the notables of Europe, for instance: Goethe, Wieland, Johannes von Müller, Canova, he speaks of Caesar, for the most part making definite suggestions. He wants Goethe to write a Napoleonic Caesar which must excel Voltaire's Caesar in inculcating the disaster involved in regicide and the blessings of a true world-ruler; he mentions Caesar to poky old Wieland as the greatest man of history, had he only been less gentle toward his enemies, which was a way of teasing the old humanitarian. When conversing with the Swiss historian Müller, whose knowledge and intellect he admired, he vies with him in praising Caesar, going so far as to betray his own plans; when Müller was discussing the question of what Caesar would have done last:

regulated the empire or attacked the Orient, the emperor repeated vehemently a number of times, as if speaking of himself: "He would have made war on the Parthians." He corrected his sculptor Canova who with angry pride would have the Emperor limit his eulogy of Rome to the time of the republic, with the words: "Caesar! Caesar is the great man." When the Institut de France proposed to confer a title of honor upon him after the classicistic pattern, such as "Augustus" or "Germanicus", he said Caesar's name was the only name that might honor him by its reminiscences of gorgeous deeds and qualities, but the Caesars—the Hapsburgs—had debased the name (just as Augustus in the Sema at Alexandria had wished to see the king only, Alexander, not the corpses of the Ptolemies). No other bust but Caesar's adorned his study at Saint-Cloud. At St. Helena, facing no deeds to be performed, the image of the man came closer to him than that of his deeds, in fact, once in his impatience he speaks of Alexander as a brave soldier and wise statesman—but Caesar was a genius. Or he compared their careers: Alexander began with the virtue of Trajan and ended in a Neronic intoxication; Caesar, beginning as an idle and vicious youth, ended as the fairest, ablest, rarest of souls.

But this pair still represents the supreme parallel of ruler-greatness and military genius. To them he felt himself closest by his nature, work, space and fame; for a time he set Charlemagne by their side, the Charlemagne who was preparing his Frankish emperordom and struggling with the pope. But Charlemagne remained rather a splendid symbol of his office than a pattern in his person and his deeds. This was reserved for generals only, for generalship was the specific art-form of Napoleon's creativeness. In this field he lauded his masters and teachers, not only Alexander and Caesar, but in addition Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Prince Eugene, Turenne, Frederick the Great. Alexander and Caesar were all in all to him: wish-images as rulers of the world, patterns as heroes, masters as military leaders; Charlemagne was merely a wish-image for a Frankish emperor

of Europe; the others, including even Frederick, were only teachers of the art of battle.

In the tormented leisure of St. Helena he projected monuments that he would erect to his seven masters, both for the appeasing of his own imagination still tense with action, which found a sort of discharge in his reflections on his favorite occupation, and for the instruction of others, that they might remain eager to labor and guide unto the end. He completed only three of these sketches: that on Turenne's, that on Frederick's and that on Caesar's wars.

The *Précis des Guerres de César*, dictated by Napoleon to his gentleman-in-waiting, recounts in a concise pithy style, distinct and unadorned, aspiring even at excelling Caesar's diction in emphasis, dash, simplicity, and density, the campaigns of the Gallic and Civil wars, following the Commentaries; and in each case he judges their military—sometimes also their political—merits and defects from the point of view of the most comprehensive scholar, of the master who was Caesar's equal, perhaps his superior. It is a criticism written by a supreme war-lord, hard and acute, without hostile feelings, but for the sake of the subject and the inference, which can be served only by the most ruthless honesty. This is the nature of this type of literature: even his writings on Turenne and Frederick express no personal admiration; it is the specialist who speaks with scant praise and emphatic blame of their definite achievement, without regard for the properties and motives of the heroes.

It is only at the conclusion of his essay on Caesar that we find a historical observation somewhat warmer in tone, expressing even a passionate fellow-feeling. This is again the Napoleon who asked Goethe to write a Caesar-drama. He enumerates Caesar's plans and condemns the cowardly, blind, ungrateful murderers who cut short so great a future. He defends the ruler against the accusation which served as the pretext for his murder: his desire to be named king. For Caesar does not need the debased titles of the defeated orientals; to say so is calumnious folly, a

cloak for envy and party bias. Caesar the protector of all the Romans, even of the nobility, had safeguarded Roman world rule—it is Napoleon's view of himself. Napoleon's book on Caesar has the lofty style of its author and of its hero and therefore does full justice to the latter, without high-sounding words, thoughts or feelings, simply owing to its natural loftiness—it is Caesar's finest monument, a counterpart of Dante's verses and Shakespeare's drama. Though others may depict Caesar more richly, interpret him more profoundly, glorifying him more splendidly—none was so much of his own stamp and depicted him so simply according to his own image. Napoleon grasped the spirit whom he resembled and taught the world in turn to grasp this spirit.

According to Goethe's dictum, Napoleon's wars were necessary to make Caesar's wars understood. But not only the wars: since the first Italian campaign, and particularly after the 18 Brumaire, Napoleon felt the atmosphere of Caesar surrounding his personage, and continued to remain in the grasp of this resemblance. This time it was not a classicistic formula for narrating qualities, an expression of admiration, as in the case of Frederick the Great, but the genuine feeling that this man brought the air of antiquity with him. No doubt the course, the compass, the style of his deeds afforded opportunity even to duller eyes to realize Caesar more than any earlier successors of Caesar or predecessors of Napoleon have done. But all the qualities, deeds, events of Napoleon are only individual traits of a nature that once was a cosmos and now again became an individual—its most famous figures bore the names of Alexander and Caesar. Paoli already thought so when he counted the boy among the typical Plutarchian heroes; Stendhal states the fact in the introduction to his *Chartreuse de Parme*: according to him, Alexander and Caesar had found a successor after eighteen centuries. This kinship forced itself on the attention not only of the Emperor's flatterers and his liberty-loving abusers, but on that of almost all European thinkers and poets who mention Napoleon or Caesar:

Goethe and Hegel, Scott and Byron, Victor Hugo and Balzac. Whether they emphasize similarities or defects, whether they prefer Napoleon (as do Béranger, Thiers, Mickiewicz, Heine), or Caesar (as do Byron, Comte, Courier, Macaulay, Treitschke), the permanence of the comparison itself proves—like the ever recurring parallel of Caesar and Alexander—the true nearness of the two men, which transcends mere literary or oratorical devices. When we find Napoleon called the new Caesar, not only more frequently but with more conviction than any earlier rival, we are dealing with a kind of rebirth,

> *"In Cäsar kehrte Alexander wieder*
> *Und alle Beide in Napoleon."* (Hebbel)

In Napoleon we find united for the first and final time the quest for heroic antiquity as a truly attainable form of life, as it was felt by the period of humanism; the ruling spirit of European despots from Friedrich Hohenstaufen by way of Charles V down to Louis XIV and Friedrich Hohenzollern; the feeling of humanity and nation, in the Enlightenment, from Rousseau to the Revolution. As the Roman people had transferred its power and majesty to Caesar, so Napoleon was for a time, first the bearer of the French national life, then almost of that of all Europe, in the sense of the aspirations of Rousseau and the Revolution; and at the same time Napoleon was an antique hero in the sense of Petrarch's dreams for a man of might of the modern state; he represents the pinnacle of the European tendencies of half a millennium.

But in serving as their realization, he served also as their elimination; his disappearance left behind him in the place of a heroic world a classicistic or romantic play of the stage; instead of a physical state power, the apparatus of legitimacy or constitution with its more or less capable servants; instead of a race of humanity molded or embodied of one piece, capitalist society and economy. We are too close to Napoleon to review all the new vigor that

may yet emanate from him: the crop sown by such men requires centuries to mature. At this moment he appears to us as the last ruler of a world based on a personal sanction, regardless of whether he is the beginning or the end, and only such a world can still conceive true fame in the ancient or Renaissance sense: a mythical evolution of an image—the personage evolving into a pattern. Napoleon is the last to achieve such fame and to relive the career s of his patterns, particularly of Caesar. No doubt there have been celebrities after Napoleon, a far-seeking dissemination of a name, and the great men "play their parts" or "create their schools"; for did not Louis Bonapare make such use of Caesar and Napoleon? But this is a romantic state-mimicry on the soil of capitalist economy.

We therefore shall not trace the history of Caesar's fame beyond Napoleon, although a far more comprehensive history of his celebrity begins in the Bourgeois Century (the Nineteenth). More was written in this century on Caesar than in all the earlier centuries put together. The philosophical interpretation of his deed by Hegel and the scientific investigation and description of his work by Mommsen are the two vast contributions of this age to the future history of Caesar's fame, and both are still a heritage from Napoleon. To view the mighty as bearers and executors of the *Weltgeist*, as living "world souls", as Hegel viewed them, a sensuous atmosphere of destiny was absolutely necessary, in spite of all the philosophical presuppositions of Hegel's philosophy: Kant, Herder, the Romantic Period; and Napoleon furnished this atmosphere. Whatever in Mommsen goes beyond his countless philological discoveries: his knowledge of the essence and events of the state, is still a remnant of the awe felt by Europe for the last of the heroes, conceived with ardent and rigorous intellect. But we shall not dwell in detail on these two achievements, since we have no intention of entering the field in which their activity develops. The Nineteenth Century is not poorer in industrious, intelligent, even inspired expressions, on Caesar. In fact, it is richer than earlier centuries in these; but

its expressions at best indicate the personal inspiration of cultured individuals, and at the worst a clever banality of fickle public opinion, in no case any longer a rounded human culture, as was reflected in the flourishes of the humanists; no longer an active longing for the ancient mode of life, a kinship, a seeking of the soul. An accumulating specialized knowledge and a detached literary life, objective learning and party polemics had lost—as it were—during the decades of historicism—any psychic contact with the history they recounted. The occurrence of individual geniuses like Ranke and Jacob Burckhardt did not alter this general situation. No doubt many felt the dignity of science, but few felt the dignity of the subject to be investigated; they felt themselves under obligations to their readers, but not to their heroes; they respected a selectionless truth, not a true reality.

Not until Nietzsche do we find history again summoned as a molder of life; only Nietzsche felt again the imperative task of conjuring departed spirits; it is he who again viewed nations and leaders of ages as present and eternal powers. It is only from Nietzsche that we have again learned the fact that we seal our own fate with every Yes and No pronounced on these millennial images, and he again conjured into life the great men of antiquity. The Supermen demanded by him so that the Undermen might become at least men was fed from his own ardor and shaped after personages that had once been. A companion to Napoleon, the most recent hero, from whom Nietzsche still drew hope as from one nearby, Caesar appeared most imperatively as "the lordliest of men." When we read Nietzsche's aspiration for the achievement of his exuberant wish-savior, we are reading not only a profound historical glimpse into Caesar's character, but also a mysterious admonition to the future: "After the convalescence of Zarathustra, Caesar stands before us—inexorable, gentle—the gulf has been bridged, the gulf existing between creative spirit, clemency, wisdom."

THE END

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